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THE

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Lecture.

UPON EARNESTNESS IN RELIGION.

LUKE XIII. 23-30

"AND He went through the cities and villages, teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem. Then said one unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved?" We are not informed who that "one" was who put this question to our Lord, nor in what spirit, or for what end he put it. A Sadducee, who denied the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, and the very existence of the soul after death, may have asked it, with a desire to entangle our Lord in debate, and to blaspheme the truth: or it may have been addressed by a proud, self-righteous Pharisee, who, sure of his own salvation, was anxious, perhaps, to expose before the people what he deemed to be the unorthodox views of Jesus, regarding the number and character of those who should be saved: or some one whose conscience had been roused by the teaching of Jesus, and who was oppressed by a sense of what appeared to him to be the almost unsurmountable difficulties of salvation, may have asked, with fear and trembling, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" or, lastly, the question may have been prompted by a vain and idle curiosity, which desired to be wise above what was written, or to play with truth, as with a toy, for a little amusement or excitement during the passing hour.

Now, observe the way in which Christ replied to this question: "He said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate!" He does not give the answer which either the infidel, the hypocrite, the anxious inquirer, or the curious, anticipated or desired; for He does not say how few, or how many, are saved; but He *does* give the answer which they all needed, and which was the most profitable for them. He withdrew their attention from what they could not *know*, to what they ought to *do*. *They* wished to know about the salvation of others; *He* wished them to attend to their own. *They* would look into the book of God's counsels; *He* would have them look into their own hearts; as if He had said: "With the number of the saved you have nothing to do; but with your own salvation you have everything to do. Instead of spending your precious time in asking, 'Are there few who shall be saved?' rather spend it in 'striving' to be saved yourselves." We are thus taught, not only the folly of seeking to be wise above what is written, and of asking questions which God has not been pleased to answer; but more especially are we taught the necessity of settling this first and greatest of all questions, "What shall we do to be saved?" before occupying our time and attention with others which may pertain to religion. There are very many questions deeply interesting *to a believer*, which are profitless to an unbe-

liever; nay, worse than profitless, because they may occupy his mind to the exclusion of the one thing needful; and just because those questions are *about* religion, and form the subject of much earnest thought to serious Christians—*the very fact of his thinking*, and speaking, and inquiring about them, may deepen in his mind the delusion that he is himself religious—that they concern *him*, because they concern the people of God. But what is the settling of all other questions *to you*, however important they may be to others, as long as *this* question remains unsettled, of your own salvation,—your personal interest in Jesus Christ? Oh! it is sad to hear men criticising ministers and sermons, arguing about doctrines, and diving deep into the mysteries of theology; and to see them zealous about churches, and well skilled in every argument which can defend their own favourite system, and in every accusation which can be brought against their neighbour's,—*right*, too, it may be, in all their "opinions" and "views," but *wrong*, certainly, all the while, in their spirits towards Christ—without faith, love, or peace; having a mighty gulf between their souls and God! "They have *well said* all that they have spoken. "Oh! that they had *such an heart* in them, that they would fear me, and keep a'l my commandments!"

But let us consider the meaning of those words, "Strive to enter in at the strait (or narrow) gate, for many will seek to enter in, but shall not be able." If you turn to the Gospel of St. Matthew, (vii. 13, 14,) you will see that Christ speaks of two roads and two gates. These are pictures of the two states of mind, in either of which we *must* be. There are not *three* roads; because it is impossible for us to be else than either good or bad—spiritually alive or dead—"in the flesh" or in the spirit"—in "friendship" and "peace" with God," or at "enmity" to Him, and in fear for Him—in "the kingdom of Satan" or "darkness," or "in the kingdom of God's dear Son" and of "light." (Read Romans viii. 1-17; Gal. v. 16-26; Ephes. ii. 1-22.) Therefore Christ speaks of two roads only;—the one is broad; that is to say, it is easy for the wicked to walk along it; all *they* have to do, is to follow their own sinful wills in everything. The entrance to this broad road is wide, admitting every traveller while carrying the burden of the world and of his lusts with him; and "many," accordingly, "go in thereat!" The other road is narrow; it requires care and attention to walk along it, yet is easy and pleasant to the new man. The gate of entrance is also narrow,—narrow to him who would enter it with all his sinful burdens; but wide enough for the poor and needy—the little children who "will open the door with no other key than the cross:" but this is against flesh and blood, and, accordingly, "few there be that go in thereat!"

"*Strive*," says our Lord, "to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall *seek* to go in thereat, but shall not be able." Now, you will observe, Jesus does not say, "many shall *strive* to enter in, but shall not be able,"—He says, "many shall *seek*:" teaching us, that the chief reason why men do not enter the narrow gate of salvation, and obtain *rest*, even while they *walk* in the way of God's commandments, is, that they *seek*, but do not *strive* to enter in. It is not difficult to understand what is meant by *striving*, and how different a thing it is from mere *seeking*. Only notice the conduct of any one who, in *real earnestness* of soul, desires to obtain any good; you will perceive in his conduct this *striving*, and not mere *seeking*. Look at the student, plodding over his books late and early; reading, examining, thinking, writing; he is *striving* to obtain learning. Look at the man of business, buying, selling, calculating, counting his profit and loss, speculating about markets and investments, poring over his ledgers and accounts, giving his whole heart to business,—that man is *striving* to get rich. Look at the sick man, consulting doctors, trying cures, swallowing the most nauseous medicines, submitting to sore operations,—that man is *striving* to get health. Look at the sailor, whose ship has foundered in the great deep; look at him and his weary companions toiling at the oar in their small

boat,—hungry, thirsty, faint, labouring for days and nights amidst stormy winds and angry seas, to reach, if possible, the nearest shore,—those men are *striving* to save their lives. In all those cases, we recognize men who are *in earnest!* Now, be assured, that if any of you, with the same sincerity, wished to *possess a saving knowledge of God's truth*—to *obtain the riches of Christ*—to enjoy the health of the soul—and to lay hold of eternal life, you would have the same *earnest striving*. You can see quite well, that mere *seeking* would not give the student knowledge—the merchant riches—the sick man health—or the sailor life; and how, then, will mere seeking, without striving, save your souls?

"Many shall seek!" Yes, who among us is so dead, so indifferent to the future well-being of their immortal souls, as not to "*seek*,"—not to do *something* to obtain salvation? Some will talk about religion, or read the Bible occasionally, or repeat a meaningless prayer, or go to church; and others will trust to their morality, their high profession, their orthodoxy, and the like; all will do something in order that they may be, at least, *safe*. "Many will seek!" It may be when sudden death strikes down an acquaintance—when a mysterious pestilence sweeps away its victims—when sickness enters the family, and some beloved one is laid on their dying-bed, or in their lonely grave; or, it may be, when the sinner himself is arrested by a dangerous illness, and realizes the nearness of God and the certainty of judgment, and, in the silence of night, recalls his past life, and all God's dealings towards him, and all *his* dealings towards God; it may be, in such seasons as these, that the careless sinner will look, with interest and concern, for that narrow gate which he more than suspects is, after all, the only entrance to a path of pleasantness and peace; and he expresses a wish to enter in, nay, resolves to do so, and blames himself for his off-putting and folly, in not having done so before. He "*seeks* to enter in!" But when he finds, that entering in at the gate, implies an entering into himself of a new mind and spirit—a "putting off the old man with his affections and lusts"—a putting out of iniquity, and a putting on of "the new man, created after Christ Jesus to new works;" that, in short, as a sin-loving and sin-keeping soul, the gate cannot admit him and all his burdens:—then does he refuse the Cross. To "give *all diligence* to make his calling and election sure"—*to* "*labour* to enter into rest"—to "work out salvation with fear and trembling;" in one word, to sacrifice *self*, and to accept of Christ, His free pardon, and new life; all this requires not *seeking* only, but *striving;* whereas the slothful wished to get all by seeking only. How necessary is our Lord's solemn command and warning,—"*Strive* to enter in, for many shall *seek* to enter in, but shall not be able!"

Verse 25,—"When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut to the door."—Christ is the Master of the house, "whose house are we," if we love and serve Him. *Now* He invites and commands men to enter into His house by the strait gate and narrow way; He invites them to sit down with Himself and His many guests, to enjoy holy communion, refreshment, and repose. But the time, at last, arrives, when the door of the house is shut, and shut for ever. This is the period of judgment—a period of solemn trial—when the righteousness of Christ's dealings towards every man, will be made manifest upon evidence, before the assembled universe. Then will those who refused, during the day of peace, to enter in by the narrow door, "begin to stand without, and to say, Lord, Lord, open unto us!" The scene is now changed. Formerly Christ had been seeking entrance into their home—even the home of their hearts, saying: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man open unto me, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." But they were too slothful and wicked to open the door to Him. *Now* they seek admittance into His "Father's house," and to the marriage supper, as they stand without knocking, crying, "Open to us!" But Christ's door is for ever closed against them! And why? Because, unless Christ enters, and dwells in our hearts by faith now,

we cannot enter heaven and dwell with Christ hereafter: for there can be no fellowship with Christ—no union, or communion with Him, and with His people, except the fellowship of spirit, affection, character, oneness of heart and will. To "open the door" to us without this, is impossible; and this *character* those mere seekers have not, and the time for obtaining it has passed away. "I know you not," is His reply. "We are not friends,—we are not one. I am holy; ye are workers of iniquity." In the 1st chapter of Proverbs, verse 28, we have the same solemn picture presented to us, of the sinner's "calling on God" when too late, but getting "no answer," —"seeking Him," but "not finding Him;" and being permitted "to eat the fruit of his *own* ways, and to be *filled* with his *own* devices," *because* "he *hated* knowledge, and *did not choose* the fear of the Lord." God saves us from hell, by saving us from sin; He gives us heaven, only by giving us the knowledge and the love of Himself. And when men, at the last day, cry to God, it is not the cry of children seeking a parent, but the cry only from those who have "a fearful looking for of judgment,"—from those who seek deliverance from the terrible *consequences* only of their walking in the broad way of sin; but who, nevertheless, hate the holiness and self-denial of the narrow way, as much as ever. They are not "born again;" they want the right mind and heart; and so "they cannot enter the kingdom of God."

Verse 26,—"Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets."—Such is the pleading of those lost sinners—such their reasons why the sentence of condemnation should not be pronounced against them; as if they had said: "We are not astonished that Thou shouldest shut out those infidels who never acknowledged Thee; but we ever called Thee what we call Thee now, —'Lord.' We wonder not, that those who never heard, or never would listen to Thy Word, should be rejected by Thee; but 'we have heard Thee teach,' and have regularly attended to a preached Gospel. They who would not remember Thee at Thy sacramental feast on earth, may well be refused admittance to thy marriage-feast in heaven; but we have eat and drank in Thy presence,—'Lord, Lord, open to us!'" Does the Lord deny all this? Does He say that they spoke untruth? By no means. All this they could truly say, and even more than this; for, as we read in another gospel, many, like Judas, will come at that day, and say, "Have we not cast out devils in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works." But what will all this prove? It will prove that they had gifts, but it proves not that they had grace; it will prove that they were *seeking*, but it will *not* prove that they were *striving* to enter in at the strait gate. Oh! what a solemn warning is here given to the ministers and professing members of the Church of Christ! What profession may exist without principle! How much we may *do*, and yet never *be* right with God! What good may be done *by* us, and yet no real good be *in* us! How much *seeking* without any earnest *striving!* For observe, those who could say, and, for aught that appears, say with truth, that they possessed such privileges, made such a profession, and performed such works as those, were, nevertheless, known to Christ, only *as workers of iniquity*. "I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity." (Read 1 Cor., chap. xiii.)

Verse 28,—"There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."—The broad way, which began with "eating, and drinking, and making merry," ends with "weeping and gnashing of teeth;" for "there is a way that *seemeth good* to a man, but *the end* thereof is as the ways of death." What is the immediate cause of this sore agony? It is "seeing Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and themselves thrust out." But why should a sight like this produce such overwhelming and bitter sorrow? Because every patriarch and prophet there was a witness against the sloth, self-indulgence, and indifference of the mere *seekers* after salvation. All those had entered

in through the narrow gate—all had obtained the promises "through faith and patience"—all had "come out of much tribulation," and "endured a great fight of afflictions," and had carried their cross and despised the shame. In one word, they had been *striving*, and not *seeking* merely: and the very sight of those men of God, and the remembrance of all they had been, and had done, while on earth, carries home to the hearts of the vain *and wicked "seekers," the stern conviction, that their condemnation is just*; that those holy men had resisted temptations to which they yielded; and had overcome difficulties by which they were repelled; and had pushed on in spite of those obstacles from which they had shrunk; and, with fewer means and opportunities, and, it may be, with greater temptations and difficulties, had entered that gate of self-denial which they, in their miserable sloth and wickedness, thought so narrow, that they turned aside from it for the broad and easy way of fleshy self-indulgence.

What worker of iniquity, what slothful and unprofitable servant, in these days of Gospel light and privileges in which we live, dare attempt to excuse himself for his impenitence, when he beholds those servants of the Most High God in His kingdom? Had those patriarchs more light than we now possess? They lived during the dawn; we beneath the meridian splendour of Revelation! Were they called to an easier life than ours? or to the performance of labour which required less faith, less self-sacrifice, less crucifying of the flesh, than those which God has assigned to us now? Was it thus with Abraham, who left his country, and lived a stranger in the land amidst idolaters, and, at God's simple command, offered up his only son, whom he loved? Was it so with Moses, who preferred to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? Was it so with Daniel, who accepted the lions' den with God, rather than the palace without Him? Was it so with that cloud of witnesses mentioned by Paul in the 11th chapter of the Hebrews? Read the chapter, ye slothful, and even now you must be silent, and find no excuse for your indifference! even now you might weep with shame and sorrow at your want of likeness to those faithful servants, with whom you vainly hope, in your present state, to live with for ever! No wonder if there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth hereafter, in seeing such men in God's kingdom, if you are thrust out; for this conviction must overwhelm your spirit,—that if they found the gate in the morning twilight, you might easily have seen it, and found it, in the noon-day brightness; that if they carried such heavy crosses, and pursued their solitary but patient journey, for so many years along the narrow way, you might have carried your lighter cross, and pursued your easier and shorter journey, amidst the companionships of the Christian Church, and the manifold blessings of the latter day—if only, like those men, you had *loved God, and had been in earnest!* But you were slothful, and "workers of iniquity;" so you must feel that you deserve to perish!

Verse 29,—"They shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."—Not in vain has the Gospel been preached by faithful missionaries! In spite of the slothful, who would not enter the gate themselves, and who, consequently, cared not though the whole world should follow their example; in spite of all the arguments and opposition of the enemy, "a multitude greater than any man can number, of all nations, and kindred, and people," shall sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb. The redeemed "from the east,"—that mighty host which will have been gathered to Christ from the days of "righteous Abel," down to the last convert in Hindostan or China, will all mingle with the multitude who will pass to glory "from the west," throughout succeeding ages,—the increasing millions of the vast American continent. "They shall come from the south!"—The south seas have already furnished many guests; and many more from those clustered and far-spread islets and island-continents, will mingle with the African negro, and with the

cultivated European, and with the lonely Esquimaux and Greenlander, who will "come from the north:" and the "one family" will sing with one heart the new song of praise to the Redeemer,—"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood; out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us, unto our God, kings and priests." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, and gathered them out of the lands from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south." And when we read, even now, the history of God's work among the heathen, and "see what He hath wrought," and what has been accomplished in them and by them—what battles have been fought, and victories won, over long accumulating ignorance and superstition—what agonizing partings with kindred have been endured—what sacrifices of body and soul have been made in holding fast to duty—what steadfastness, amidst opposition, has been manifested by them: and when we contrast this earnest and laborious striving among those who have been "*last*" called to the knowledge of Christ, with the sloth and indifference, the carnality, covetousness, prayerlessness, and hardness of heart, among those who have been "first" called; who cry, "Lord, Lord," and "hear Christ teach," and "eat and drink in His presence," yet are, after all, mere seekers, and, in God's sight, "workers of iniquity;"—then do we already understand how those who are accounted last *now*, will be first *then;* and how those who vainly think themselves first now, will be *last* then; and how our Capernaums, where Christ teaches daily, may, because of their unbelief in the midst of their boasted privileges, receive, at last, a more dreadful condemnation; and though now "exalted to heaven, be then thrust down to hell!" When we hear, for instance, of the Sandwich Islanders already supporting all their missionaries and schools, without aid from the Home Church: or read of others who, a few years ago, were fierce savages, now forming themselves into prayer meetings and missionary societies, and sending to Britain several hundred pounds as their contributions to the cause of missions,—may not many professing Christians in our land already hear, in all this, the echo of righteous condemnation upon their worldliness and sloth, the converted heathen being judges?

Let us learn, then, from this passage, to be *in earnest*, if we would possess true religion, or any good! Let all mere formality, empty talk, outside profession, and pretence, be banished from us, as a lie; for whatever else shall stand at judgment, all that is *false* must *surely* perish; and whatever else commands a blessing, certain it is, that no blessing can possibly rest upon insincerity and want of earnestness. *Let us never forget that we are, truly, just what God knows us to be;* and that having a name to live will not save us, (though it may *deceive* us,) if the heart-searching God, who cannot be mocked, sees that we are cold formalists—empty pretenders—slothful hypocrites—dead! May God quicken us more and more through the Spirit of Life which was in His So May He breathe on those dry bones, that they may live! May He deepen on our souls a sense of our responsibility—increase our faith in the reality of things unseen—awaken in us a more abiding conviction of the necessity of solemn earnestness, in making our calling and election sure; that, in *His* sight, we may all, not only seek, but "strive" to enter in at the strait gate, and to walk along the narrow path which leadeth into life!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow;
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting;
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

THE population of the world, and the relative number of its inhabitants adhering to its various "religions," cannot possibly be ascertained with any degree of accuracy; yet it is well to have some general idea of the nature and extent of that vast field which is given to the Christian Church to cultivate, and from which the great harvest is to be reaped at the end of the world.

The following table is made up from different writers upon this subject† :—

	Pop.	Heathen.	Mohammedan.	Jews.	Christian.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Sondermann,	1000	631	160	9	200
Wahlman,	900	500	110	8	260
Raumer,	650	310	110	5 to 9	228
Gosner,	800	455	140	2 ... 5	200

The "Christian" population of the world is thus divided by Gosner* :—

Roman Catholics,	80	millions.
Protestants,	70	...
Greek Church,	50	...
Total, .	200	...

Is our estimate too low, if we suppose that there is only one in ten professing Protestants, who sincerely desire that Christ's kingdom should come, and who labour to advance it? But if we could indulge the hope, that there are seven millions in the world who know and love the Gospel, even this would afford about one labourer only for every hundred heathens, Mohammedans, or Jews! But *are* there seven millions, or *one* million, really alive to the importance of the great work of converting the world to Christ?

The whole Protestant Church now supports about 37 Missionary Societies for the conversion of the heathen. Bible Tract, and Prayer-book Societies, are not included in this estimate; nor are societies for the conversion of the Jews, or for educating native females in heathendom.

The 37 Missionary Societies are thus divided :—

Germany,	8	England,	9	America,	
Switzerland,	3	Ireland,	1		
Netherlands,	1	Scotland,	5		
France,	2		—		
Norway,	1	Britain,	15		
Continent,	15				

It is difficult to ascertain from the Reports of those societies, the number of labourers in the mission field. Some Reports omit to mention the native assistants, or female teachers; others, again,

* *Die Biene aus die Missions felde.* July, 1843.

† *Tabellarische uebersicht uber die Protestantischen Missionare*, 1846.

include agents of every kind,—as such, printers, translators, &c. It is calculated, that about 5000 persons are employed abroad in this work of missions;—2440 of whom have been sent forth from Europe and America. The others are native agents. The number converted from heathenism, who are now in communion with the Church of Christ, is about 147,000. There have been baptized, about 400,000.

M. Gosner of Berlin, calculates, that supposing all the ordained Protestant Missionaries to be equally divided among the heathen, there would be one missionary only to every 428,571 of the heathen. This would be in the ratio of one missionary to a heathen population almost equal to that of both Edinburgh and Glasgow!

The sum given by all the Protestant Church for missions *to the heathen*, is, in round numbers, about £500,000; of which Great Britain contributes about £350,000.

It has been asserted, that the offerings presented, in one year, to the temple of the goddess Kali, in Calcutta, equalled the revenues of the whole Protestant Church for missions. Mr. Medhurst states, in his "China and the Chinese," that "the cost of gold and silver paper burnt" (in honour of idols) "in China, in a year, exceeds *a hundred times* all the money collected in the Christian world annually for Bible, Tract, and Missionary Societies!"

It has been stated, that Scotland consumes, each year, about £5,000,000 in intoxicating drinks; and Glasgow alone, £1,300,000. Yet we everywhere hear complaints of the want of means to aid the cause of missions!

The present age may be designated as the age of missions. Let us glance at their recent and rapid increase.

The Society for the Propagating of the Gospel in Foreign parts, instituted in 1701, was the first Protestant Missionary Association ever formed.

The next 85 years gave birth to four only, — viz., Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, (1701;) Society of Halle, (1705;) the Moravian Mission, (1732;) the Wesleyan Mission, (1786.)

During the next 14 years, (from 1786 till 1800,) *five* societies were established, —The Baptist, (1792;) London, (1795;) Edinburgh, (1796;) Netherlands, (1797;) Church Missionary, (1799.)

Thus, during the whole of the 18th century, ten societies only, formed *the whole missionary staff of the Protestant Church;* the one-half of these growing up within the last 14 years of the century.

During the first ten years of the *present* century, one society only (Berlin, which sent forth Rhenius and Gutslaff,) was added to the number.

America entered the field in 1810. Between this and 1820, five great missionary societies were established in the United States. The American Board of Commissioners, (1810;) the Baptist Union, and Baptist General Convention, (1814;) the Presbyterian, (1816;) the Methodist Episcopal, (1819;) the Protestant Episcopal, (1820.)

The Basle Society was formed in 1816.

From 1820 till the present year, 15 missionary societies have been added to the number,—viz., Berlin, (1823;) Paris, (1824;) Barmen, (1828;) the Church of Scotland, (1829;) Hamburg, (1835;) Dresden, (1836;) Laussanne, (1837;) Glasgow, (1838;) Wales, (1840;) Ulster, (1840;) Gosners in Berlin, (1842;) Norway, (1842;) Free Church, (1843;) American Lutheran, (1843;) Scotch Secession, (1844.) It thus appears, that, *for 156 years after Luther's death, there was not one Protestant Missionary Society; and that all such societies now in existence, with four exceptions, have sprung up during the last fifty years. The last thirty-eight years have given birth to 20 of those; the last ten years, to 7.*

At one of the missionary meetings held last year in New York, a very old man, Deacon Harvey, addressed the meeting. This man *could* have said, "When I was sixty-two, there was but one missionary society in all Great Britain; now there are 15. When I was upwards of sixty-four, there was not one missionary society in all the United States of America; there are now 7. When I was eighty, there were but 2 missionary societies in the Continent of Europe; there are now 15! When I was an old man, above three-

score years ago ten, the whole Continent of India, China, and the Islands of the Pacific, were shut against the Gospel. Those countries are now all opened up to Christian Missions, and tens of thousands, who then worshipped idols, have since been turned to the worship of the living and true God!" All this *could* have been said by that old man, *for he was* 111 *years of age;* and we have supposed him thus addressing the assembly in which he spoke, that our readers may realize what has been accomplished during even the *old age of a living man!*

PARISH MISSIONARY ASSOCIATIONS.

Our General Assembly has, more than once, earnestly recommended the formation of Missionary Associations in every parish. And ought not every Christian congregation to recognize itself as a missionary society? Is this not involved in its very name? Must not its Christian character, and missionary character, stand and fall together? Is not a Christian congregation, a congregation of Christians? And can such exist without loving Christ, and desiring, consequently, that all should know Him, and love Him; and that His kingdom should come into the heart of the whole world, and His holy and loving will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?

Such arrangements as we propose in this paper cannot, obviously, though adopted, *give* any life to a congregation; but where the life of Christian love exists, they will tend, by God's blessing, to nourish it, and they will also afford an opportunity for its expression in "works and labours of love." With the view, then, of assisting those ministers who are anxious to adopt efficient measures, in order not only to interest their flocks in the great cause of missions generally, but also to increase their interest in, and their contributions to, the Missions of our own Church, we beg to make the following suggestions to aid them in forming a Parochial Missionary Association:—

*1. Let the names of all the male and female communicants be arranged in lists, according to their several *localities*, each list containing the names of such a number of persons as can be conveniently called upon, monthly, by one collector. In towns, from 10 to 20 families are found to be as many as can be visited regularly. It is found better to assign to collectors, *names*, rather than *districts*. Demands are thus made upon fellow-worshippers, and communicants only, who must be presumed, from their very profession, to have an interest in such work, and to be willing to aid it. The minister has also an opportunity of addressing such from the pulpit, and of explaining the objects of the visits made to them by the collectors, answering their objections, &c. This, however, does not *exclude* district collecting.

2. Let the annual subscription be a fixed sum, say 1d. a-month, for one, or more of the Schemes, as the subscriber may select. According to this system, no subscriber can give more than 5s. per annum; while any small sum (even a halfpenny a-year) should be cheerfully received from the poorest member. The reason for this suggestion is, that it enables the rich and poor to meet together, and prevents the latter from refusing the pence, because ashamed to see them stand beside the pounds. All sums, over and above the annual subscription, should be received as *donations* at the end of the year.

3. It is of importance, that the subscriptions should be called for, if possible, *monthly*. There are very many people who have no objection to give considerable sums in *copper*, who cannot, however, in

* In some parishes, a simple and efficient method is adopted at each communion, to ascertain, with accuracy, the name and residence of each member. The Sabbath previous to the communion, cards are issued, having printed upon them "Name," "Designation," "Residence." The intending communicant fills up those cards at home, and, on the Fast-day, they are exchanged for tokens. These cards enable the Session-clerk to keep an accurate communion-roll, and supply the collectors with the names of the members of the church. In some parishes, the female communicants have an association of their own, in support of Female Education in India. In such a case, when it is of importance to have a separate list of the female communicants, the plan has been adopted of printing their cards with red letters, and giving them out on a different day, or at a different hour

spite of arithmetic, be persuaded to give the same sums in *silver*. With such persons, 5d. a-month is not perceived to be so much as 5s. a-year.

4. Let the collectors meet quarterly, to give in their collections, and to have their collecting-cards and books receipted.

5. The *Missionary Record* should be circulated as widely as possible. In poor districts, it is advisable that each collector should circulate, among the members of the Association, a copy monthly; to be paid, if necessary, out of the funds of the Association.

6. Though last, not least, we earnestly recommend meetings to be held by the parish minister, for the purpose of giving simple and familiar addresses upon subjects calculated to stir up the members of his congregation to engage perseveringly, zealously, and intelligently, in this good work. Quarterly meetings, upon *Sabbath* evenings, have been tried with much success. What exercises can become a Sabbath evening better, than prayer for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, and learning how it prospers? At such meetings, it is of advantage to give information regarding the missions of *all* churches—to read extracts, not only from our own *Missionary Record*, but also from the narratives of missionaries, the reports of societies, mission sermons, and everything, in short, which is calculated to instruct, warn, and encourage Christians—to shew them what others are doing, and what they themselves may, and ought to do.* District meetings are also of advantage in the country portions of a parish, distant from the parish church.

We assume, that the regular church collections shall, at the same time, be kept up, *and that they will not be materially diminished.*

We believe, that if the above plan was perseveringly followed in our parishes, (modified, of course, to suit different circumstances,) most blessed effects would follow.

The collections for the Schemes would increase immensely. We believe, that an average of £50 per annum could be raised, *with very little exertion*, from each parish in Scotland; and thus £50,000 a-year, would be put at the disposal of the Church for evangelizing and educating her people at home and in the Colonies, and for preaching the Gospel to Jew and Gentile. Other churches have demonstrated to us what *may* be done in raising funds, yet we have not proposed above to collect the one third of what some of them do.

Let us remember, that every dissenting congregation, in supporting a minister, supports a missionary. If they can thus support a home missionary, why may not our congregations support a foreign one? Yet we do not propose this; but to raise £50 per annum only, for *all* our Schemes. Let it also be remembered, that the Dissenting churches in Scotland have their foreign missions as well as we have,—that the Free Church raises altogether, annually, six or seven times more than we *propose*, in the above statement, to do. All this proves what *may* be done, if we have *the will* and energy to do it. Again, let it not be said that we do not require so much money, as a reason for our not raising more. Our readers surely know, that, at this moment, our Indian Scheme *is several thousand pounds in debt*; and this *solely* from a decreased income, which, at best, was a paltry sum, quite unworthy of the Church of Scotland. We blush, and are humbled to the dust, in recording such a fact!

Such meetings as we have earnestly recommended, would prove rich in good to the minister and congregation. They would tend to kindle love and sympathy for the whole Church of Christ, in its attempts to convert the heathen—they would excite prayer for all who confess the Lord's name, and do the Lord's work—they would humble and put to shame the mere professing Christian, by shewing what God had wrought among the heathen; and how far advanced in grace many were who, but as yesterday, heard the Gospel which our people had heard from infancy—they would stir up the slothful and covetous, to imitate the zealous and earnest in those churches which have done so much for the spread

* It is intended, in this magazine, to furnish, monthly, information upon missions which may be read at such meetings, and also to furnish a list of books which may be found useful.

of missions, while we have done so little —they might also fan the flame of missionary enterprize in some young bosom, which might, in after years, be as a burning and shining light, amidst the dark places of the earth; while they would rejoice every Christian in the evidence afforded to them of the coming of Christ's kingdom.

A single remark more. Whatever is done, let it be done truly, as unto God, and for His cause, and not for man only. We may get up meetings, and associations, and give lectures, and make collections, for five or fifty schemes; but if we have no higher or better motives, in God's sight, for so doing, than merely "to support the Church," and to have a good-looking argument to prove her "alive"—then no blessing can come from such hollow-hearted pretence. God is not mocked. Let us seek to serve Him with *true* hearts—to confess our shameful shortcomings in our endeavours to advance His kingdom — to implore His quickening Spirit — to make ministers and people a thousand-fold more alive to the solemn duty our Redeemer has imposed upon us, and to the high honour He has conferred upon us, when He commissions us to "Go and preach the Gospel to all nations."

THE WALDENSES.

A TOUR IN THE PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF DAUPHINE AND PIEDMONT.

TRAVELS and *travelling* in Switzerland, are now so common, that little will be read but what can be invested with more than ordinary interest. The miracles of nature in that favoured country, have now been made patent to all by the miracles of art. By the triumphs of modern locomotion, the Bernese Oberlands, and Chamouni, are as accessible as our own Highlands or Wales were twenty years ago. The first adventurers from this side the channel, who, few and far between, broke the silence of Swiss mountain-passes, or braved the gusts of her mountain lakes, would be disappointed to find how the romance of their earlier pilgrimages is gone. The land of Tell and Zwingle is now made the holiday-ground of Great Britain, we may say, of Europe. We meet English carriages on her roads, English steamers on her lakes, often English engineers to ply them, and (as we have seen too) English coals to work them! We need not wonder, therefore, that we have more than abundance of English tourists to describe them.

There are spots, however, in the Great Alpine chain, removed from the beaten path, not by any means so generally written on, because not so generally travelled or known. To penetrate them, is the prerogative of the pedestrian; and that which we are about to describe, we may add, is the more special prerogative of the Christian. We purpose giving, in this and some succeeding articles, a few recollections of a tour in the "Waldensian valleys." The Alps, indeed, wherever we find their giant form, proclaim the glory of God. They are the eternal monuments and interpreters of His power and Godhead. But the Alps of Savoy have a distinctive and inalienable grandeur of their own, appreciable alone by the believer. They stand the memorials of God's grace. Who that loves to trace the triumphs of the Cross in the past history of the Church, can fail to hear, with interest, of the homes and valleys of the Vaudois? For a thousand years they formed the sanctuary where Truth took refuge from defiled altars, and kept her lamp burning while Europe was in darkness. If there be hallowed ground on earth, it is surely here, in this, emphatically "the land of martyrs." Every valley we tread is a sacred sepulchre, where the ashes repose of men "of whom the world was not worthy;" while the Alps around, with their colossal forms, and glacier and snow-white summits melted into the azure of heaven, seem types of the pure and eternal truths for which these mountain-martyrs bled.

We resolved on visiting the Alps of Dauphiny, on our way to the valleys of Piedmont. They are invested with an equal interest with the others, in their historical associations and natural scenery, besides being consecrated in later times by the piety and labours of Felix Neff. Our shortest and best route was to direct our course to Lyons. Accordingly, after leaving Paris, and travelling two weary days and nights, *per diligence*, through the plains of Burgundy, we found ourselves, on a lovely morning in July, sailing down the river Saone. The landscape was enlivened with numerous villages. The lofty mountains of Auvergne, clothed with cultivation to the top, bounded the western horizon; and they were seen, at the time, to great advantage, from the pleasing alternation of cloud and sunshine.

As we proceeded, the banks gradually became more precipitous, clothed with a richer variety of trees and shrubs, resembling somewhat the character of our own Kyles of Bute. We were led to anticipate in Lyons the Birmingham of France —a bustling, uninteresting town, with its forest of chimneys and impenetrable atmosphere. But in this we were agreeably disappointed. If any city be entitled to the name of *picturesque*, it is this. Situated on the conflux of two of the noblest rivers in Europe, flowing through plains whose extent is only equalled by their fertility—bridges of considerable number and elegance—houses of large proportions, rising in terraces on either bank of the Saone, and undeformed with the vile brick which preponderates in other parts of France;—these all combined in allotting to it a more favourable verdict than it has received from most travellers.

Lyons is rich in historical associations. Independent of its Classic interest, it was the seat of some of the earlier bishops of the Christian Church. It was the scene of the unparalleled sufferings of the martyrs in the second century, (Sanctus, Biblias, Blandina, and others;) and, subsequently, it gave birth to Peter Waldo, one of the most intrepid standard-bearers of the truth in the middle ages, and whose rise marks an era in the history of the western Church. Apart from these, had it not been for recent events, whose consequences cannot now be foreseen, we might have dwelt with pleasing interest on the Protestant revivals which have occurred in Lyons during these few years, and looked (from what we were ourselves privileged to witness) with sanguine solicitude to the future. Meanwhile, we must wait patiently the designs of Providence. Who can tell, but the political convulsions of the past year may, in some mysterious way, be "preparing the way of the Lord" in the very kingdom where He has been so long undeified and dethroned? Sad, indeed, it was to trace, in our route from the mouth of the Seine to where we had now arrived, the memorials of an infidel nation,—the melancholy lessons which Voltaire and Rousseau bequeathed to those too willing to learn them! The loveliness of many a scene is marred with startling epithets and inscriptions, which blasphemy alone could dictate:—"The Hotel of God," —"The Inn of the Holy Ghost,"—"The Auberge of the Devil," are by no means uncommon.

But to return.—We shall only notice, before leaving Lyons, a strange spectacle we witnessed in the interior of "Notre Dame de Fourviere," the Roman Catholic cathedral which crowns the heights of the city. The walls are hung round with relics and offerings of every possible description, but certainly more distinguished for their variety than their value. They form the result of vows made by individuals in distress, who imagined they had miraculous cures wrought on themselves, or their relatives, at the intercession of the Virgin. A cripple, for example, finds his way up to this shrine, and supplicates deliverance. On being restored the use of his limbs at any future time, he brings a model of the restored member, and suspends it as a votive offering to the "Queen of Heaven," (who, by the way, has this startling inscription on the portico of the adjoining convent, "*Marie a été conçue sans peché*,"—(Mary was born without sin.) The walls of the church are covered with hundreds of these white waxen legs, arms, heads, fingers, &c.; also drawings

representing the individual labouring under illness, with his, or her friends, gathered by the sick-bed on their knees, interceding for deliverance, which the Virgin is represented as granting, from a throne in the skies! Fishermen, too, who have escaped from shipwreck, have decorated the walls with little models of their vessels, which forcibly recalled the "Votive Tablets" Horace speaks of in one of his odes, as having been placed by a shipwrecked mariner in the Temple of Neptune.

Leaving Lyons, we took diligence to Grenoble, and, on Sabbath morning, found ourselves agreeably seated in the Protestant chapel of Mons. Bonifas, to whom we had a note of introduction from a Christian friend in Lyons. He has a small, but devoted flock. After service, he dispensed the ordinance of baptism; the form of which was somewhat singular. *The father, godfather, an' godmother, all took part in presenting the child;* the two latter holding a long train which composed part of its dress. The mother sat behind, neatly attired with a *bouquet* of flowers pinned on her left shoulder; and the water was poured on the face of the child from a small crystal phial. We spent the evening, very pleasingly, in the house of the worthy pastor, who invited us there to his weekly prayer-meeting, where we found about 40 or 50 individuals convened. They were assembled around a large table, at the head of which he presided, and expounded faithfully and solemnly the Word of Life. Two of those present were peculiarly interesting characters. The one was "Emily," the remarkable convert of Felix Neff, whose interests occupied the latest moments of his life,—a neat little woman, with small Swiss features, and a jet black eye. The other, a young man from Savoy, whose history is a remarkable example of Christian fortitude. He was originally a Roman Catholic, brought under the influence of Divine truth. Being, under deep conviction, and no expounder of the pure Gospel being in his native land, he travelled, on foot, all the distance to Grenoble, (about 70 miles,) to have an interview with M. Bonifas. When just completing his journey and entering the gates, the sentinel, suspecting his appearance, demanded his passport. Not having procured one, he was cast into prison, and after some days of confinement, was marched back, under a military guard, to his father's house. His father—a bigoted Romanist—deeply incensed at his conduct, insisted on his going to the confessional. His interview there with the priest, excited suspicions that he must have had a Bible in his possession. Search was made, and their apprehensions were verified; for the Word of Life was found secreted under the mattress of his bed! Well aware that he could expect nothing but the bitterest persecution from his friends, he resolved to quit his native soil, in the strength of the assurance, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Still he was unable to procure a passport; but, strong in faith, he ventured once more to the gates of Grenoble; *with a joyful heart he passed unchallenged*—cast in his lot with the band of Protestants; and that Sabbath evening, none of the little assemblage, with greater joy than he, was "drawing water out of the wells of salvation!"

Roman Catholicism here, is of the worst character. We observed, in the course of the day, several parts of the town festooned with shrubs and flowers, stretching from window to window on opposite sides of the street. In these we encountered various popish processions, accompanied by discordant music. A large one was seen that morning, composed of youths; one of whom personated the Saviour, dressed in a purple robe, with a crown of thorns on his head, his feet bare, and carrying a cross on his shoulders. His father walked by his side, dressed as a carpenter. Other boys accompanied him, representing John, Peter, and the other apostles; and a little girl, with long dishevelled hair, and a cruise in her hand, personated Mary Magdalene!

Among this degraded Catholic population, we looked in vain for a Sabbath. There is no such commandment in their decalogue; not one of the shops were shut, and every café seemed to be thrown open for billiard, card-playing, and other amusements. Their peals of godless merriment, strangely contrasted with the quiet calm

of the evening, and the sombre grandeur of the scenery around. The town itself is strongly fortified, having ramparts running up the steep acclivities, and strong gates and portcullis at the various approaches. Redundancies truly, beside the giant ramparts which nature has thrown around, as if in mockery of man's puny efforts. After an interesting *détour* of two days in the neighbourhood, we started, at five o'clock the following evening, in an uncomfortable diligence, for "Bourg d'Oysans." As usual, it "murdered sleep;" but, in this instance, there was the less cause for regret, as the night was clear and beautiful, and the scenery bold in the extreme. The moon shone with unclouded lustre—her beams playing on the lofty mountain sides—these, again, casting their deep shadows on the valley below. Above us the heavens were sparkling with stars, and the road at our feet was studded with the tiny lustre of the glow-worm, the first specimens we had seen, and which shone like gems in the dark. Three o'clock in the morning, brought us to the little village of Bourg d'Oysans; but, without pausing, we continued, at that early hour, our journey on foot. The road we traversed was just constructing, at an enormous amount of labour and expense; as many portions were cut out of the solid rock. It wound through a stupendous valley; small villages, with surrounding patches of cultivation, crowning the heights; and cascades and waterfalls tumbling down into the rapid stream below. Catholicism has here many indications of her supremacy. Small shrines are erected every few leagues by the side of the road, surmounted by a cross; and underneath one of these, we observed a dexterously contrived box, with a small aperture in the top, surmounted with the inscription, "*Tronc pour les ames du purgatoire*," (Box for the souls in purgatory.) The humble peasantry are often seen, when on the way to work, kneeling at their devotions in front of these shrines.—A lesson and a rebuke to many in Protestant Britain!

Passing the miserable village of La Grave, we arrived, the following morning, at Briancon, a neat little town, perched like a nest on the side of a rocky hill, and turretted with strong battlements, similar to what we saw at Grenoble. A richly-clothed valley stretched below it, smoking with a hundred hamlets. As we advanced a few leagues farther, the Alpine scenery assumed an aspect of sterner sublimity. Mountains, which reminded much of the serrated peaks of Arran, their tops covered with eternal snows, seemed to defy farther progress. We were now once more within sight of Protestantism. As we approached the village of La Roche, the sun was shining on a few scattered huts on the opposite side of the valley of the Durance. We found it, on inquiry, to be Chancelas, one of the hamlets hallowed by the name of Neff. We had reached the termination of another week, and looked forward with no common pleasure to the morrow, to enjoy a Sabbath amid the scenes and flocks of his apostolic labours, and, if possible, to penetrate to the rocky wilds of Dormillouse.

We find our preliminary details have exceeded their intended limits. So we must pause on this side the Durance, and defer, till our next article, the description of the Valleys of Dauphine.

Religious Intelligence.

THE CONTINENT.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may exist as to the character and probable consequences of the wonderful political revolutions which have taken place on the Continent, one grand result has, unquestionably, been effected by them, which must rejoice every Christian,—"*The Gospel has free course!*" Everywhere the Bible may be distributed, and the Word of God preached! Austria can no longer hinder it—France thirsts for it—the superstitious Poles receive it—the "still small voice," even in Rome, is louder now than "the thunders of the Vatican,"

—"the saints in Italy," again "salute" their brethren in the Lord. Never since the Reformation, has there been such a stirring up of the European mind to its very depths, upon the grand question of "What shall we do to be saved?" As far as our space permits, we shall, from time to time, give information regarding the progress of what may be truly termed the Second Reformation. Oh! that the Church *of* Scotland, and *in* Scotland, was alive to what we *may* do, and, therefore, *ought* to do, for the furtherance of this glorious work, by our expressed sympathy with brethren labouring abroad—by our earnest prayers in their behalf—and by such liberal contribution of funds, (as has never yet been made,) to aid them in their efforts to print Bibles and tracts, support schools, and employ colporteurs. The present opportunity of doing good may be short; it is the more solemnly important.

ITALY.

"A GREAT change is taking place in the Church of this country. Papacy has received a shock from which it is not expected to recover. It is said, there are sixty thousand people in all Italy ready to renounce the errors of Popery; and that they are only waiting till they can number one hundred thousand, to make open profession. We often hear sentiments from our Italian acquaintances, that make us start; instead of looking upon us as lost heretics, they cannot only converse in a rational manner on the subject, but it is become a common thing for them to say, 'You are right, and we are wrong!' These poor creatures are not free to change their religion; their church is one of bondage; and they must give up rank and fortune, when they give up their false creed. . . . . One certain fact is, that there is an open talk here of breaking up some of the convents,—a speaking sign of the times, and reminds one of the reign of Henry VIII. In short, the downfall of Popery is a common subject here; and if the Almighty is so working out His own ends, we must not complain of any personal inconvenience that all these changes and revolutions bring upon individuals."—*Extract from a Private Letter, (quoted in Evangelical Christendom.)*

The chamber of deputies in Tuscany, have given the following decision regarding the freedom of the press:—

"Where the press keeps within the bounds of *a reasonable and honourable controversy, discussing, and even contradicting the dogma of any religion whatsoever, it uses its right*; there is no reason for complaint, every one being free to confute, by availing himself of the same means."

PRUSSIAN POLAND.

WE have received letters from Pastors Czerski and Post. The former says,—

". . It is necessary, upon Christian grounds, to oppose the ultra and democratic party here, as they have not only never manifested any desire to advance the interests of religion, but most of their movements may be partly termed positively irreligious and godless. Many of them openly profess their atheism and their hatred to God. The new reformed Jews—the German Catholics, headed by Ronge, and many who have fallen away from Rome—unite with this ultra party. But they are doomed to perish, like all who deny God, and who do not recognize the necessity of His help and countenance in their labours. The little appearance of religion which still pertains to German Catholicism (or Ronge's party,) is used as a mere mask to cover social and political agitation. Many congregations, formerly adhering to Ronge, are now anxious to join with us. . . . In our own congregations, religious life is being more and more quickened. My own people requested me to hold a morning prayer-meeting—a request to which I thankfully acceded. We meet every morning at half-past seven, for devotional exercises, and meditations upon the Epistle to the Romans. I have published an address to the Poles,—a translation of which, into German, I now send you. . . I ask your prayers, and the prayers of your congregation. Entreat all other Christians, also, to pray for us, that in those stormy times, the Lord may defend and strengthen us in soul and body."

A translation of the address alluded to, is given in the last number of *Evangelical Christendom*.* The following is an extract from it:—

"Further, insist on your clergy preaching to you the pure doctrine of Jesus Christ, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, instead of the senseless dogmas of

* We take the first opportunity afforded to us, of cordially recommending this admirable publication of the *Evangelical Alliance*, to our Christian friends and brethren of the Church of Scotland. It contains fuller and more authentic information regarding the state of religion abroad, than any other existing publication with which we are acquainted. It may be ordered from any bookseller for sixpence a-month.

the Roman Pontiffs, who call themselves the successors of Christ, and the visible head of the Church. He who walks in Christ's footsteps is His follower, belongs to that one flock of which He is the true Shepherd, and is a member of the Church which is His body, and of which He is the sole head, (Ephes. v. 23; Col. i. 18.) We have no need of a head of the Church residing in Rome, when we possess One who sits at the right hand of His and our Heavenly Father. Neither does this so-called head of the Church in Rome teach the things that be of God, but the things that be of men. Whence, else, that hatred which you Romanists bear to every other confession? Why must you hate those who do not join in your particular worship? Not truly in obedience to the commands, or in accordance with the doctrine of Christ; for He teaches us to love and bless our greatest enemies; but solely because your priests, and *their* head, the Roman Bishop, command you to do so. You assert your faith to be the best, and yet you do not so much as know what true faith is! Think you, then, that fastings and processions—invocation of saints—performing public worship in rich and showy garments—burning incense and ringing of bells in the churches—are essentials of faith? and that the observance of such ceremonials can procure you favour with God? Deceive not yourselves. 'God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth,' (John iv. 24.)

"Or, do you think the Lord God is the God of the Romanists only? Hear what the Bible says, (Rom. x. 11–13.) Such is the doctrine of Scripture,—a doctrine of the truest love to our neighbour. But, oh! how widely different is the doctrine taught by the self-seeking, hypocritical, dissolute Romish priests! 'Their constant cry is, 'Whosoever diverges in a tittle from the papal decrees, will be damned.'

"Oh! turn away from the voice of these false prophets, and listen to the voice of Christ the Lord, if you would escape from temporal and eternal ruin!

The true faith cannot be endangered; nothing is in danger but the lies and high-sounding pretensions of priestcraft. And these *are* in danger; for the truth is spreading abroad; and this Divine truth will, sooner or later, tear off the mask from the faces of the hypocritical priests, beneath which they seek to hide their villanies from the view of the simple. Therefore, my brethren, examine and 'prove what is acceptable to God, and have no share in the flagitious works of darkness, but rather expose them, for things are done of them in secret of which one cannot speak without blushing,' (Ephes. v. 10–12,—German translation.) You are apt to pronounce judgment upon others, why do you not judge those who belong to yourselves? for what have I to do to judge them that are without, since God will judge them? 'Wherefore put away the wicked one from among you,' Cor. v. 12, 13.) And, in the same chapter, the Apostle says, 'If, therefore, one that is called a brother be a fornicator, or an usurer, or an idolater, or a slanderer, or a drunkard, or a robber, with such a one ye may not even eat.'

"My brother Poles! open your eyes, and stride not daily a step nearer to your destruction! Lay hold on spiritual freedom, and God will give you political liberty also.

"I know well, that by the publication of this open and most sincere appeal to my Polish brothers, I shall excite much enmity against myself, while some will condemn my imprudence, and others curse my impiety; but my answer to all is, 'I fear not them which can only kill the body, and after that, have no more that they can do; but I fear Him who can cast both soul and body into hell,' (Matt. x. 28.) And, therefore, I will not cease to proclaim the truth, whatever may be the personal injury it may bring upon me.

(Signed) "J. CZERSKI."

We shall give the deeply interesting communication from Pastor Post, in our next number.

FRANCE.

We have no space, in our present number, for our valued French correspondent's letter, regarding the Protestant Church of France. We observe, that Pastor Pozzy of Bergenac, has joined M. Frederic Monod and Count Gasparin, in their secession from the National Church. We trust, that the next Synod will be able to unite upon such a declaration of positive Christian truth, as will prevent a farther secession by men holding the orthodox views of the Rochelle Confession; which, as M. Adolphe Monod maintains, has never ceased to be the legal and authoritative confession of the French Protestant Church. The following notice regarding the Central Protestant Society, (whose claims were advocated in Scotland, last summer, by their

excellent agent, Mr. Boucher,) is extracted from a communication in the last number of *Evangelical Christendom*:—

'In view of these manifestations which darken the prospects of the National Church, the *Protestant Central Society*—founded for the spiritual benefit of members of the Establishment—has felt the necessity of redoubling its efforts. Pastors *Grandpierre*, *Vermeil*, and *Valette*, members of the Committee, have published a circular, intended to awaken the zeal and generosity of their friends. They announce, that the Society's resources are quite insufficient to meet its wants, and that they rely upon those who are attached to the National Church, and are desirous of promoting its prosperity, liberally to support this institution.

"Certainly, the Central Society is engaged in a useful and interesting work. The Committee have placed, at the head of their regulations, a profession of orthodox faith, very short, but positive and explicit. It confesses the natural misery of man, and our incapacity to do good, *the Divinity of Jesus Christ, free salvation by His blood, the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit*, and so forth. The Committee, therefore, cannot be fairly charged with holding any heresy. Nevertheless, the *Central Society* has not yet acquired any great credit with our flocks. It lacks funds; its sphere of activity has been very limited. Whose fault is this? It would be difficult to say, exactly. Circumstances have been unfavourable, and many friends to the National Church think, that the money received from the public treasury, suffices to meet the internal wants of our churches. This is a false idea; for the Government does not create *places de pasteurs* wherever they are necessary; but this opinion is very prevalent, and leads many to give less than they otherwise would. In general, experience proves, that National churches are less prompt to make sacrifices than independent communions; they are too much accustomed to receive everything, without bearing, personally, the slightest burden."

GENEVA.

An Evangelical Church was formed in the month of December in Geneva. Professor Gaussen and Dr. D'Aubigné, have taken a prominent part in this work. It embraces several congregations, which, from time to time, during the last sixteen years, have separated from the National Church, on account of its gross and obstinately maintained Rationalism. The New Evangelical Church has adopted a full and satisfactory confession of faith. Its government is Presbyterian. In regard to form of worship, the mode of exercising discipline, and of administering the sacraments, great liberty is given to the convictions of the several congregations, for the sake of obtaining union upon essentials. In our next number, we may, perhaps, give a few details.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

POLYNESIA—THE FEEJEE ISLANDS.

"Upon a review of our Mission in Feejee, I am bound to say, that its importance, in my estimation, increases with the increase of my knowledge of the people, the country, and the work now in progress here. There are two very large islands, with high mountains and fine rivers, each as large as Devonshire. Upon these, the population may be reckoned at 150,000. Beside these, there are, in the entire group, about one hundred islands, with a population, Mr. Hunt thinks, of another 150,000, making a total of 300,000 souls in Feejee. I am well satisfied, that twenty times the present number of people might easily find subsistence on these islands, and one hundred islets not now inhabited. It is a remarkable provision of Divine Providence, that the two main articles of food in Feejee, never fail together. If the season proves wet, the *taro* thrives well; and if it be dry, the yam abounds. When the Gospel shall have caused their wars to cease, the industrious habits of the people cannot fail to secure abundance of excellent food, and, by consequence, a rapid increase of population. While this people have, at present, a rough exterior, and cannibal habits, they are possessed of activity, shrewdness, and the remains of civil distinctions, titles of honour, and courteous salutations of one another, which, in their fine and copious language, produce, the missionaries say, in a variety of ways, the most agreeable effect. The New Testament is now read by many,—an edition having issued from the Mission press in Feejee. The impression begins to be very general, that Christianity is true, and that, of course, their system is false and destructive. Those who have embraced the Gospel, generally adorn it; and a goodly number of them go everywhere preaching the Word. It is worthy of remark, that, notwithstanding the bloody and cruel ferocity of these Pagan cannibals, no violence, even of the slightest

kind, has been committed on the person of any of our missionaries. But the case has not been so with other white men dwelling among them, many of whom have been clubbed, maimed, and killed.

"The character of our brethren for consistency and truthfulness, while living in Feejee, may now be considered as fully established. Whoever else is in jeopardy, the messenger of grace and peace is held sacred. The very devoted and spotless life of Varani, since he bowed the knee to Jesus, has done much to soften prejudice, and to cast a lustre on the Christian character. His friend and companion-in-arms, Thakombau, King of Feejee, was very bitter and earnest against the Gospel, until he saw the true power of piety in this 'living epistle.' Since that time, his tone has softened down, and his views have become corrected. He now says Christianity is true, and that he and his people shall soon embrace it; but there are some wars to be completed first! Both he and his people are well aware of the designs of the French priests, aided by the naval power of France; and deep is their dislike to both, but especially to Popery, the full display of which they behold in Tahiti.

"The widely-extended influence of the press—the dilligent attention to the education of the people, and especially to the children, wherever we get a station—the increased instruction afforded to the most hopeful of the native converts—the multiplication of these in all directions where the people are willing, and even anxious to receive them as teachers—and, above all, under God, the successful preaching of the Gospel, and the consequent outpouring of the Holy Spirit, now most earnestly prayed for by the excellent missionaries scattered among the islands—cannot fail to overcome the power of Satan, and to set up in Feejee the kingdom of our God, and of His Christ."—*Extracted from the Journal of the Rev. Mr. Laury.*

THE JEWS AND THEIR PROPOSED SYNAGOGUE IN JERUSALEM.

A REMARKABLE speech has been lately delivered in a synagogue in New York, by *Judge Noah*. Large extracts are given from it in the last number of the *Jewish Intelligence*, from which we quote the following passages. It is also noticed by our admirable missionary, Mr. Douglas, in his interesting communication in the *Missionary Record* for March. In *this speech of an educated Jew, holding* the high and important office of a judge in the United States, what wonderful evidence is afforded of the unchanged character of the Jewish people! After nearly 1800 years of weary wandering, they still speak of Palestine as their fatherland, and themselves as the "rightful inheritors of the land of promise." No dispersions or persecutions have damped their hope of returning, as a people, to the old territory, and of again rearing a temple in Jerusalem. It is deeply interesting to notice how the Jew and the Christian recognize, in the signs of the times, tokens of the "return to their own land of God's ancient people;" and though both see that event in different lights, and give to it different meanings, yet this only makes the coincidence of their faith in it the more remarkable:—

"It may not be generally known to our people, that since the destruction of our temple, upwards of 1800 years ago, Israel has been without a place of worship, dedicated with all the solemnities of our faith, and erected with suitable magnificence, to the Divine Architect of heaven and earth. The Jews, in their own land, on that land which God gave to them as an inheritance for ever, by a deed consecrated and confirmed by ages, were not permitted to erect a synagogue, from that fatal moment of the destruction of the temple, even to the present day.

. . . . . .

"The Sultan of Turkey, following the march of civilized nations, says to the Jews in his dominions, 'You are free; you have my permission to erect a synagogue in Jerusalem;' and messengers are despatched, as they were in the days of Solomon, to ask for aid from their brethren throughout the world, to erect a magnificent place of worship,—the first that has been erected in the holy city since the advent of Christianity.

"Friends and brethren, do you understand that sign? Is it not pregnant with great events? *Is not this another seal broken?* . . To see the holy land, sovereign and independent, *under its rightful proprietors;* to know that the temple will again be rebuilt; to hope to see the standard of Judah once more unfurled on Mount Zion! to die on that spot, and to be buried near David and Solomon in the Valley of Jehosaphat,—should be our highest ambition, our earnest hope, our incessant prayer.

"There are some who may consider the

permission extended to the Jews in Jerusalem to build a temple, or a magnificent synagogue, a concession of little importance; but, taken with other extraordinary signs of the times, it has a most important bearing. *We may be unmindful and indifferent in relation to those signs; but there is a Divine hand which directs, a Divine agency which controls, these movements; there are Divine promises yet to be fulfilled, Divine attributes which are yet to be made apparent to the unbeliever.* . . . The mosque of the Mussulmans reared its domes and minarets on the site of our temple—Christians erected magnificent churches and rich-endowed chapels on our soil; while our people, the rightful inheritors of all that land of promise, crawled, in abject submission, to the walls of the temple, to bewail their hard destiny—to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and weep on the solitary banks of the Jordan. They never despaired of the fulfilment of those promises which God had made to them—that still small voice continually whispered in their ears, in accents soft as the cherub's voice, 'Fear not, Jacob, for I am with thee.' . . . If there is any consolation in the last hours of life among the truly pious of our faith, it is in knowing that they are to be buried under the shadow of Mount Zion; to be near when the trumpet shall arouse the quick and the dead, at the day of the great Atonement."

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We refer our readers to the March Number of our "*Missionary Record*," for an interesting extract, giving an account of the rise and progress of this society. We are glad to see, that the Jubilee Fund amounted, in February above, to £39,000.

The contrast presented by the following sketch, which we extract from the *Church Missionary Record*, may be witnessed, with few points of difference, in many of the wynds of most of our towns:—

"*Contrast between a Heathen and a Christian.*

"In the midst of so many idolaters as there are in this part of the town, it is pleasing to see the contrast between our people and them. I next visited an old thunder-worshipper, who, on a former visit, had promised to come to Church. I now called him to account for not having fulfilled his promise. He made many vain excuses, as being sick, &c.; all which I told him would not do at the judgment-seat of Christ. His house was the picture of misery and heathenism, and shewed what man is without the Gospel. It was miserably filthy, small, and so dilapidated as to allow very little shelter from the weather. The sun was pouring in his rays through the greater part of the roof and sides. On one side, were two or three dirty broken cooking-vessels; on the other, a female fast asleep; while he and another female, seated on the dirty floor, were eating out of an iron pot with their hands. His wife, he said, had run away. The woman joined him in the conversation; but, like himself, admitted, that though she had once belonged to the Church at Wellington, she never now went to any place of worship, having fallen into sin. Both seemed indifferent about eternal things.

"I now turned from them with a sad heart, to the house of one of our people, which afforded a striking evidence of the benefits of Christianity. Here, as I entered the door, a smile crossed the countenance of the man and his wife, both of whom arose and welcomed me to their new and comfortable house, and immediately hasted to place a seat for my accommodation. Here I found industry, the usual attendant on the right reception of Christianity. The wife was sewing a dress, and the husband a pair of new trousers; their three little ones playing cheerfully around them. The house had a different appearance from the one I had just left. The walls, though of mud, were well constructed, and had a neat and clean appearance; and there were many articles of European furniture. Its appearance bespoke the dwelling-place of the Son of Peace; and I could not but pray, as I left them, that all those around might, by sovereign grace, become temporally and spiritually as the inmates of that happy dwelling."

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Rev. Mr. Gill, in writing from the Island of Mangaia, (South Pacific,) announces the following instance of the

Liberality of the Native Christians.

"At the close of the annual meeting, held on the 31st of May, 1848, the total amount of contributions was £120. You will observe that the amount of contributions in money is small; but the amount of personal and individual labour, required in the manufacture of the arrow-root and the fishing-net, gives a pleasing proof that they love the cause of Christ, not in word only, but in deed and in truth. Freely have they received, and freely do they give. You will, I am convinced, receive

these contributions with pleasure; they are from a poor and destitute people, whom God has honoured the churches of Britain to bless, and who now rejoice to do a little to help the great interests of the Society, in the name of Him who has so richly loved them, and who, though so rich, for our sakes became poor."

We think some of our congregations at home may receive a lesson from those poor, and, until lately, savage islanders.

Notice of Books.

LAYARD'S NINEVEH.

On the banks of the Tigris, in that old land of Mesopotamia, from which the human race have journeyed, and to which all tradition points as the early cradle of civilization, a few gigantic mounds have been pointed out, from age to age, as the accumulated dust, and silent graves of the once great Nineveh. Each traveller who visited those distant spots, passed them by, or trod over them with almost superstitious awe, as he recalled the shadowy dream of Nineveh and those early kingdoms whose history is recorded in a few words by sacred and profane historians, or pictured in the tales and fables of the Arabian story-teller. But no one ever traced a ruin, or discovered any sculpture, or found any monumental inscription, among those heaps of dust. Nothing more was seen than long undulating mounds rising from the level plain; nothing more was known regarding them, than that all tradition corroborated the story of the wandering Bedouin, that here once flourished the great Nineveh. So unchanged were those old remains, during succeeding ages, that the spot can yet be easily recognized where Xenophon encamped with the 10,000 Greeks, long before the Christian era; when the great historian described it, even then, as "the site of an *ancient* city." So utterly "waste" had Nineveh, and its not far distant neighbour Babylon, become, that the remains of the one city, whose circumference was a three-day's journey—and of the other, which was "the great Babylon, the hammer of the whole earth,"—were, four years ago only, "contained in a glass-case in the British museum!"

Mr. Layard has, by his genius, industry, and perseverance, brought to light some of the wonders of ancient Nineveh. He has been, for many years, an enthusiastic traveller in the East. With one or two friends, he has journeyed on horseback through Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and Mesopotamia, He has dispensed with dragomans and attendants, and thrown himself upon Arab hospitality. With the sun he has risen, and with the sun retired to rest. Onwards and onwards he has wandered, with an undying and insatiable love of knowing men and manners, and a burning desire to penetrate some of the mystery which has hung over the antiquities of the "morning land." In 1844, he began his examination of the ruins of Nineveh. Unaided and uncared for by the British Government, with little means at his disposal, he had, nevertheless, many advantages, which neither mere wealth, nor Government influence, nor patronage, could find him. He possessed a thorough knowledge of the people,—their language and manners. He was full of enthusiasm, courage, and industry, combined with the acquirements of an accomplished scholar. The results of his labours in excavating the mounds of Nineveh, have been published in a work of two 8vo. volumes, which we have read with intense interest, and which we recommend, as being, without comparison, the most instructive and exciting book of "the season." Not only does Mr. Layard give an account of all his remarkable discoveries in Nineveh, connecting them with the history of Assyria; but he has also enriched his pages with fresh and racy descriptions of scenery, and Arab life; with deeply interesting narratives of visits paid to the Nestorian Christians among the mountains of Kurdistan; and to that almost unknown, yet singular sect, the Yezede's, or "devil-worshippers." To select

any extracts from a work where every page is worth selecting, is not easy; but we shall, in our next number, give one or two passages, in addition to what we now subjoin, as a description of

A VISIT TO THE MOUNDS.

"Let us imagine ourselves issuing from my tent, near the village on the plain. On approaching the mounds, no a trace of a building can be perceived, except a small mud hut, covered with reeds, erected for the accommodation of my Chaldean workmen. We ascend the artificial hill; but still see no ruins, nor a stone protruding from the soil. There is only a broad level platform before us, perhaps covered with a luxurious crop of barley, or, may be, yellow and parched, —without a blade of vegetation, except, perhaps, here and there a scanty tuft of camelthorn. Low bleak heaps, surmounted by brushwood and dried grass, a thin column of smoke issuing from the midst of them, may be seen here and there. These are the tents of the Arabs, and a few miserable old women are groping about them, picking up camel's dung and dried twigs. One or two girls, with firm step and erect carriage, are perceived just reaching the top of the mound, with the water-jar on their shoulders, or a bundle of brushwood on their heads. On all sides of us, apparently issuing from under ground, are long lines of wild-looking beings, with dishevelled hair, their limbs only half-concealed by a short wove shirt: some jumping and capering, and all hurrying to and fro, shouting like madmen. Each one carries a basket; and as he reaches the edge of the mound, or some convenient spot, he empties its contents, raising, at the same time, a cloud of dust. He then returns at the top of his speed, dancing and yelling as before, and flourishing his basket over his head; again he suddenly disappears in the bowels of the earth, from whence he emerged. These are the workmen employed in removing the rubbish from the ruins. We will descend into the principal trench by a flight of steps, rudely cut into the earth, near the western face of the mound. As we approach it, we find a party of Arabs bending on their knees, and intently gazing at something beneath them. Each holds his long spear, tufted with ostrich feathers, in one hand, and in the other, the halter of his mare, which stands patiently behind him. The party consists of a Bedouin Sheik from the desert and his followers, who, having heard strange reports of the wonders of Nimrod, have made several days' journeys to remove doubts, and satisfy their curiosity. He rises as he hears our approach; and if we wish to escape the embrace of a very dirty stranger, we had better at once hurry into the trenches. We descend about 20 feet, and suddenly find ourselves between a pair of colossal lions, winged, and human-headed, forming a portal. I have already described my feelings when gazing, for the first time, upon these gigantic figures. Those of the readers would probably be the same, particularly if caused by the reflection, that before these wonderful forms, Ezekiel, Jonah, and others of the prophets, stood, and Sennacherib bowed,—that even the patriarch Abraham himself may have looked upon them. In the subterraneous labyrinth which we have reached, all is bustle and confusion. Arabs are running about in different directions. Some bearing baskets filled with earth, others carrying the water-jars to their companions. The Chaldeans, or Tyari, in their striped dresses, and curious conical caps, are digging with picks into the tenacious earth, raising a cloud of fine dust at every stroke. The wild strains of Kurdish music may be heard occasionally issuing from some distant part of the ruins; and if they are caught by the parties at work, the Arabs join their voices in chorus, raise the warcry, and labour with renewed energy. Leaving behind us a small chamber, in which the sculptures are distinguished by a want of finish in the execution, and considerable rudeness in the design of the ornaments, we issue from between the winged lions, and enter the remains of the principal hall. On both sides of us are sculptured gigantic-winged figures; some with the heads of eagles, others entirely human, and carrying mysterious symbols in their hands. To the left is another portal, also formed by winged lions. One of them has, however, fallen across the entrance, and there is just room to creep beneath it. Beyond this portal is a winged figure, and two slabs with bas-reliefs; but they have been so much injured, that we can scarcely trace the subject upon them. Farther on, there are no traces of wall, although a deep trench has been opened. The opposite side of the wall has also disappeared, and we only see a high wall of earth. On examining it attentively, we can detect the marks of masonry, and we soon find that it is a solid structure, built of bricks and unbaked clay, now of the same colour as the surrounding soil, and scarcely to be distinguished from it. The slabs of alabaster, fallen from their original position, have, however, been raised; and we

tread in the midst of a range of small bas-reliefs, representing chariots, horsemen, battles, and sieges! Perhaps the workmen are about to raise a slab for the first time; and we watch with eager curiosity what new event of Assyrian history, or what unknown custom, or religious ceremony, may be illustrated by the sculpture beneath. Having walked about one hundred feet among these scattered monuments of ancient history and art, we reach another door-way, formed of gigantic winged bulls in yellow limestone. One is still entire; but its companion has fallen, and is broken into several pieces,—the great human head is at our feet. We pass on without turning into the part of the building to which this portal leads. Beyond it, we see another winged figure, holding a graceful flower in its hand, and apparently presenting it as an offering to the winged bull. Adjoining this sculpture, we find eight fine bas-reliefs. There is the king hunting, and triumphing over the lion and wild bull; and the siege of the castle with the battering-ram. We have now reached the end of the hall, and find before us an elaborate and beautiful sculpture, representing two kings standing beneath the emblem of the Supreme Deity, and attended by winged figures. Between them is the sacred tree. In front of this bas-relief, is the great stone pillar upon which, in days of old, may have been placed the throne of the Assyrian monarch, where he received his captive enemies, or his courtiers. To the left of us is a fourth outlet from the hall, formed by another pair of lions. We issue from between them, and find ourselves on the edge of a deep ravine, to the north of which lies, high above us, the lofty pyramid. Figures of captives bearing objects of tribute, earrings, bracelets, and monkeys, may be seen on walls near the ravine; and two enormous bulls, and two winged figures, above fourteen feet high, are lying on its very edge. As the ravine bounds the ruins on this side, we must return to the yellow bulls. Passing through the entrance formed by them, we enter a large chamber, surrounded by eagle-headed figures. At one end of it is a doorway, guarded by two priests, or divinities; and in the centre, another portal, with winged bulls. Whichever way we turn, we find ourselves in the midst of a nest of rooms; and without an acquaintance with the intricacies of the place, we should soon lose ourselves in this labyrinth. The accumulated rubbish being generally left in the centre of the chambers, the whole excavation consists of a number of narrow passages, panelled on one side with slabs of alabaster, and shut in on the other by a high wall of earth, half-buried, in which may here and there be seen a broken vase, or a brick painted with brilliant colours. We may wander through these galleries for an hour or two, examining the marvellous sculptures, or the numerous inscriptions that surround us. Here we meet long rows of kings, attended by their eunuchs and priests—there lines of winged figures, carrying fir-cones and religious emblems, and seemingly in adoration before the mystic tree. Other entrances, formed by winged lions and bulls, lead us into new chambers. In every one of them are fresh objects of curiosity and surprise. At length, wearied, we issue from the buried edifice by a trench, on the opposite side to that by which we entered, and find ourselves again upon the naked platform. We look around in vain for any traces of the wonderful remains we have just seen, and are half-inclined to believe that we have dreamed a dream, or have been listening to some tale of eastern romance. Some who may hereafter tread on the spot where the grass again grows over the ruins of the Assyrian palaces, may indeed suspect that I have been relating a vision."—(Vol. ii., p. 114.)

The Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels. By ANDREWS NORTON, *late Professor of Sacred History, Howard University. In two vols., Second Edition. London: John Chapman, Newgate Street.* 1847. *Vol. I., pp.* 357. *Vol. II., pp.* 567.

OF all the numerous works which have recently appeared in vindication of the Genuineness of the Gospels, there perhaps, no one of more substantial worth than that of Professor Norton. It is characterized throughout by a profound scholarship and truth-loving disposition. Strauss and his abettors find in the American divine, a man who is fully able to cope with them in the use of their own favourite weapons of historical and critical investigation. Though Professor Norton is a Socinian, his dogmatic heterodoxy does not essentially interfere with the value of his treatise, seeing that it is not in reference to the interpretation, but the criticism of the Gospels, that he writes. In addition to the two volumes which have already appeared, the author intends

to give out a third, containing the Internal Evidence of the Genuineness of the Gospels, with a new translation, and explanatory notes. Meanwhile, the first volume, especially, of what has already appeared, may be perused with very great advantage.

Die symbolischen Bücher der evangelisch-lutherischen Kirche, deutsch und lateinisch. Neue sorgfältig durchgesehene Ausgabe, u. s. w. Besorgt von J. T. MULLER, *evangel.-lutherischem Pfarrer in Immelsdorf. Stuttgart: Verlag von Samuel G. Liesching*, 1848. 8vo. *pp.* 1147.

[The Symbolical Books of the Evangelical-Lutheran Church, in German and Latin. A new edition, carefully revised, &c. By J. T. MULLER, Evangelical-Lutheran minister at Immelsdorf.]

THIS is, beyond all controversy, the best edition of the Lutheran Symbols that has ever appeared. The introduction, of 116 pages in length, gives very full and excellent information concerning "Symbols, and Symbolical Books in general," and "the constituent parts of the Lutheran Confession." The German and Latin texts are to be found on the same page in parallel columns; the various readings are carefully collected, and distinctly indicated; the testimonies of the fathers are correctly and conveniently exhibited; the names of the subscribers of the original documents are given at length; and very copious indexes of passages of Scripture, and the various doctrines treated of, are subjoined. The work manifests throughout very great accuracy and industry, and will be found, in no small degree, serviceable for the study of Symbolical Theology, and the history of the Reformation.

Gleanings.

LORD, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is disquieted till it finds rest in Thee.—*Augustine.*

Assuredly it is better not to be, than to be without Jesus; it is better not to live, than to live without life.—*Augustine.*

Good works are the way to heaven; but not the cause of our admission.—*Bernard.*

I find everywhere in the revelation of God's Word, the same great law that I find in the revelation of God by creation,—everywhere present a revealing and concealing God, who manifests Himself only unto those who, with upright heart, seek after Him.—*Neander.*

I affectionately love my fatherland; but I hate no other nation. Civilization, wealth, power, and glory, are different in different countries; but, in all, there are spirits to be found who obey the great vocation of man, to love, to compassionate, and to succour.—*Silvio Pellico.*

The Cross of Calvary, no less than the tree in the garden of Eden, is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

The devils believe and tremble,—we are to believe and love. It is hard to convince people that nothing short of this can be true Christian faith.

A loving spirit finds it difficult to prefer truth to love; unlike God, who sees the end from the beginning, and allows His children to suffer, to work out their final good.

In thinking what we are to do for our friends, we are not to look merely or mainly at the manner in which their feelings will be affected, but their *good*, as far as we can see it.—*Hare's Guesses of Truth.*

That which we know, and do not love, we soon, I think, cease to know.—*Arnold.*

A man of knowledge, without energy, is like a house furnished, but not inhabited;—a man without energy, but no knowledge, a house dwelt in, but not furnished.—*Sterling.*

How different are Summer storms from Winter ones! In Winter, they rush over the earth with all their violence; and if any poor remnants of foliage or flowers have lingered behind, these are swept along at one gust. Nothing is left

but desolation; and, long after the rain has ceased, pools of water and mud bear tokens of what has been. But when the clouds have poured out their torrents in Summer; when the winds have spent their fury, and the sun breaks forth again in glory, all things seem to rise with renewed loveliness from their refreshing bath. The flowers, glistening with rainbows, smell sweeter than before; the grass seems to have gained another brighter shade of green; and the young plants, which had hardly come into sight, have taken their place among their fellows in the borders; so quickly have they sprung up among the showers. The air, too, which may previously have been oppressive, is become clear, and soft, and fresh. Such, too, is the difference when the storms of affliction fall on hearts unrenewed by Christian faith, and on those who abide in Christ. In the former, they bring out the dreariness and desolation, which may before have been unapparent. The gloom is not relieved by the prospect of any cheering ray to follow it; of any flowers or fruits to shew its beneficence. But in the truly Christian soul, "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." A sweet smile of hope and love follows every tear: and tribulation itself is turned into the chief of blessings!

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil, is mostly looking in his neighbour for what he sees in himself. As in the pure, all things are pure; even so to the impure, all things are impure.

How deeply rooted must unbelief be in our hearts, when we are surprised to find our prayers answered, instead of feeling sure that they will be so, if they are only offered up in faith, and are in accord with the will of God!—*Hare.*

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Praise be Thine, Most Holy Spirit;
Honour to Thy Holy Name!
May we love it, may we fear it!
Set in everlasting fame.
Honour, honour, praise, and glory
Comforter, Inspirer, Friend;
Till these troubles, transitory,
End in glory without end.

By Thy hand, in secret working,
Like a midnight of soft rain,
Seeds that lay in silence lurking,
Spring up green and grow amain.
Roots, which in their dusty bosoms,
Hid an age of golden days,
Stirring with a cloud of blossoms,
Clothe their barrenness for Thy praise

We should sleep; but Thou awakest:
Sometimes like a morning sun,
On the dazzled soul Thou breakest,
Heaven at once on earth begun.
Sometimes like a star appearing,
Seen and lost as earth winds blow;
Wishing, hoping, thinking, fearing,
Thou hast saved us ere we know.

Thou dost set the mute world speaking,
To the sinner in his sin;
Thou to spirits humbly seeking,
Answerest by a voice within.

Happier souls,—like fruit-trees budding,
Order'd branches o'er the wall,—
Find in Thee the solace needing
Shower, or sunshine, Thou art all.

As an island in
Vexed with endless rave and roar,
Keeps an inner silence ever
On its consecrated shore:
Flowered with flowers, and green with grass
So the poor through Thee abide;
Every outer care that passes,
Deepening more the peace inside.

When our heart is faint, Thou warmest.
Justifiest our delight;
Thou our ignorance informest,
And our wisdom shapest right;
In the hour of doubt and strife,
Thou beginnest, and Thou endest.
All that Christians count of life!

Gracious Spirit, Spirit Holy!
Take our spirits unto Thee;
Fain we would be happy, lowly;
Make us as we fain would be!
If we praise, or if we sue,
'Tis Thine own kind Spirit moves us,
For 'tis Thine to will and do.

Thomas Burridge.

WHAT IS TRUE RELIGION IN THE SOUL?

This is surely a very important, and ought to be a very interesting question to us all. It is one with the questions,—What is piety? What is salvation? What is holiness? What is our enduring good and peace? What does God will us to be, and do? Now, my better informed readers must bear with me, if, for the sake of others less informed than themselves, I enter into a few details in answering this great question. Because I often find very great ignorance among even church attenders, and, shall I add, church members, upon truths which, as an old writer says, "are the alphabet of Christianity." Let me state, in a few words, what true religion is *not*, before I try and shew what it is.

1. *True religion in the soul is not the possession of much knowledge about religion.* We cannot be too well informed, if we make good use of what we know. Facts without faith, are useless. Faith without facts, is equally so. But how different a thing it is to know about truth, and to see the truth with our minds and hearts—to *know* what is right, and *to be* right! Every village almost, has its clever man, who may know his Bible well, and who loves to argue with less clever neighbours upon the most difficult questions in it; but who gives evidence all the while, by his bad temper, selfishness, evil-speaking, and often by lying, dishonesty, and cunning, that he never possessed any religion, though he know much about it; and so, I dare say, the devil knows more than all the men who have ever lived, as to what God has said to us, and done for us.

2. Nor does true religion in the soul consist in our *having great religious privileges;* such as being trained up by pious parents; or in our being members of a congregation, and hearers of a minister, eminent for their godliness. These *are*, indeed, great blessings; but how often are they enjoyed and boasted of by men who have no true religion! How many heard Christ himself preach, who yet were never saved by Him! Judas followed Him for years, and eat and drank with Him, and heard and saw Him in public and in private; yet he is lost for ever. Capernaum, which was exalted to heaven on account of its privileges, is cast down to hell for the abuse of them.

3. *The formal use of the means of grace is not true religion.* It is quite possible to know the Bible, and to remain deeply ignorant of God, who speaks to us in the Bible; and to go to the Church, without going to God; and to hear the minister, without hearing God; and to come before God as his people come, while the heart is far from Him; and to receive the bread and wine into the body at the sacrament, without receiving the love and life of Jesus Christ into the soul. The means of grace are a ladder to help us to the truth. But we may sit down on the steps of the ladder, instead of ascending by them. David prayed, "O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me, let them bring me unto Thy *holy hill*, and to Thy *tabernacle;* then will I go unto the *altar of God*." But would he stop at any of these? No; he would go by these means "unto *God*, his exceeding joy!" "*To know God*, is better than burnt-offering." We may make idols of our privileges, and of our means of grace, and thus give them that confidence, and love, and reverence, which are due to God only.

4. *Nor does the possession of great gifts, which are used in the service of religion even, necessarily imply the possession of religion itself.* Gifts are not character; but powers and talents in the hand of character. When used as instruments of unrighteousness, they become Satanic; for what is Satan, but mental power without God? But even when gifts *are* so used as to advance the cause of religion in the world, yet they may not be guided by, or minister to, religion in ourselves. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. And though I have

the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, *I am nothing!*"

5. *Making a great religious profession, and being thought very zealous and pious by men*, is not, I need hardly remark, any evidence of real piety. We *must* confess Christ before men, and make an open profession of our faith by words and life. We dare not, if we could, conceal our love to Him, and to His people. But there is little danger in our day of falling into this error. Hermits are not to be found. Hypocrites are common. Our trial is not from martyrdom, but from praise. Let us be warned by what we see in the history of the Pharisees, against the danger of deceiving ourselves and others by profession without principle. They were famous for their knowledge of the Bible and tradition, and prided themselves upon their orthodoxy. They appeared to have the nicest and most scrupulous conscience in obeying all the precepts of the law which affected the outer man, especially in trifles,—they fasted twice a-week,—they gave tithes to the Church of *all* they possessed,—they went up regularly to the temple; and there, and everywhere else, made long prayers,—they were so zealous, that they would compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and if they were "not like other men," they did not profess to take any credit to themselves for this, but "*thanked God*" for their superiority. The people, too, looked up to them as the holiest, wisest, and most exemplary of men—their true guides in every religious matter; and, in comparison with them, they thought very little of Jesus Christ. What was *He* but a Sabbath-breaker, a wine-bibber, and a glutton? But these same Pharisees (with the few exceptions of the earnest-minded who, in ignorance, yet in sincerity, were seeking a righteousness by the law) were, in God's sight, among the worst characters in all Judea, and farther from all good than the most profligate and abandoned; and they hated Jesus, *because He found them out*, and read to themselves and to the world their vile hearts. They had a great deal of profession, and were "highly esteemed among men;" but they had not a grain of principle, and were loathsome hypocrites in the sight of the holy and truthful God.

6. *True religion does not consist in our making great sacrifices for religion.* Selfishness is, indeed, inconsistent with religion: for religion is self-sacrifice. If we first give *ourselves* to the Lord, we will easily part with all other things when it is right to do so. But those other things may be given up, and self-retained. How much may we do, and give for "our Church"—"our principles"—"our party"—without doing, or giving, anything for our Saviour! God asks the heart first: men generally give it last, if they give it at all. Will-worship of our own invention is common; God's worship, according to His own desire, is rare. Yet how much nobler is the sacrifice of the heart, than that of all things which we call ours! When we give our goods—or "give our body to be burned"—we give what is finite—the act is *done*. But when we give our heart's love—it is infinite—it is never *done*, but *doing* for ever!

Lastly, *It does not imply the existence of true religion to be strongly excited about religious things.* The feelings and affections must ever be deeply moved by true religion; but they may be much moved without it. Sermons may excite the hearer to tears; and so may the voice and manner of the preacher, as well as his subject. Sacred music has the same effect. I have often entered Roman Catholic churches; and, with deep interest, I have watched the poor people kneeling, and weeping bitter tears, before beautiful pictures or crucifixes, which spoke eloquently through the eye to the heart, of the sufferings of Jesus; while sublime music rolled in waves of exquisite and overpowering harmony, through the venerable cathedral, and gave greater intensity to the feelings. Why did those people weep? From what else than from the sad spectacle of Jesus dying for their sins! The poor worshippers were sincere—their tears were real. But when *in* the cathedral,

or out of it, had they therefore true religion in the soul?—were they holy, temperate, loving? So have I often heard in a Protestant church, a minister (on a communion Sabbath especially) picturing to his people, in words, the same scene of a dying Saviour, which, with more truth and beauty, perhaps, I had beheld painted in the cathedral; and the people at home, as abroad, wept at the sad and sore sight which was presented to the eyes of their mind. These tears were also real; and the grief not affected, but sincere. But had they necessarily true religion in the church or chapel, any more than in the old cathedral? Were those who thus wept—sober, honest, kind, prayerful, God-fearing people? Or, is all this strong emotion caused, in this instance, by a sight of the bodily sufferings of Christ, painted to the eye or ear, quite consistent with hard and impenitent hearts? Alas! it is so. There was a deep lesson, which both Papist and Protestant had not learnt. They had not learnt to love Jesus, or "to die with Him;" but only to weep for Him. They had not learnt "to glory in the Cross, *by which we are crucified to the world, and the world to us.*" Their hearts felt *for* Him; but they did not feel *with* Him. It was the heart of man unrenewed which was stirred; not the heart renewed by the Spirit, and beating in sympathy with Jesus. The sad results of many a hopeful "revival," will also prove the truth of what we say!

But if all this—and much more might be added—is *not* true religion, what, let us inquire, *is* true religion in the soul? I reply, that it is being in *a right state of mind towards God;* or, in other words, it is *loving God;* for this *is* being in a right state of mind towards Him.

We can give nothing higher or greater to God than our heart's affections. God demands this: "My son, give me thine heart." He who loves us, and is Himself love, cannot accept of less.

Love is the end of the law, and of the Gospel. The great commandment of the law is, "Love the Lord with all thy heart." The Gospel repeats the "same commandment which we have heard from the beginning." Its law is also Love. One great difference between the law and the Gospel is, that the latter *enables* us to be, what the former only *commands* us to be. The law says, *Do* this and live. The Gospel says, *Live* and do this.

I hope to return to this subject in our next number. In the meantime, let me beseech of you, (1.) To *examine* yourselves. I know not what you are, what you possess, or what you do; but if you "have not the love of God in you"—if you know it not as your good and peace,—to think of Him—to rejoice in His character, as revealed in Christ—to hold communion with Him, and to please Him; then it is very certain you are "not His." You know Him not, for you love Him not. In one word, you have not yet true religion in the soul. (2.) *Acquaint yourselves with God.* You know *about* Him. You must *know* Him. Perhaps you go to church, and to the communion, and to the Bible. But you must go to God himself, through Jesus Christ, and earnestly ask Him to make himself known to you by His Word and Spirit; to shed abroad His love in your hearts by the Holy Spirit; and rest not, night or day, until, in the spirit of adoption, you can look up to Him in love, and say, in truth, "My Father." (3.) Though you may have, up till this moment, never opened your heart to God, but shut it against Him, and found misery, let not terror for God—the holy, pure, and just God—keep you away from Him any longer. What is it which God hates in you? Is it not your enmity to Him? And does not His anger against your enmity, measure His desire to possess your love? He loves you; and, *therefore*, desires you to love Him in return. It is true, that He has pronounced a curse upon your wickedness, which, unless removed, must end in your final ruin. This is righteous. But it is also true, that Jesus was made a curse for us—that He died for our sins; and the language which every one who knows the good will of God towards you as sinners, is entitled to address to you, is this,—and with these words I end my appeal to you,—"God was in Christ, reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath given to

us the ministry of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, *as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.* For He hath made Him sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. We then, as *workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain!"*

Poetry.

LOVE.

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack,
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me; sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything?
"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I! the unkind, ungrateful! Ah! my dear,
I cannot look on thee."
Love took my hand; and, smiling, did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"
"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

HERBERT.

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I? that, with unceasing care,
Thou did'st seek after me,—that thou did'st wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach; and oh! to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee."
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow, he will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered, still,
"To-morrow."

LOPE DE VEGA.

WHY DO YOU OBJECT TO AID FOREIGN MISSIONS?

We address ourselves to those only who profess to believe in Christ, who have been baptized in His name, and received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as a symbol of their fellowship with Him, and with "His body, the Church." Those who do *not* profess faith in the Redeemer, cannot be expected to desire that others should possess it. In their present state of unbelief, we would not appeal to them for any assistance to save the heathen; but would offer them rather every assistance to save themselves. We wonder not that *they* should not love missions! Our only wonder is, that they should not love Christ. But what shall we say to the indifference of Christ's professed friends, to a cause which the Church of Christ (and she only!) has so much at heart? Such an anomaly is every day becoming more rare. But it is occasionally met with, and that, too, where one would least expect to find it. We will not take it upon us to affirm, that such objections always spring from want of love to God and man,—from indifference to the cause of religion, or to the best interests of humanity. Were this the case, it would be a useless task to attempt to answer them. For the grand objection would not be removed, and would never, indeed, be stated;—*a positive dislike to the truth.*

But we believe that many are opposed to missions on other grounds; as, for instance, from not seriously considering their claims—from prejudice—from ignorance of facts—from limited personal observation, &c; all which difficulties may possibly be obviated by a little calm reflection. Let us state some of those objections, and see if they are of sufficient

weight to warrant us in withholding our aid from Christian missions.

1. "*We have enough to do at home!*" We have, indeed, much to do at home, especially among the masses of old and young who are crowding our towns. It is true, also, that charity ought to begin at home; that our household, our parish, our country, have the first and strongest claims upon us; and that the character of the Church and people at home, must necessarily affect the character of our fellow-subjects abroad, who depend upon us for the blessings of religion; so that the home field must be first cultivated, and bring forth fruit, before we can sow the foreign field. This cannot be too much pressed upon our attention; and we heartily join in condemning the spurious charity which would profess to seek the good of the Hindoos, and neglect the good and happiness of the family or neighbourhood; as if love, unlike gravitation, must increase with the square of the distance. But, admitting all this, we would ask such objectors to consider, (1.) *How much is done at home!* Think only of the number of ministers, churches, schools, societies, and other agencies, which exist in this highly favoured land, for the spread of Christian truth! We may, indeed, require more *pastoral superintendence* at home; but do we require more missionaries in order that every family in Scotland should know the message of salvation through Jesus Christ, and what God their Father wills them to be and do? It is surely neither a new, nor yet a greatly increased agency we so much require, as a more united, a better arranged, and more active agency. If only the *members* of the Christian Church, faithfully used the talents God has committed to them for the good of others; for influencing their domestics, neighbours, acquaintances, and the young; there is not a field in Scotland but might be thoroughly cultivated: Even as it is, there is, perhaps, not a family in the land which has not been visited by a minister, missionary, or tract-distributor; and has not had the opportunity given them of knowing the Gospel. *Let the heathen have the same opportunity.*

(2.) If the objection is good for Britain, it is equally good for every other country in which there remains something to be done; such as children to be educated, or people to be Christianized. May not Germans and Americans, as well as Britains, point to the home field, with its many desert wastes, its weeds and briars, and say, "We have enough to do at home." as an argument for doing nothing abroad? And does the most enthusiastic philanthropist anticipate the coming of such a golden age of home culture, as will warrant us in sending missionaries abroad, because there is at last *not* enough for us to do at home,—because our whole population, young and old, have not *the opportunity*, merely (which they unquestionably *ought* to have) of knowing the will of God, but also have availed themselves of it, to the saving of their souls? Alas! if we never send the Gospel to the heathen, until the wynds of Glasgow or Edinburgh, and the purlieus of St. Giles, or Westminster, become the abodes of the cleanly, the industrious, and the godly,—we must make up our minds to let the millions in India and China live without God, without Christ; and to let heathen darkness, wickedness, and cruelty, reign over half the world! But what, let us ask, would have been the fate of Europe, had the first Apostolic missionaries of the Christian Church acted upon this principle? Was there not "enough to do at home," in Jerusalem and in Judea, at the period when *they* went abroad? We need not be reminded of the unbelief of the Jewish nation; of its ancient privileges, which had been neglected; and its coming doom, which it so righteously deserved. Could not the apostles have replied, to every man of Macedonia who prayed, "Come over and help us,"—"We cannot leave the lost sheep of the house of Israel; we cannot go abroad; we must remain here to preach, to warn, until every synagogue and every village acknowledges Christ; then may we send *you* missionaries?" But, mercifully for us, they were taught to act upon a nobler principle. God had sent Christ to *the world*. He had proclaimed "Peace *on earth* and good will *to men*;" and *man*

must hear the glorious proclamation from the Universal King—the gracious message from the Universal Father. Jesus had said to them, as He says to His disciples in every age, "Go and preach the Gospel to *all nations; beginning* at Jerusalem," indeed, but not ending there! ending only with the boundaries of the habitable globe, and with the last hour of time.

(3.) But granting, for the present, that home is the only legitimate field for our operations, may we not ask, Where is the "*home*" of British Christians? The supposed objector does not confine the term "home" to the house in which he lives, or to the street or town in which that house is situated. Far from it. He is quite willing to give his subscription for the support of a school in some lonely island of the Hebrides, or to uphold a missionary station in the crowded lanes of Glasgow, or among the pastoral glens of Ross-shire. His "home," therefore, is not confined to his own immediate neighbourhood, or to any spot, or family, with which he is personally acquainted. His home is his country. But why will he not extend that name to every portion of the globe where the flag of his country waves—where her laws are imposed, and her sovereign is obeyed? Why should our countrymen in the Colonies be less (and not rather more) dear to us, because removed from our shores by a broader ocean than what separates us from Skye or Barra? Or why should the heathen, who are our fellow-subjects in the St. Giles of Calcutta, be objects of less interest than those in the St. Giles of London? Are their souls less precious? their happiness less important? Are we to boast of our Colonies, or of our eastern possessions, when they increase our wealth, or our national glory, and impatiently cast them from our thoughts when they increase our personal, or national responsibilities? If the Sikhs were again to cross the Sutledge to invade India, every Briton feels that *national* interests would be at stake. The cry, "Come and help us against the foe!" would be answered by the *nation*,—fathers, mothers, would give their children to their country, and resign them to the horrors of war. But when the cry is heard, "Come and help us against the devil!" shall it be coldly answered, "We have enough to do at home; our only home and country are here?"

India is, after all, the home of many a heart, more than are either England or Scotland; though these may be the lands of their birth, and of their present dwellings. How many have spent their earliest, their busiest, and, may be, their happiest years in India? With how many old familiar "home" faces is its name associated! how does it summon before the memory—

> "Kind looks, kind words, and tender greetings,
> From clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more!"

It is a home for memory; why should it not be a home for missions? The military glory earned in its campaigns, or the civil distinction acquired in its diplomacy, or courts of justice, have made families in their British home more illustrious. The wealth accumulated from her merchants by the industry of our commerce; or from her now dilapidated citadels and decayed sovereignties, by the prowess of our armies; have raised thousands of our people to affluence, and enabled many to call broad lands, and a noble mansion in Scotland or England, by the name of home: and shall no interest be felt for the eternal good, endless peace, and enduring riches, of that land which was their home once, and has founded, or adorned, their home now? But there are many who do not associate India with a home which its wealth has founded, or its honours adorned; but with a home which it has rendered desolate, and deprived of its brightest ornaments. Many who have not carried anything away from India's plains, have left all that was dear on earth buried in their dust. How many husbands and widows, how many parents and children, think of India as the home of the dead! and dwell with more affectionate interest upon the spot where they lie interred, than upon any scene within their own rocky island! They can say of the distant resting-place of their beloved dead:—"That single spot is the whole earth to me!"

Might we not hope, that all those mourners would rejoice in sending to poor, benighted India, the news of Christ, "the *resurrection and the life*," *which alone make the thoughts of India tolerable to themselves?* Why deny to human hearts like their own, the blessed truth, and the deep comfort which the truth brings,—"If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him?" Do not the very dead cry to you, by all the consolations of religion which you experience, to have mercy on the living who tread over their graves?

There are several other objections, which we shall notice in a future number. In the meantime, we entreat our readers, who have kindly accompanied us thus far, to consider candidly what we have said. We have, as yet, stated no positive argument *for* missions. We have assumed, that it is Christ's will that the Gospel should be preached to all men, as certainly as it is His will that all men should love God, and one another, and believe and be saved from guilt and sin by Himself, the *only* Saviour. This must be done by some human agency. "How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" We have tried to answer the objection to *our* sending the "preacher" abroad, on the ground of our having enough to do at home. We would finish our present remarks, by referring the reader to Luke x., 29-37.

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA AND MISSIONS IN INDIA.

"In India, things are moving on: but the field is so vast, that the effects of what has been accomplished, are scarcely visible. In the three dioceses, there are, altogether, about 250 chaplains and missionaries, most of them men of God, labouring to their power, and beyond their power, for the spiritual and temporal welfare of our teeming population. . . Well, God is above; Christ intercedes; the Gospel is being diffused wider and wider; the Holy Ghost is the inward advocate; the Bible, without note or comment, or the fathers, continues the inspired rule of faith and practice, and the various branches of the universal Church, are ministering the Word and sacraments; whilst heaven is the blessed haven whither we are bound!" —*Buxton's Memoirs*, p. 578.

EDUCATION FOR THE MINISTRY.*

A LETTER from Dr. Wilson of Stirling has just been published on a most important subject; and one to which the attention of the Church at large, cannot be too promptly, or too earnestly directed. In a matter of such vital moment as the education of its clergy, a stationary church is only one step removed from a declining church. And in times like the present, when the numerous and influential Dissenting bodies in the kingdom are straining every nerve to raise the standard of professional education in their several communions, if the Church of Scotland sits still, instead of assuming and maintaining the lead, she commits a suicidal act. In this, *and in everything else*, progress—marked, energetic progress—is a condition essential not only to her character, usefulness, and influence, but to her very existence as a National Church.

In offering suggestions "for the advancement of professional education," few ministers of our Church are better entitled than Dr. Wilson, to a fair and deliberate hearing. The various productions of his pen have secured him, with all competent judges, the character of a ripe scholar and accomplished divine—a distinction the more creditable to his energy and perseverance, that he has earned it under all the disadvantages arising from broken health, and the distracting cares of burdensome pastoral duties. Remarks occasionally meet us in his letter, to which we cannot subscribe. His strictures, for example, upon geology, shew that he has not studied that inte-

* A Letter on the Exercise of the Legislative Functions of the Church of Scotland, for the Advancement of Professional Education, addressed to the Rev George Buist, D.D. Moderator of the General Assembly. By John Wilson D.D., minister of Stirling. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

resting science. As a whole, however, we cordially approve of it as a wise, judicious, temperate, and, at the same time, earnest appeal. Dr. Wilson is not a Utopian, who wastes his strength in advocating impracticable reforms. He knows too well the spirit of the times, and the present relation of the Church to the civil government of the country, to expect any aid from without. He does not plead for grants from the national funds for the endowment of additional theological chairs, or for the establishment of college fellowships, similar to those in the sister Establishment, to afford our Scottish ecclesiastics the means of applying themselves to the cultivation of the higher departments of theological learning. He restricts himself to the advocacy of such measures as the Church herself, in the exercise of her acknowledged legislative and executive functions, is competent to adopt. And, probably, because he is aware, that when too much is attempted at once, nothing is effectually done, even here he does not offer a multitude of suggestions. The great object of his letter is to call the special attention of the Church to *one;* the adoption of which he conceives—and we think justly—would give a prodigious impulse to theological learning, alike among the students and the ministers of our Church.

The measure for which he pleads is, that the Church should "make full proof of her legislative power, by setting up a uniform standard of professional attainments, on the ground of a thorough acquaintance with a select, but comprehensive variety of the most approved writings on philosophy and theology, and by appointing the use of authorized and searching examination questions in these works." He refers, in the way both of motive and encouragement, to the spirit of the age, and to the example recently set by the bishops, their examining chaplains, and the resident tutors in the universities of England. Examples of arrangements, somewhat similar, are to be met with nearer home. We have, at this moment, lying before us, the number for last November, of the *Scottish Presbyterian Magazine*, the organ of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod. The following extract from it, shews the minute and anxious care with which that respectable body superintends the training of their students for the work of the Christian ministry;—training which embraces the cultivation, not of the intellect alone, but—(what ought ever to accompany it)—also of the heart and conscience:—

Course of Inter-Sessional Study for the Students of the Reformed Presbyterian Hall, 1848-49.

FIRST DIVISION.—*Theology.*

Students of the *first* year to be *examined* on Wardlaw's Christian Ethics; Paley's Horæ Paulinæ; Edwards on the Freedom of the Will. Books recommended to be read for personal improvement,—Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; Augustine's Confessions; Isaac Taylor's Spiritual Christianity. Examinator,—Dr. Macindoe.

Students of the *second* year to be *examined* on Butler's Analogy; Princeton Essays on the Early History of Pelagianism, Original Sin, and the Doctrine of Imputation, Nos. iv.–viii.; Hurrion's Sermons on Christ Crucified. Books recommended,—Bridges on the 119th Psalm, Hall's Help to Zion's Travellers; Buchanan on the Work of the Spirit. Examinator,—Dr. Bates.

Students of the *third* year to be *examined* on Pye Smith's Scripture Testimony to the Messiah; Treffrey on the Sonship; Symington on the Atonement and Intercession. Books recommended,—James' Pastoral Addresses; Bates on Spiritual Perfection; Henry on Daily Communion with God. Examinator,—Mr. Graham.

Students of the *fourth* year to be *examined* on Witsius on the Covenants; Witsius' Irenicum, with Bell's Notes; Owen's Death of Death. Books recommended,—Baxter's Reformed Pastor; James' Earnest Ministry; Howe's Redeemer's Tears. Examinator,—Professor Symington.

SECOND DIVISION.—*Exegesis.*

Students of the *first* and *second* years.—New Testament, John i. and viii. Critics to be consulted,—Calvin; Campbell on the Gospels; Titmann on John, Biblical Cabinet; Bloomfield's New Testament; Middleton on the Greek Article. Old Testament, Psalm ii. Critics to be consulted,—Calvin; Hengstenberg on the Psalms; Rosenmüller on the Messianic Psalms, in Biblical Cabinet; Horsley on the Psalms; Pye Smith's Scripture Testimony to the Messiah.

Students of the *third* and *fourth* years, —New Testament, Romans vi. 1; viii. 4. Critics to be consulted,—Calvin, Hodge, Moses Stuart; Fraser on Sanctification; M'Knight on the Epistles. Old Testament, Isa. lii. 13; liii. 12. Critics to be consulted,—Calvin; Hengstenberg's Christology; Pye Smith's Scripture Testimony to the Messiah; Alexander on Isaiah; Henderson on the Minor Prophets. Students expected to master—language of the original text; various readings in the text; steps of the argument; result established; critical difficulties. Examinator,—Mr. W. H. Goold.

THIRD DIVISION.—*Church History.*

All the students to be examined on —History of the Church from the ascension of Christ to the period of Constantine. The following authors to be studied on the subject,—Mosheim, Milner, Neander, Giesler. Points in reference to which the examination will be conducted, are,—Progress of Christianity; origin of important heresies; dates of the principal events; the different Pagan persecutions; eminent persons. Examinator,—Dr. W. Symington.

It is designed by the Committee that the examination take place at the opening of the Hall, in August, 1849. Written answers will be asked to questions announced by the different examinators. Should any student wish further information in regard to the subjects or authors in which he is to be examined, he is recommended to consult the gentleman appointed to examine on them, according to the above programme.

W. H. G., *Sec. of Committee.*

This plan, which changes the course of inter-sessional study from year to year, has its advantages; and, in a small body, like the Reformed Synod, it can be easily worked, because a few superior minds are permitted to give law to the rest. But in a Church like ours, where every new suggestion produces long debates and discussions, it is, perhaps, more expedient to lay down a suitable course once for all, with a provision merely for its occasional revisal, so as to introduce into it, from time to time, all the most recent and matured results in the several departments of theological learning. It, doubtless, requires some labour to draw up a suitable course, to append to it a judicious and comprehensive list of authors, and to accompany the list by a series of questions distinctly expressed, and systematically arranged. But the Church has men every way competent to the task, in the members of the theological faculties in our four universities; and to these, with a small Committee of ministers, and learned lay elders, to aid them by their co-operation, she cannot do better than entrust it.

The course being once prepared, and sent forth to the several Presbyteries of the Church, as their authoritative guide in future for the examination of theological students, its beneficial effects will, we doubt not, very speedily appear; and it is difficult to determine whether students or ministers will feel these most. The former can thus see, at a glance, the great extent of the field which they have to cultivate; and thereby escape the presumption and self-conceit which so often mar the progress of those who fancy themselves adepts in theology, while they have scarcely mastered its elements. In the cultivation of this field, they will have—what all of them need—wise and judicious guidance, in the references to the most approved authors in every branch of study which the prescribed course embraces. In studying these several branches, the prospect of the Presbyterial examination will compel them to apply their minds with vigour and method to their work, to take copious notes, and to go over the same ground again and again, till their ideas on every topic are clear, precise, and well-defined. And thus they will escape that vicious habit of desultory, hurried, and superficial reading, in which students are so apt to indulge, but is so extremely prejudicial to solid and satisfactory progress. Nor is it the least advantage of this plan, that where Presbyteries —as will sometimes happen—are careless, or inefficient in working it out, students who are anxious about personal improvement, can in a great measure dispense with their aid. By a glance at the questions for examination, they can, without difficulty, ascertain where their knowledge is still defective, and where they are ripe for passing from one branch of the course to another.

To ministers, too, the proposed plan cannot but afford a salutary spur to professional study; and it is doing them no

injustice to say, that a considerable proportion of their number stand somewhat in need of it. For whatever may be their diligence and success in the prosecution of their studies during the season of their attendance at the Hall, all that they can then do, is merely to lay the foundation. The rearing of the superstructure is the work of a future period; and it is a work, to the neglect of which, the temptations are numerous and strong. When appointed to pastoral charges, the pressure of their routine duties, their distance, in many instances, from books, and their want of that literary intercourse which is so stimulating to the mental faculties, expose them to the risk of resting satisfied with the stock of professional knowledge which they carried along with them from college, and of abandoning all serious efforts to increase it by additional supplies. It is a notorious fact, that many of them who are by no means deficient in talent, yield to the temptation; and waste, in torpid indolence and listless ennui, days and months, which, if properly husbanded, would, in the course of a few years, conduct them to eminence in every branch of sacred literature, and render them ornaments of their church and country. To such, the proposed plan of Presbyterial examinations is calculated to prove, in the highest degree, beneficial. When called upon to conduct, in the presence of their brethren, minute and close examinations on the various branches of sacred literature, they will be led to resume, with fresh ardour, the long-neglected studies of their earlier years; and here and there, some, feeling the impulse more strongly than the rest, will be carried along by it, and continue to prosecute their studious labours, till the result, perhaps, appears in well-digested works in one department or other of professional authorship.

Doubtless, it is a serious obstacle to this, that in our poorly-endowed Church, those ministers are so few who can enjoy the luxury of libraries of their own:—at least of any thing that deserves the name. Hence any list of books sufficiently ample to carry out with effect the proposed plan of Presbyterial examinations, must *contain a much greater number of volumes* than ministers in general can afford to purchase; and the resources of young men pursuing their academical studies, are still more unequal to the outlay. This obstacle, however, is not insurmountable. A very simple mode of overcoming it, is to establish Presbyterial libraries at the several Presbytery seats. This, of course, implies a pecuniary sacrifice. But considering the amount of the gain, no minister of the Church ought to grudge it. The times call for sacrifices on the part of all who have the prosperity of the Church at heart. And in the case under consideration, the sacrifice cannot be great. A few pounds from each member of Presbytery to erect the machine, and an annual subscription of a guinea afterwards, to keep it in motion, is no very serious tax. Yet this sum, judiciously expended will, in the course of a few years, secure for every Presbytery of the Church a library; not large, it is true, yet valuable to those who otherwise can have none; embracing, besides a respectable selection of standard works in systematic theology, exegesis, and ecclesiastical history,—no inconsiderable sprinkling of authors in general literature and science. Wealthy Presbyteries can, of course, have larger annual subscriptions, and better furnished libraries. But libraries on the smallest scale will confer a great boon on the ministers of parishes remote from cities and large towns, some of whom at present scarcely see one new religious work, or peruse even one religious periodical—the *Home and Foreign Missionary Record* excepted—from one twelvemonth to another. Many country ministers deserve every praise for the efforts by which they strive to make their professional acquirements keep pace with the increased intelligence of the age. By the establishment of Presbyterial libraries, these can increase their materials for professional study at diminished expense. They will find themselves more nearly on a level with their city brethren as to the command of books. And possessing far more leisure than the latter to peruse them, it appears no unreasonable expectation, that the more talented and ener-

getic of their number will gradually outstrip them in the variety and extent of their professional attainments; command for the Church—what it at present wants —men able and willing to maintain its character and usefulness by quarterly, monthly, and weekly periodicals; and as theological chairs become vacant, furnish candidates for filling them, who require not to submit to the humiliating drudgery of instructing themselves, at the time when their undivided energies are needed for instructing their pupils; but can proceed, at once, to their appropriate work, ripe in all the varied accomplishments necessary for its efficient performance.

If these hurried suggestions meet with general concurrence throughout the Church, the next step is to follow them up by overtures to the General Assembly. It is probable that we may resume the subject in future numbers.*

FACTS ON EMIGRATION.

In order that the world should be peopled, and that the human race should, at the same time, advance in civilization from age to age, two things are equally necessary:—Men must *settle;* form cities and nations; and they must, also, move onwards, and occupy unpeopled territories, and found new cities and new kingdoms. There must, therefore, be *aggregation* and *emigration*,—settlement, yet movement. How are these apparently opposite conditions to be fulfilled? By laws similar to those which keep the planets in their orbits. There are the forces of *attraction*, such as love of country and of kindred; the innumerable blessings attending an advanced state of society, and old institutions, with countless other causes, which tend to bind men together, and to keep them "at home;" while, again, forces of *repulsion*, such as the want of employment —the necessities of a family—the desire of bettering one's condition, and the like, compel men to fly to new climes and to occupy other lands. God's Providence, beyond man's will and intention, balances those centripetal and centrifugal forces; and the world is peopled at the right time, and in the way best fitted to conduce to the temporal and eternal wellbeing of man. Emigration seems, indeed, to be the grand remedy for most of our social evils, which arise from a population overcrowded, overworked, or not worked at all, and, consequently, unhealthy, and demoralized. God has provided splendid mansions for our homeless poor, or penniless artisans, if a bridge only were built to enable them to cross the seas, and to take possession of those unoccupied but richly furnished habitations. The safe harbour and navigable river, wait to receive our vessels. Pasture lands, broad as Europe, are prepared for our herds of sheep and oxen; alluvial plains are ready for a million ploughs; forests of timber invite the axe and the saw of the carpenter, to fashion them into dwellings, or into fleets; storehouses of coal, and of the useful metals, have been imbedded in the rocks for ages, in order to pour their treasures at the feet of the first miner who knocks at the door with his ringing hammer; while singing birds, and shining sun, and soft breezes, genial seasons, and the grand and beautiful in nature, are ready to give to every wanderer a hearty welcome. And where is all this to be found? In our magnificent Colonies. And for whom intended? For the strong men who can find no work at home.—for the father with his rising and fine family of boys and girls, for whom he sees no prospect of employment,—for the industrious and sober agricultural labourer, or artisan, who has a little money, and wishes to lay it out to the best advantage,—for the destitute Celt,—for the boys and girls who must go to the poor-house, or beg; who must leave the ragged school, and steal, or starve; or who come out of jail, and know not where to get their next meal, or their

* Since writing the above remarks, we have learnt, that the Assembly, two years ago, appointed a committee on the subject of Presbyterial examinations. We trust, therefore, that the Church will be favoured with an early and satisfactory report of its proceedings.

next night's lodging. For all such God has provided *abundance*, if they would, or could only *obtain* what He has provided. *Why is there no bridge? But here we* must stop; for our space would, at present, fail us, if we attempt to ask the many questions which press upon us as to what may yet be done to aid emigration by Government, by our ship of war and steam navy, by private enterprize, *and by the emigration of benevolent individuals themselves to form and superintend establishments in the Colonies for the reception of the young sent out by corresponding societies at home.* In the meantime, we shall extract a few facts from a pamphlet which we have accidentally met with, upon this subject of emigration. It is a memorial, addressed to Lord John Russell, by a meeting of highly influential men, most of them members of Parliament, held in London in December last, on the subject of colonization. We extract from it the following facts:—

Home Pauperism.

"In England, a million and a-half, or nearly one-tenth of the population, receive parochial relief. In Ireland, nearly three millions, or more than one-third of the inhabitants, subsisted last summer on charity, by gratuitous relief, or by forced and profitless employment. In Scotland, pauperism is rapidly on the increase; and the burden of maintaining the poor, is augmenting in a still more rapid proportion.

During the last ten years, the sums levied for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, have amounted to no less than £66,000,000, being an average of nearly (and last year amounting altogether to) the yearly sum of £7,000,000; and by the 9th and 10th Vict., cap. 101, the State advanced for the employment of the labouring classes in England, £2,000,0000. The deficiency in a single crop, of a single description, in one year in Ireland and Scotland, has added to the burden, in expenditure, for relief and improvement, (Commons' Paper, No. 13, 1847,) £10,342,500; and private subscriptions (including £200,000 subscribed on two occasions) are reckoned at £1,000,000. The amount levied for poor's rates in Ireland, (Commons' Paper, No. 144, 5th March, 1847,) £298,000; the poor-rates in Scotland, £295,000; giving a total charge for the relief of the poor, in little more than one year, of £20,935,500."

Colonial Plenty.

"If the poor are starving for want of food here, is there no British soil more *blessed with plenty? If the land, rent free, will not support the population, (and* famished families and rentless ruined landlords, prove its truth in various parts of Scotland and Ireland,) is every place in the empire so overstocked? If remunerative employment cannot be found for unskilled labour here, is it as unproductive in other parts of the British dominions?

"Ireland has 300 persons, England 260, to each square mile; Australia has twelve square miles to each individual.

"In the legislative assembly of New South Wales, in the month of June last, it was stated, that this year, 'no less than 64,000,000 lbs. of meat would be wasted, sufficient to feed 1,100,000 of those poor people who were starving in England and Ireland. In New South Wales the people are 180,000, the cattle 2,000,000, the sheep 8,000,000 being about thirteen head of oxen, and 50 sheep, for each person. The superabundance of food is wasted for want of mouths; the corn is shed for lack of reapers; the wool is injured for want of shearers; and, consequently, all descriptions of produce either perish, or are greatly depreciated both in quality and value. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep are 'boiled down' for tallow, there, while thousands are famishing for want of food here,—there the meat is wasted, here men are wasting. Human skeletons pine here for what fattened dogs reject there. The balance between food and population is unequal at home,—it is as unequal in New South Wales; but it is the other way. In like manner the scales of labour and employment are uneven here; they are as uneven at the antipodes; but in the opposite direction. Here labour is too plentiful; there it is as much too scarce. We have tried and failed to bring the food to the starving man,—therefore convey the starving man to his food, the labourer to his hire, and you may restore the lost balance.

"In New South Wales, the unskilled labourer, full fed with ample rations, supplied with a dwelling and garden, found in tea, sugar, milk, and tobacco, disdains to work under 2*s.* 6*d.* a-day besides. If destitution cause crime here, affluence leads to the same result there. Want here, and abundance there; scarcity and superfluity of labour, opposite extremes, end alike in vice, indolence, insubordination, and social disorder.

"The common wages at present given in that country, are as follows:—Sheep-

shearers, 12*s.* 6*d.* per day; reapers, 10*s.*; whilst shepherds and ordinary labourers receive from £25 to £30 per annum in *money payments; in addition to which they are housed, and receive the following rations* weekly, which, in England, would be worth as follows:—

10 lbs. meat at	5*d.* per lb.,	4*s.* 2*d.*
10 lbs. flour ...	2*d.*	1*s.* 8*d.*
1½ lb. sugar ...	4*d.*	0*s.* 6*d.*
3 oz. tea ...	4*d.*	1*s.* 0*d.*
Tobacco		1*s.* 0*d.*
		8*s.* 4*d.* per week,

or the annual value of nearly £22.

"Where there is a wife and family, they are provided for with equal abundance; for the low price of provisions, the amount of wages of unskilled labour, and the additional emoluments, command to a man and small family, as large a quantity of the necessaries of life in New South Wales, as could be got for £80, or nearly £100 a-year, in this country."

Expense of Emigration.

"The voyage across the Atlantic, may be made for £5 or £6; but the expense has not ended on the emigrant's reaching the shore; so that £8 is the very lowest calculation, and £10 nearer the actual cost, of an emigrant to Canada, before he obtains employment.

"The Government contract price of passage to South Australia, last year, was £12, 7*s.* 7½*d*; to New South Wales, £12 10*s.*; and although it was recently stated at the Colonial Office, that this was owing to accidental circumstances, and was not *likely to occur again, yet, at this present moment, ships are chartered by the Emigration Commissioners,* to convey emigrants to Sydney and Port Philip, at a price considerably lower,—viz., £11, 9*s.* 3d., and £10 10*s.* per head."

We shall return to this subject, and give a few more facts, which may be relied upon, in order to give information to the working classes, upon a subject to all, but to them especially, of the greatest interest.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

"It is a wondrous empire, broad, populous, and mighty. It is twice as large as the Continent of Europe; and includes one out of every six acres of dry land on the face of the globe, and one out of every five men that live. It spreads under every sky; and embraces the finest, wealthiest, and most enterprizing people in Europe; the largest territory in America; the happiest and most improving population in Africa; and nearly the entire of European dominion in the South Seas. Our empire includes a-sixth of the world, with a-fifth of its people; *and there is not a slave in it all!*"—*Rev. William Arthur.*

Biography.

THE REV. W. H. FOX.

The Church Missionary Society and the Church of Christ, have lost a bright ornament, and a faithful Missionary, by the death of Mr. Fox! A short, but beautiful memoir of this devoted servant of God, is contained in the January number of the *Church Missionary Magazine.* Mr. Fox was one of Dr. Arnold's favourite pupils. Those who are acquainted with the life and correspondence of that great man, will remember, we dare say, the name of Mr. Fox as one to whom several letters were addressed by Dr. Arnold. Mr. Fox early dedicated himself to the Missionary work. He went to India in 1841,—returned in bad health in March, 1846.—resumed his labours in India seven months afterwards; but, after twelve months of zealous exertions, he was again compelled to return to England in 1848. He was appointed Assistant-Secretary to the Church Missionary Society in July, 1848; and after addressing various meetings, up to the month of September, he died, after a short illness, in last November, in the thirty-first year of his age.

"Oh! Sir, the good die first;
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket."

We shall give a few extracts from the memoir we have alluded to, which, we are sure, will gratify our readers:—

Early Dedication of himself to the Lord, and to the Work of Missions.

"Henry Watson Fox, son of the late G. T. Fox, Esq., of Durham, was at Rugby School for five years, under the late Dr. Arnold. During his last illness, his sister asked him when he had first dedicated

himself to the Lord? He replied, that he thought he must have been about fifteen 'when I first came to the decision to serve God. Returning to Rugby, after the holidays, I was much alone in the coach, and thought much on the subject; or rather, I thought I *was* God's. We had read Doddridge's "Rise and Progress" together during those holidays. Since then I have gone on, and gone on. You used to write me a letter, to receive every Sunday. That was a great help to me.'

"'He himself,' says Dr. Tait, 'mentioned, in an address which he delivered, in Rugby School, to the boys, that it was in the study, looking out upon the fields beyond the Barby road, that the thought was first suggested to his mind, (he could not doubt, in after years, by the Holy Spirit of God,) that he might best serve Christ by devoting himself to the conversion of the heathen.

"'While still at school, he never intermitted, from any thoughts of this kind, his zealous attention to the immediate duties of the place. He was known here as a thoughtful and religious boy; but, also, his name stands on the exhibition board in the great school, to record his ability, and his diligent progress in human learning.'*

"From Rugby he went to Oxford, to Wadham College, where his life and character were such as his beginning at school had led his friends to expect. 'For a little while he was in danger of being drawn away by those allurements of the world which the world would call innocent; but the Good Shepherd led him safely through.'†

"Till he had taken his degree, he only once imparted his inclination toward Missionary employment to his family.

"No one can doubt, as Dr. Tait justly observes, that the thought of Missions was suggested by the Holy Spirit of God. How encouraging a prospect of a future supply of Missionaries! Let it stir up the friends of Missions to pray for a fuller outpouring of the Spirit upon our public schools, and upon all seminaries of sound learning, and religious education. Surely this remarkable instance of the Holy Spirit's mission to a young boy at a public school, will fail of one part of its design, if it do not excite the expectations and the prayers of many, that the rich endowments, and the high literary advantages, of our great educational establishments, may yet become nurseries for the evangelization of the world.

"Let us not fail, also, to mark the true evidence of a work of the Holy Spirit. Innumerable boys and young men have desired, at times, to devote themselves to Missions. They have expressed such desires, and gained some credit for Christian devotedness. But from some the desires have gradually faded away before opening prospects of worldly distinction or advantage. In others, such desires have been made a cloak for relaxing their attention to the duties of their station, and have gradually evaporated in idleness. But where the desire is from the Spirit of God, it shuns ostentation. It renders a youth 'thoughtful,' but quickens to diligence. 'In patience,' it possesses the soul, till the providence of God clearly opens a way for its fulfilment."

We cannot here give any details as to his Missionary course. It was laborious, earnest, intelligent, and effective. A small volume of his, (which we shall fully notice in our next number,) entitled "Chapters on Missions," has been lately published, affording, in every page, evidence of his intelligence and spirituality of mind.

The devotedness with which he entered upon the Missionary life, did not forsake him, after he had experienced its toils and dangers. What a beautiful instance and example does he afford of

Devotedness to his work.

"It was most striking to hear from him, immediately upon his arrival, his determination to return to his labours at the earliest period possible; herein affording another evidence, that he had been called to the work by the Holy Spirit of God. His family circumstances would have enabled him to live at home in comparative affluence; his interrupted health in India would have afforded a full justification in the eyes of all; his two motherless children might have shaken his resolution. But with the unhesitating decision of one who has received the commission of his commanding officer, and the cheerfulness of one who serves a beloved master, he prepared to return to India, after a few months, chiefly spent in visiting and speaking at public meetings. No parent will read this narrative without recurring, in thought, to the feeling of the father and mother of this devoted servant of God; and they will rightly judge, that their feelings must have been in unison with his, and that the family sacrifice was as willingly offered upon the appointed service, as

* Dr. Tait's Sermon.

† Tucker's Sermon.

was the personal sacrifice of the son himself. Indeed, whatever reluctance and misgiving there had been on his first departure, had now been banished from their minds, when they saw the manifest growth in grace which Missionary work had fostered in their beloved child."

His illness did not, at first, seem to himself, or to his friends, to be dangerous. Both had a solemn apprehension that the Lord might be about to send for him. There was no reluctance on either side to speak of such a prospect. "For me," he said on one occasion, "it is far better to depart; but I am only a young man, as yet. I might work in God's service, if He raised me up. But when I think of my own deceitful heart, and the power of the world, I tremble lest I should not stand firm." The promise was asked and given, that he should be told as soon as the doctor thought him worse. We cannot curtail the following account of

His last illness and death.

"On the 11th of October, he sent for his sister to his bedside. In a weak and feeble voice, he said, 'George has just been with me, much cast down upon this, that he says Mr. J. thinks much worse of me, and that I may not remain long.' . . . 'When he comes again, I wish you to ask him particularly; and if he says the same, are you all prepared to join me in praise?' I could not answer: I hid my face. He added, 'It is a hard thing, I fear, to ask of you.' I said, 'God will give us grace so to do, I trust. He *has* made us willing to part from you.' He went on to say, 'Oh! if it might be in twenty days* or so, oh! how glorious! I can scarcely think of it, it is so overpoweringly glorious!'

"His parting with his two little children evidenced the same strong faith, and detachment from this world. His thirty-first birthday occurred during his illness; and he received, with a cheerful smile, the visit of his children to his bedside, when they brought him nosegays, and wished him many happy returns. When he thought his time might be short, he desired to see them. 'They got on the bed,' his sister writes, 'and kissed him. He said, "That is your last kiss. God bless you! If you wish to see papa again, you must come to heaven, where you will find him, and dear mamma, and little Johnny. Now, good bye!" He was calm, and not overcome. I remembered his deep emotion when he parted from them to return to India two years before. The struggle—and it was a bitter one—was gone through at that time. The sacrifice had been made, and God spared him the pain of a second. He afterward told me, that he had a firm confidence they would come to him in heaven. Upon my inquiring if he had anything to say respecting them, he merely said, "You know my wishes so well, I have nothing to tell you. Their mother and I committed them to you."'

"It will be, however, for our edification to inquire into the foundation upon which his Christian character rested—the root and spring of such eminent Missionary graces.

"The foundation, we hesitate not to say, of his devotedness, was laid in *an ardent love of the Saviour*. It was this, doubtless, which kept him steady to his Missionary resolves in early life; which made him esteem it honourable and delightful to testify His name among the Gentiles.

"His sister writes—'The one striking feature of his illness, as of his life, was his abounding love to his Saviour. It literally filled his heart, and nothing came into competition with it—Him first, Him last. He was indeed the Alpha and Omega. In his weakest and most trying moments, the name of Jesus would bring a smile of happiness across his worn and suffering features.' And again—'Reading to him a portion out of the book of Revelation, he said, "The second and third chapters are so full of rebuke and exhortation—full of beautiful passages! I read them with R—— just before I left Madras. I never met with any one of my own age so full of Christian experience as he is. He did not talk about religion: *he talked Christ*. We do not speak enough about Christ. It is because our hearts are not full enough of Him."' And once more, a few hours before his release, the same affectionate relative wrote.—'He still lingers—very weak, incapable of saying, or apparently feeling much. Not a cloud, so far, has bedimmed His view of the Saviour, and of the bliss that awaits him; though he expresses little, unless asked a question directly; such as, "You have peace?"—"Yes, in Jesus. He is the dying Saviour." Speaking of parting with friends on earth, I said, "You are going to some very dear to you in heaven—your dear wife." His reply was, "I am going to Him who was pierced for me: that's the thing.'

"Equally conspicuous, as a foundation

* Probably having the celebration of the Jubilee November 1, in his mind.

grace of his Christian character, was his *Faith*, clear and simple, strong and fruitful.

"'Early in his illness,' writes his sister, 'upon repeating, from John iii. 36, "He that believeth in Him hath everlasting life," he said, with a solemnity of tone and look I shall never forget, "I *have* believed: I *do* believe." This was the secret of his strength and comfort throughout his illness; and it was striking that he should have said this, to shew it at the *very commencement. Speaking of Christ, he said, "It would be ten thousand times better to be with Him! Perhaps I may* see Him to-morrow." The happy calmness of tone with which he expressed himself throughout his illness, was striking. It was the result of a firm conviction of the certainty and reality of the truths which he believed, and of the glory which he anticipated. It was as if he were speaking of soon joining a loved parent or brother upon earth; only his feelings were holier, higher, more blessed. I never witnessed anything like excitement in him. It was the sober sense of walking bliss which filled his heart, and there was a reality about it which almost made me feel as if faith were turned into sight.

"With such graces as love to Christ and strong faith in vigorous exercise, it may be easily inferred, that many other fruits of the Spirit would abound in him. *Meekness* was always a conspicuous feature of his character. In his illness, this was manifested in his patient submission to the will of God. At times, it was severely tested.

"'Frequently did we hear him,' in low and earnest tone, calling upon Jesus. At the commencement of his illness he seemed to be peculiarly sensitive to the fear of sinning by impatience. Many times he said to us, "Pray that my patience fail not:" and most fully was the prayer answered. Never was there a word, or sigh, or look, which betrayed a failing of perfect patience. God's will was indeed sweeter to him than his own ease or comfort.'

"But the crowning grace of this instructive scene was *Joy*—'a joy unspeakable, and full of glory.'

"'His whole heart seemed fixed upon the joys to which he was going. The prospect looked to him inexpressibly bright. The day on which his danger was announced to him, seemed to him a day of peculiar joy; for, as yet, his body, though very weak, was not so painfully oppressed, as it afterward became. When I went into his room the next morning, he said to me, "I am very weak—can scarcely speak; but oh! happy! happy! happy!" Any little thing I could name to him as a sign of approaching dissolution, was a pleasure to him. Strange it did seem, to be affording him comfort by telling him of various little signs of the nearness of death; but so it was.

"'The last two days and nights, he frequently seemed near going. My prayers were joined with his, that, if it were God's will, his happy soul might speedily be released.

'I heard him faintly saying to himself, *"Jesus, Jesus must be first in the heart." These were nearly the last words. I felt his firm grasp of my hand relaxing* —his pulse was gone—he gently ceased to breathe.'

"So was Henry Fox parted from us, a few days after his thirty-first birthday."

Concluding remarks by his biographer.

'Who shall contemplate this brief sketch, without adoring the grace of God in him? Who can lament the brief career of this devoted Missionary? He lived, he laboured, to the best purpose. The glorious stamp of divine acceptance is manifest in his life, and in his death. But let us not separate between the character of the man, and of the Missionary. The lustre of each was combined. He reviewed, amidst the scenes which we have described, his call to the Mission work with gratitude and praise. After the first three verses of Isaiah had been read to him, with the remark that it was a privilege to have been called, even in a small measure, to prepare the way of the Lord, he replied, 'Yes, there seems a special blessing upon it. I often thank God that He called me to be a Missionary to go abroad.' On his mother's asking him, but a few days before his death, whether he had ever repented of having given his life to Missionary work, he said, 'No, never: if he had to live over again, he would do the same.'

"We cannot conclude, without calling upon young men, especially, to come forward, and supply the place which Henry Fox has left. And we would say to them, Seek to understand, and to obey the suggestions of the Holy Spirit of God. Shrink not from the call to Missionary work. If it be the call of God, He will remove all difficulties, open the way, and incline the hearts of others, as well as of our own, to the obedience of faith. Let the dying words of the youthful Missionary sink into your hearts—'*There seems a special blessing upon it.*' The period of service may haply be as short as the ministry of our Master; but the results may be unspeakably precious to our own souls, and to the Church which He hath purchased with His blood."

Foreign Correspondence.

GENEVA.

We give the following extracts from a letter received from Geneva; but not intended for publication. We will be glad to hear from our kind corresponident, regarding the working of the New Evangelical Church:—

"*First, as to the Evangelical Society of Geneva, you know their three grand* departments are,—colporteurs, missionaries in France; and the theological school, for training up ministers to labour in the French countries of the Continent, and elsewhere. The two former schemes have been greatly, and signally blessed, so as, indeed, to stamp mockery from the simplicity of the means employed, but employed in faith, on many of our petrified ministries. The funds of the society received a severe shock last summer, which obliged them to prepare all their agents for the possibility of being discharged; and nothing can exceed the beauty, simplicity, and Christian faith of the replies which they received to their circulars. As it is, although many Churches and individuals came to their aid, they have been obliged greatly to reduce their staff; but I trust the Lord only permits it for a season, to try their faith. Do the people of Scotland help them as they ought? They disclaim all identification with parties, and very properly; for the very fact of their being a Society, and not a Church, is, that they may form a vehicle, like the Bible Society, and others, for the efforts of all Christians, in this field of simple evangelization. Next, the theological school. It is admirably supplied; the course is very complete. They have lectures on introduction to the Old and New Testaments, exegetic, Church history, apologetic, polemic, systematic, symbolic, homiletic, and pastoral theology. The professors are five in number,—D'Aubigné, Gausen, Pelet, La Harpe, and Scherer; the last, comparatively a young man, of great parts and great promise, and a great admirer of Arnold.

"Each professor lectures on various subjects, and thus the course is overtaken. Perhaps the same remark applies to theirs, as to most lectures, that what they say, would be better learned from books; but this is very much matter of opinion. Scherer's lectures are undoubtedly admirable, and not to be otherwise replaced. He has been lecturing on Catholicism, and goes very profoundly into principles, which he treats with much originality, alluding, in his way, to the leading works of recent times on the subject — as Möhler's in Germany, and Newman's in England. He has that air of pensive thought, which you find in Pascal, saved from gloom by his vigorous realization of *the person of Christ, as the true home for the lonely heart,—a fact, alas!* in our Christianity, which comes in often at the very circumference, if it finds a place in it at all. Nay, but it must be the very centre starting point of our faith; and if we miss it in our system, I can well understand a vigorous and thirsty spirit like Newman's, wandering on from one dogma to another, and still unsatisfied. But to return from this digression. The students, numbering about thirty, are drawn from all parts of the French-speaking world, including Canada; and, truly, I know not where else they could go at present for a sound theological training; so that this department of the society is amply justified by its necessity. The course of study in the hall is three years; and each session consists of nine months. There is one very useful branch of the training which I ought to mention. It is that of practical homilitic, conducted once a-week by Pellet, the preacher to the oratoire. The student brings his plan of a sermon; the other students then criticise, and perhaps suggest a better; and, lastly, the professor points out the errors, and gives his own idea. He is a most remarkable preacher himself, and, therefore, well able to give advice. D'Aubigné's lectures, I may say, on the early Christian Church, are a good deal of the Mosheim cast: for he cannot be dramatic among so many dry bones as the Father's and Apologist's; but his piety and zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom are so beautiful and ardent, that every day one is quickened, though it be but a few words.

"I must now tell you of the attempt which has been made, and which I think has succeeded, to unite the Evangelical Churches here upon a wide, but Scriptural basis. Their articles are published; suffice it to say, that in doctrine, there are seventeen, embracing the usual fundamental points, clearly and briefly stated. Then on the constitution, embracing government, worship, and discipline, there are twenty-one. It is here that they are most liberal. The government is, in the main, Presbyterian; but they

admit all varieties of form in worship, encourage the ministry of elders, and the laity, (a term not liked here,) for edification, and admit even Baptists into their communion. Indeed, the two points I should be most disposed to question, are their practice in regard to the two sacraments. They hold infant baptism; but admit baptists and churches; and in regard to the Lord's Table, their article is as follows:—'*L'Eglise, considerant la table de la Cène dressée pareille, non comme sa propre table mais comme celle du Seigneur, y accueille tous les membres de la famille de Dieu.*' Acting on this principle, any one may present himself, and no token or examination is required. There are three things to be regarded in arriving at this union, which are well stated by D'Aubigné, in last year's report of the Evangelical Society. They are, 1*st*, That the spiritual must precede the external, otherwise we fall into the error of Romanism. 2*d*, An absolute uniformity in rules, and other non-essentials, is not to be looked for: it did not obtain even in apostolic times. 3*d*, The union must be gradual, and not forced, otherwise heterogeneous elements will soon clash.

"The ecclesiastical world here is much distracted by Plymouthism. The sect, through the labours of Mr Derby, has multiplied greatly in this and the neighbouring countries;—you know that they discard the ministry altogether. A very prominent place is given to all the facts of Christ's work, accomplished, present, and to come. The present economy of the Holy Spirit, is also powerfully realized, and is, I think, exaggerated. Mr. Derby is accused here of doing much evil, by causing schism; but he has given an impulse to so many great doctrines, which all admit, and, which, perhaps, but for his schism, would not have excited so much attention, that I can fancy the good to have preponderated over the bad. In addition to the great doctrines I have noticed above, no doubt every Christian ought to consider, more than is usual among us, his obligation to preach Christ by his life, and otherwise."

Notices of Books.

LAYARD'S NINEVEH.—SECOND NOTICE.

We return to those delightful volumes, to gratify our readers with a few more passages from their deeply-interesting contents. We are unwilling to occupy our very limited space with our own remarks; but some are required to make the extracts understood.

Those who have read the "Visits to the Mounds," noticed in our last number, must be struck with the account given of the immense accumulation of rubbish which marks the site of those ancient palaces upon the flat alluvial plain. Mr. Layard satisfactorily accounts for those mounds, and the peculiar character of the old Assyrian architecture. The immense plain of Mesopotamia, is level as an inland sea. No rocky eminence towers above its surface, where an early chieftain could have "set his nest among the stars." It affords no stone for building; though masses of alabaster are found imbedded in its clay, which are admirably suited for those purposes of sculpture to which they were afterwards applied. The mountains which bound the plain to the north and east, are too distant to serve as quarries, from whence such durable materials might have been obtained, as have enabled the temples of Egypt to resist the hand of time. The early settlers on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, were compelled, by the physical character of the country, to adopt a peculiar architecture. Bricks were easily and rapidly formed from the tenaceous clay. With these, a solid platform, thirty or forty feet high, was first built. Upon this great elevated terrace, the king's palace was erected. When the palace crumbled into ruins, and when, to those ruins, were added the drifting summer's dust of the parched plain, accumulating for nearly 25 centuries, we need not wonder that huge mounds, like the graves of a giant race, should mark the spot where the wondrous structures once reared their proud heads, above the far-spread and more lowly dwellings of the great Nineveh. Our readers have already seen Mr.

Layard's description of the palace in ruins. We shall now give them a glimpse of

THE PALACE RESTORED.

"The interior of the Assyrian palace, must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered, for the first time, the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portal, guarded by the colossal lions, or bulls, of white alabaster. In the first hall, he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were pourtrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colours. Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures, were painted other events,—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in coloured borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic two-winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous among the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall, was the colossal figure of the king, in adoration before the Supreme Deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colours.

"The stranger trode upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several door-ways, formed by gigantic winged lions, or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some, were processions of colossal figures, armed men, and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others, were pourtrayed the winged guests of presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees. The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory; each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or been plated with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers, admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures, was seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame, on which were painted, in vivid colours, the winged circle in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals. These edifices, as it has been shewn, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them, might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served, at the same time, to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them, on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods."—Vol. II., p. 262.

Several Nestorian labourers were employed by Mr. Layard; they strictly kept the Sabbath. A priest repeated prayers, and led their worship with a hymn. "I often," says Mr. Layard, "watched these poor creatures as they reverently knelt—their heads uncovered—under the great bulls, celebrating the praises of Him whose temples the worshippers of those favouring idols had destroyed, and whose power they had provoked. It was the triumph of truth over Paganism. Never had that triumph been more forcibly illustrated, than by those who now bowed down in the crumbling halls of the Assyrian kings."

There were four great palaces in Nineveh, built by different sovereigns; the vast ruins of which remain yet to be explored. These formed the angles of a quadrangle, which embraced the city of Nineveh. Mr. Layard corroborates the measurement of the city as given in the Book of Jonah. He says, that its circumference was sixty miles; and as twenty miles is reckoned a day's journey in the east, this makes exactly Jonah's Nineveh of "three day's journey." We must, however, remember, that this enormous space was not occupied by the narrow streets and crowded buildings of a great modern city; but (as now in Damascus and Ispahan) included gardens, and arable land, sufficient, perhaps, to raise produce for the support of the whole inhabitants, and the "much cattle," mentioned in Jonah.

But we must return to our extracts, and give two specimens of Mr. Layard's power of description.

NIMROD IN SPRING.

"Its pasture lands (the 'Jalp') renowned for their luxuriant herbage. In times of quiet, the steeds of the Pasha, and of the Turkish authori-

ties, are sent here to graze. Day by day they arrive in long lines. The Shammutti and Jehush left their huts, and encamped on the green sward which surrounded the villages The plain, as far as the eye could reach, was studded with the black tents of the Arabs. Picketted around them, were innumerable horses in gay trappings, struggling to release themselves from their bonds; flowers of every hue enammelled the meadows; not thinly scattered over the grass, as in northern climates, but in such thick and gathering clusters, that the whole plain seemed a patch-work of many colours. The dogs, as they returned from hunting, issued from the long grass, dyed red, yellow, or blue, according to the flowers through which they had last forced their way. . . . . The exhilaration of air in spring, in the desert, and the feeling of freedom arising from the contemplation of its boundless expanse, must be experienced before it can be understood."

THE PLAIN AT SUNSET.

"I gazed listlessly on the various groups before me. As the sun went down behind the low hills which separate the river from the desert, even their rugged sides had strove to emulate the verdant clothing of the plain; its receding rays were gradually withdrawn like a transparent veil of light from the horizon. The great mound threw its dark shadow far across the plain. Beyond the Zab-Kishap, another venerable ruin rose, indistinctly, into the evening mist. Still more distant, and still more indistinct, was a solitary hill overlooking the ancient city of Arbela. The Kurdish mountains, whose snowy summits cherished the dying sun-beams, yet struggled with the twilight. The bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle, at first faint, became louder as the flocks returned from their pastures, and wandered amongst the tents; girls hurried over the green sward to seek their father's cattle, or crouched to milk those which had returned alone to their well-remembered folds. Some were coming from the river, bearing the replenished pitcher on their heads or shoulders. . . . . . Sometimes a party of horsemen might have been seen in the distance, slowly crossing the plain; the tufts of ostrich feathers, which tipped their long spears, shewing darkly against the evening sky. They would ride up to my tent and give the usual salutation, 'Peace be with you, O Bey!' or, 'Allah, Allah! God help you!' Then, driving the end of their lances into the ground, they would spring from their mares, and fasten their halters to the still quivering weapons. Seating themselves on the grass, they related deeds of war, or plunder, or speculated on the site of the tomb of Sofuk, until the moon rose, when they vaulted into their saddles, and took the way of the desert. The plain now glittered with innumerable fires. As the night advanced, they vanished, one by one, until the landscape was wrapped in darkness and in silence, only disturbed by the barking of the Arab dog."

We regret that our space will not admit of our giving even an outline of Mr. Layard's visit to the Nestorians. That interesting people occupy the mountainous district, lying between Lake Ooroomiah and the Tigris. The history of their church can be traced back for the last fourteen hundred years. Small and feeble though it now is, and confined to the lonely valleys, and rocky fastnesses of Koordistan; yet more than a thousand years ago, its missionaries penetrated the most distant and barbarous regions, and founded flourishing churches in Scythian Tartary and China, which remained till the 13th century. A monumental stone, recording the names and labours, in the eighth century, of seventy Nestorian missionaries in China, was discovered by the Jesuits, in the Chinese city of Se-gan-foo, in 1626. "Their missionaries," says Gibbon, "pursued, without fear, the footsteps of the roving Tartar, and insinuated themselves into the camps and valleys of the Imaus, and the banks of the Selinga." For four hundred years they have been an oppressed and persecuted people. Tamerlane and his Tartar hordes, almost extirpated them. The fanatic Koords have massacred them periodically. Popery has never ceased, until this hour, to make strenuous efforts for their conversion, and to bring them under the government of the Pope. But amidst all revolutions, they have preserved their independence and their religion; and though much darkness and ignorance prevail among them, they still recognize the Bible as the only rule of their faith and practice, and are now most willing to receive that religious instruction which their fathers formerly gave to the Pagan nations of the East.

The American "Board of Foreign Missions," have had an excellent mission established among the Nestorians, chiefly in the district of Ooroomiah, since 1835. Dr. Asahel Grant, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, were the first to commence the mission. Many of our readers, we doubt not, are acquainted with Dr. Grant's volume, published in 1841, in which he endeavoured to identify the Nestorians with the lost tribes of Israel. The American Mission has met with numerous difficulties and disasters during the fifteen years of its existence. Many

able and indefatigable missionaries—Dr. Grant among them—lie interred in that land, from whence their spiritual father, *and the father of many nations, Abraham, first journeyed. It is gratifying to find* Mr. Layard doing justice to those admirable men. He says of

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

"They were most zealous men. . . . Had their plans succeeded, I have no doubt they would have conferred signal benefits upon the Chaldean Christians. I never heard their names mentioned by the Tyari, more particularly that of Dr. Grant, without expressions of profound respect, amounting almost to veneration. Mosul holds the remains of most of those who were engaged in the American missions."

We are glad to find, from the last Report before us (1847) of the American Board, that the Mission still flourishes. There are five missionaries,—one as physician, 1 printer, 7 female missionaries, and 12 native helpers,—total, 25. A great revival has taken place within the last three years among the Nestorians. Within one year, the brethren reckoned the genuine converts to be not fewer than 150! At present, 538 pupils attend the schools. Since the commencement of the Mission. 3,926,500 pages of tracts, hymnbooks, &c., have been printed. In 1846, there issued from the press, 2,500 copies, and 1,114,000 pages. In the same year, the New Testament, with the ancient and modern Syriac, in parallel columns—a great work, which will secure, in some measure, the results of the Mission.* We are sure our readers will pardon this digression to modern, from ancient Assyria, especially as we mean to close our notice with a description, by Mr. Layard, of the scenes of one of those frightful massacres of the Nestorians in the Tyari district, in 1843, by Beder Khan Bey, a fanatic Koordish chief, who, in cold blood, put to death about 10,000 people; besides carrying off many girls and boys as slaves.

MASSACRE OF THE NESTORIANS.

"The traces of the awful massacre are still visible. Everywhere, except in Zareetha, the churches were destroyed, and the priests put to death. The Chaldeans are naturally a religious people, and greatly attached to their clergy, and were more alive to these, than to any of their misfortunes. Ten Tyari girls threw themselves from the bridge over the Zab, as they were taken across by the Kurds, preferring death to conversion or slavery. It was near Lizan, that occurred *one of the most terrible incidents of the massacre; and an active mountaineer offering to lead me to the spot, I followed him up the mountain.* Emerging from the gardens, we found ourselves at the foot of an almost perpendicular declivity of loose stones, terminated, about 1000 feet above us, by a wall of lofty rocks. Up this ascent we toiled for above an hour, sometimes clinging to small shrubs, whose roots scarcely reached the scanty soil below; at others, crawling on our hands and knees, crossing the gullies to secure a footing, or carried down by the stones which we put in motion as we advanced. We soon saw evidences of the slaughter. At first, a solitary skull rolling down with the rubbish; then heaps of bleached bones; farther up, fragments of rotting garments. As we advanced, these remains became more frequent. Skeletons, almost entire, still hung to the dwarf shrubs. I was soon compelled to renounce an attempt to count them. As we approached the wall of rock, the declivity became covered with bones, mingled with the long plaited tresses of the women, shreds of discoloured linen, and well-worn shoes. There were skulls of all ages, from the child unborn, to the toothless old man. We could not avoid treading on the bones as we advanced, and rolling them with the loose stones into the valley below. 'This is nothing!' exclaimed my guide, when he observed me gazing with wonder on those miserable heaps. 'These are but the remains of those who were thrown from above, or sought to escape the sword, by jumping from the rock; follow me!' He sprang upon a ledge that ran along the precipice which rose before us, and clambered along the face of the mountain overhanging the Zab, now scarcely visible, at our ..... I followed him, as well as I was able, for some distance; but when the ledge became scarcely broader than my hand, and frequently disappeared for three or four feet altogether, I could no longer advance. The Tyari, who had easily surmounted these difficulties, returned to assist me, but in vain. I was still suffering severely from the kick received in my leg, four days before, and was compelled to return, after catching a glimpse of an open recess, or platform, covered with human remains. When the fugitives who had escaped from Ashutha, heard the news of the massacre, through the valley of Lizan, the inhabitants of the valley around collected such parts of their property as they could carry, and took refuge on the platform which I have just described, and on the rock above; hoping thus to escape the notice of the Kurds, or to be able to defend, against any numbers, a place almost inaccessible. Women and young children, as well as men, encamped themselves in a spot which a mountain-goat could scarcely reach. Beder Khan Bey was not long in discovering their retreat; but being unable to force it, he surrounded the place with his men, and waited until they should be compelled to yield. The weather was hot and sultry; the Christians had brought but small supplies of water and provi-

* Report, p. 124.

sions. After three days, the first began to fail them, and they offered to capitulate. The terms proposed by Beder Khan Bey, and ratified by an oath, were the surrender of their arms and property. The Kurds were then admitted to the platform. After they had taken their arms from their prisoners, they commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, until, weary of using their weapons, they hurled the few survivors from the rocks to the Zab below. Out of nearly 1000 souls who were said to have congregated there, only one escaped."

We must now bid farewell to Mr. Layard and his delightful volumes, which have afforded us so much enjoyment. But we cannot conclude this notice, without recalling to the memory of our readers, the threatenings of the Prophets against those cities which sought to possess power and glory without God. As we linger in imagination among their ruins—as we gaze upon "the images of the Chaldeans painted with vermillion"—as we study in our own British Museum, those wondrous monuments of a wicked, sensual, and idolatrous race—we reverently adore the righteousness and truth of God, who, by His servants, issued the sentence of condemnation against them, which has been so marvellously fulfilled; and we feel how enduring are the true and good—how perishing the false and wicked! "Nineveh is laid waste! who will bemoan her? She is empty, and void, and waste; her nobles dwell in the dust: her people are scattered on the mountains, and no man gathereth them." What a sublime picture does Ezekiel draw (chap. xxxi.) of the glory and degradation of Assyria! A solemn lesson is also taught us by the ruins of Nineveh, to beware how we injure the people of God, or oppose His cause. In the 83d Psalm, Asaph says, "They have taken crafty counsel against *Thy people*, and consulted against *Thy hidden ones*." Who did so? Several nations are mentioned, and it is added, "*Ashur also is joined with them.*" What is the prophet's prayer? "Let them be confounded, and troubled for ever; yea, let them be put to shame, and perish; that men may know that Thou, whose name is JEHOVAH, art the most high over all the earth!" Has this prayer, uttered in sympathy with the righteous judgments of God, been answered? Let the mounds of Nineveh, and the desolation of Assyria reply! "Come, let us cast them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance," (Psalm lxxxiii.,) was the cry of Ashur against the Jews. But "Israel's name" is still in "remembrance" over all the earth, and "the nation" is *not* cut off; but looks and longs for its speedy restoration. And what has become of Ashur? "The terrible of the nations have *cut* HIM *off*, and have left him: upon the mountains and in all the valleys his branches are fallen; and all the people of the earth are gone down from his shadow, and have left him!" (Ezek. xxxi. 12.) Well may we exclaim, "How wondrous, O Lord, are Thy judgments, and Thy ways past finding out!"

We must add one word of solemn warning to the house of Israel. Let them not boast, because God has overthrown Ashur, and preserved *their* nation by His outstretched arm and wondrous Providence! If they believe not in Jesus, "the men of Nineveh" will one day arise from that desert plain, and witness against them, in the great and dreadful day of the Lord; "for they repented at the preaching of Jonah; but, behold, a greater than Jonah is here!"

THE BRITISH LEAGUE OF JUVENILE ABSTAINERS.

[The Notices regarding Abstinence reached the Editor through Mr. Hope, the well-known indefatigable advocate of that cause. The Editor is not responsible for them. He admits them willingly into the pages of the Magazine, which is thereby circulated among 500 members of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers.—ED.]

THE British League of Juvenile Abstainers is an association of children, and of young men and young women, who abstain from using or giving to others intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium.

The members *are not pledged—there is no pledge of any kind*, formal or implied. Its object is to unite all abstaining children, and young men and young women, in an associated capacity, to promote abstinence from intoxicating liquor, tobacco, and opium.

It seeks to awaken among the young, a spirit of inquiry and improvement, and to aid in the pursuit of everything that is hallowed by the religion of the Cross. It aims at finding plans of usefulness, of a benevolent and religious nature, for the employment of its members; and it seeks to do all, in humble dependence on the blessing of God, and with singleness of purpose, to glorify Him in whatever is done.

Branches of the League have been formed at Edinburgh, Cupar, Dalkeith, Dunkeld, Haddington, Leadhills, Loanhead, Musselburgh, Portobello, Tranent, and Wanlockhead, where weekly meetings have been opened, and information on the subject of abstinence, is communicated in a simple and familiar style, suited to the capacities of the children and young people attending; and great interest is manifested by them in the objects of the movement.

In Edinburgh, where the movement originated, there are—

29 Meetings of Children every Week.
9 ... of Young Men ...
6 ... of Young Women ...
In all, 44 Meetings Weekly.

At each of these meetings, after opening with praise and prayer, a copy of a small printed paper of four pages, called "Readings for Juvenile Abstinence Meetings," written expressly for these meetings, is given to each person present. This paper is read by those present in the children's meetings, in classes; and in the young men and young women's meetings, by parties selected or invited to do so. At the conclusion of the reading, it is illustrated by the person in charge of the meeting; and an address is generally delivered afterwards by him, or some one appointed for the purpose. The meeting is closed with praise and prayer, and occupies about one hour and a-half in all.

Besides these meetings on the subject of abstinence, the following meetings, for communicating religious instruction, are held on the Sabbath day:—

Three Sabbath evening schools for children.

Three Sabbath morning meetings for studying the Word of God and prayer, for young men.

One Sabbath evening meeting for studying the Word of God and prayer, for young women.

There is also a monthly meeting for prayer on the third Wednesday of each month. Thirteen agents are employed in conducting these meetings; and about two thousand seven hundred young persons attend them weekly. The amount of good done, cannot at present be estimated; but many pleasing instances have occurred, of which we have heard, and, doubtless, many more of which the conductors have not heard, and may not hear.

The office of the League is in Edinburgh, under the Music Hall, Rose Street, entering from the *east* door, where a supply of the Readings for Juvenile Abstinence Meetings is constantly kept for sale, costing 1s. per hundred: and where information, on the subject of the Juvenile Abstinence Meetings, may be obtained, by addressing a letter, post-paid, to the Secretary, Mr. Joseph D. Wormold.

Young people from the country, coming to reside in Edinburgh, will obtain, on calling at the office, a list of meetings, and be directed to the meeting they should attend.

Gleanings.

Repentance teaches us to abhor ourselves for sin; faith to go out of ourselves for righteousness.—*Hannah More.*

Afflictions and joy together. This is a secret and privilege peculiar to faith and the Gospel.—*Bishop Thomas Wilson.*

It is not merely by conversing on serious subjects, that you promote serious thoughts, nor by seeking directly to obtain influence, that you really influence others—it is by *being* good, that you do good—it is by kindness, and thoughtfulness for other's feelings, by sufferings, or disappointments cheerfully endured, by advantages of intellect, or fortune, humbly borne, by adherence to fixed principles of duty, by the princely heart of guileless innocence, whose very look is the best rebuke to vice.—*A. P. Stanley.*

THE LIFE OF LOVE.

The Gospel uniformly gives supremacy to the life of the heart, or to love; it makes everything in man tend, or aspire towards love, as the end and reality of human life. Jesus Christ never proffered knowledge to His disciples as an end, but a mean. The end is, that all may be made complete in unity. Now, unity is love. . . . This love, is love in the spirit, or a spiritual love; in other words, that which loves in us, is no part of our carnal being; but that new man, whose object is the true, the just, the divine, the immortal. . . . Hell—a perfect hell—is in that empty heart which has been violently severed from its affections, and the very remembrance of them, without being united to God,—a heart which now only lives to feel that it lives not,—a heart which has need of love, as the lungs have need of air, and the body; and which finds no object to supply this want, neither the perishable beings of which it has lost the recollection, nor God, whom it cannot love.—*Vinet.*

Morning.

"His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."—LAMENT. iii. 22, 23.

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible,
Around his path are taught to swell.

Thou rustling breeze, so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day;
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing.

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven.

Why waste your treasures of delight,
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of heaven and you partake?

Oh! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise,
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

New, every morning, is the love,
Our waking and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind,
Be set to hallow all we find;
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer,
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain,
Untir'd we ask, and ask again;
Ever in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before.

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean;
Counting the cost, in all to espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk,
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloister'd cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more, content with these;
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go,—
The secret, this, of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

WHAT IS TRUE RELIGION IN THE SOUL?

No. II.

I HAVE already endeavoured to answer this question, by stating, as briefly as I could, what true religion was *not*, and what it was. I said, that it was essentially a right state of mind towards God; or, in other words, *love to God*. I have not yet spoken of the *means* by which we are brought into this right state of mind: but simply of *the end*, which all the means employed by God -including, as their centre, the wonders of redeeming love-- are designed and fitted to accomplish. Nor shall I, at present, enter upon this part of the subject. I will rather try and show you how every description of religion given in God's Word, involves in it the idea of love, or a right state of spirit towards God. Let us examine a few of those Scripture statements which are familiar to us, as expressing what we must be and do in order to please God; or, in other words, in order to possess true religion in the soul.

1. "*We must be born again*;" that is, a great change must take place in our souls, through the agency of the Spirit of God,—a change so great, that it is likened to a birth of the soul. And what is this change? It is the passing *out of* that state of "enmity to God," which is the character of "the old man,"—"the flesh,"—"the carnal heart,"—*into* that state of love to God, which is the character of "the new man,"—"the spiritual mind,"—"the child of God," who "cries Abba," that is, "Father,"—the very language of *love* and *confidence*. "He that *loveth*, *is born* of God," (1 John iv. 7.)

2. True religion is also said to consist in "*knowing God*." "This *is* eternal life, that they might *know Thee*, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent;" and the *absence* of religion is said to be ignorance of God. Our Lord says to His Father, "O righteous Father, the world hath *not known* Thee!"—and to the Jews, "Ye neither *know me* nor my Father." The Apostle Paul condemns the heathen, because "they did not like to retain God *in their knowledge*;" and he says to professing Christians, "Some of you have not *the knowledge of God*; I speak this to your shame." All this implies, that to know God, is indeed true religion. But the *love of God and the knowledge of God, are one*. Without love we do not, and cannot know Him. "*He that loveth, knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love*." Love can alone comprehend love. Without love, we have no eye to "*see* God," or to know Him.

3. "*True religion is the love of Christ*." It is so. Jesus Christ is revealed to us as one whom we are to love and serve with all our hearts. We are to ask God's Spirit to strengthen us with all might in the inner man, that, through faith and love, we may be able to "know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and thus be filled with all the fulness of God." "If a man love me," says Christ, "my Father will love him." The Apostle prays for grace to all "who *love the Lord Jesus Christ* in sincerity." Unspeakable blessings are "promised to them that *love Him*." Now, all this is right and true, *because* Jesus and His Father are one, equal in power and glory. They are not divided, either in their authority over us, or in their love to us; and *we* must not be divided in our love and obedience to them. As our knowledge of Jesus is one with our knowledge of God, (for to us is "given the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus," and "He who seeth me," said our Lord, "sees my Father also;") *so is our love to Jesus one with our love to God*. In loving Jesus, we love "God manifest in the flesh."

4. "True *religion is likeness to, and oneness with God*." This, indeed, is the grand and glorious end set before us—to be like God, "perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect."—"filled with all the fulness of God,"—"renewed after the *image* of God,"—*one* with Him in mind and will, in character, even as the Son and Father are one. This is having "fellowship with the Father and Son;" but, to

love God, is to be *like* Him;" for "God is love." To love the holy, righteous, merciful, truthful God, is evidently the same thing with ourselves being holy, righteous, merciful, truthful.—To like God, (so to speak,) and to be like God, are one.

5. "*True religion is the love of man in general, and of Christians in particular.*" It is assuredly inseparable from it. If we love God, we must love all He loves, and hate all He hates. Our hearts will beat in harmony with God. Does God love the wicked world? He does so, while He abhors its wickedness. He causes His sun to shine, and His rain to descend, upon the evil and the good, the just and the unjust. He *so* loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son to die for it. And if we love God, we shall possess this love to all men, and, like Him, have compassion for, and pity, even the wicked, and seek to do them good, and, by love, to win them to God, who has had pity upon *them* and upon our own wicked selves. But God has special love to those who love Him in return. He loves such as His dear children; they must, consequently, be peculiarly dear to us. Hence it is, that our love to "the brethren" is one of the necessary results and sure evidences of our loving God himself. "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that hateth his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? and this commandment have we of Him, that he who loves God, loves his brother also." Love which brings our souls into harmony with God, brings them also into harmony with all in God. Enmity is out of harmony with everything, even with itself. It would sting itself to death if it could. Love to God necessarily includes love to man, and special love to Christians.

6. "*True religion is keeping God's commandments.*" But, said our Lord, "the first and great commandment is, thou shalt *love the Lord thy God* with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and the next is like it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." The law of true love includes in it all other laws. "Love *is* the fulfilling of the law." "The end of the commandment is love." All other commandments and rules are but channels dug for us in the wisdom and goodness of God, by which the fulness of the fountain of love is to flow out in the best manner to God and man. All right actions are but acts of the right state of mind—love. For instance, he who loves God, will delight to hold communion with Him, to worship Him, to serve Him, to listen to His words, to become better acquainted with His will and ways, and to work *with* Him, and *for* Him; and he who loves man, will do to others as he would be done by; for he loves his neighbour *as* himself; he will seek his good and his happiness in all things, he will even "lay down his life for the brethren." We feel always safe, as to our goods, our name, or well-being, in the hands of one who loves us.

7. "*True religion is sharing the light and life of Christ.*" Christ is Himself life—"our life." He shared the life of God from eternity; and He came "to shew us that eternal life which was with the Father," that "our fellowship might be with the Father and the Son." "His life is the light of men." He who partakes His life, walks in light. But is this life and light, but the light and life of love to God and man? What is it but the possession of this "mind" and "spirit" of love which is in Jesus Christ?

8. "*True religion is being reconciled to God through faith in Jesus Christ.*" But what is being reconciled to God? Is it only to be reconciled to God as pardoning us freely through Jesus?—or is it not this, (first it may be,) and something more. Is it not our being reconciled to God as He is—to His whole character and will, —our being satisfied with Himself from seeing Him first as revealed through the Spirit, in the whole work of Jesus Christ? And what is this but loving God, whose name is love?—what is this but having, through an atonement, that love which casteth out the fear (which hath torment) for His holiness, and righteousness, and power, and presence; and rejoicing in the glory of His Being, and whole character?—To love God, and to be reconciled to God, are one.

Lastly, It is said, that "*True religion is our obtaining salvation through Jesus Christ.*" But what *is* salvation? It is deliverance, indeed, from the guilt of sin, through the blood of Jesus, freely bestowed by God's grace, and received by us; but this is not the whole of the salvation obtained for us, and given to us by our Lord. We must never forget, that He pardons, in order to sanctify—that He came to redeem us from all iniquity—that His grace, which brings salvation, does so by "*teaching* us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." In one word, salvation implies deliverance from that which is our destruction and death—a heart of enmity to God—by giving us that which is our safety and life—a heart of love to God.

I shall not illustrate at greater length the harmony which exists between the statement, that true religion consists in our loving God—with every other Scriptural statement upon the subject. I hope, that what has been said, may tend to simplify truth, and to remove perplexities. Much remains to be said upon this subject; at present, we cannot say more. I can only express, in conclusion, the sincere desire, that my readers may earnestly ask from God, that "the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him," may be given them—that the Spirit of love may "shed abroad the love of God in their hearts," and enable them to see "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with the whole fulness of God."

(Read John, chap. iii. 3-21. Romans, chap. viii. 1-18. 1st Epistle of John.)

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,
And called these hands and eyes my own,
A thousand little acts I've done,
And childhood have, and manhood known.
Oh! what is life?—And this dull round
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many human souls divine;
Some at one interview displayed;
Some oft and freely mixed with mine,
In lasting bonds my heart have laid.
Oh! what is friendship?—Why impress
On my weak, wretched, dying breast.

So many tender joys and woes
Have on my quivering soul had power.
Plain life with heightening passions rose,
The boast or burden of their hour.
Ah what is all we feel?—Why fled
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many airy draughts and lines,
And warm excursions of the mind,
Have filled my soul with great designs,
While practice grovelled far behind.
Oh! what is thought?—And where withdraw
The glories that my fancy saw?

So many wondrous gleams of light,
And gentle ardours from above,
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,
Some moments on a throne of love.
Oh! what is virtue?—Why had I,
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sovereign wisdom wills,
My soul an unknown path shall tread,
And strangely leave, who strangely fills,
This frame, and waft me to the dead.
Oh! what is death?—'Tis life's last shore
Where vanities are vain no
Where all pursuits their goal obtain
id life is all retouched again
Where, in their bright results shall rise,
Thoughts, friendships, virtues, griefs, and jo

GAMBOLD

THE WALDENSES.

A TOUR IN THE PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF DAUPHINE AND PIEDMONT.

No. II.

We left La Roche at five o'clock on a lovely Sabbath morning, in order to be in time for service at Felix Neff's nearest *Alpine* church, at Violins.

Our rugged pathway skirted the side of the opposite mountain, which, in form, is a giant duplicate of Salisbury Crags. Leaving Chancelas on the left, upon the

opposite side of the ravine, we reached, after a two hours' walk, the small village of Palons, the residence of the clergyman of the valleys; and crossing a bridge which spans the rapid torrent, another half hour brought us to the humble inn of Fressiniere. We already felt among a new race. The character of these mountaineers was as different from those with whom we had recently mingled, as was the simple grandeur of the scene around, from the cultivated plains of Burgundy and Auvergne. Even their dress was strange and *unique*. It consisted of a cumbrous cocked hat, made of the coarsest material, with a short coat and knee-trousers of similar quality. The women wore a simple white cap; but in most cases, their tidy appearance and interesting expression, were sadly defaced by *goitre*, which seemed also painfully to affect both their breathing and speaking. We were accompanied from Fressiniere to Violins, by one of five youthful colporteurs, who are entrusted with a large district in the South of France, extending from the valleys of Dauphiné to Marseilles and Toulon. He mentioned, that within six months, they had distributed a thousand copies of the New Testament, and eighty of the Bible,—a beautifully simple and effective machinery for scattering "the leaves of the tree which are for the healing of the nations."

Continuing our ascent, we overtook a reverend patriarch wending his way to the temple of Violins. His head was whitened with seventy-four winters, and his tottering step betokened he would be the witness of few more. On making ourselves known as *Protestants*, a gleam of joy gathered over his countenance,—and, resting on his pilgrim staff, the "semicircular covering" was taken off, he stretched out his withered hand, and welcomed us as "brethren." His eye glistened as we spoke of Neff, whose name is a household word. What a change was observable from preceding Sabbaths! During these we had seen the harvest sickle busy in other parts of France; but in the wild solitudes around, work of every kind was suspended; though the little patches of corn surrounding the *chalets* were ready for the reaper, none such were to be seen. From the elevation we had attained, one picturesque "Sabbath train" alone was visible,—a succession of rustic worshippers, as far as the eye could reach, bending their steps along the valley to the little church, whose spire was beginning to peep above the clump of walnut trees which mark the hamlet of Violins. How pleasing were the associations recalled by this spot,—the scene of the remarkable revival of religion under the ministry of the devoted Neff! We could almost realize the spectacle. The poor mountaineers assembling here and there, to hold prayer meetings among the enormous granite rocks which strew the valley, or lingering till nightfall to hear the word of life,—dispersing in the dark with torches, to guide them through the snow to their scattered homes.

On reaching one of the humble tenements, and obtaining admission, a characterestic group was disclosed. The father of the family was seated opposite, attired in the prevailing costume, of the sombre hat and short coat,—beside him, an interesting looking young woman, who had recently been married to his only son. The latter occupied, along with his mother, the other side of the blazing fire; and, to complete the picture, in the middle sat the clergyman, who was about to perform the morning service. On entering, we were received with hearty kindness, and shared with the pastor the homely fare his friends had placed before him. At ten o'clock we proceeded to the "temple," as they call it, and were greeted by the "*bonjours*" of the flock, who were assembled round the door. The females, as they entered, curtsied; and, as in other Protestant churches in France, sat on opposite sides from the men. As they came to their particular benches, each engaged in silent prayer,—the men covering their faces with their hats, and the women kneeling. The service, in several respects, resembled our own Presbyterian form. Our friend, Jean Isaiah Alart, (whose hospitality we had just received,) acted as precentor and reader. He com-

menced by singing a hymn—read the chapter, (55th Isaiah,) from which the text was taken, and a short liturgy—after which the pastor ascended the pulpit, and gave a plain, searching sermon. Occasionally the labours of the week, coupled with the intense heat of the day, exercised a narcotic influence on some of the audience. But they seemed conscious that they would not be permitted to enjoy their repose unchallenged and undisturbed. Various spontaneous expedients were first resorted to, to overcome their drowsiness. Some jumping up, rubbing their eyes, and remaining for a while in a standing posture,—others thudded with their ponderous shoes on the floor,—others even ventured on a short excursion round the neighbouring seats; and if any neglected to employ a voluntary remedy, there were no lack of external appliances. The women, on observing a *nod*, seemed to consider it their peculiar vocation to secure there being no repetition of it, and unceremoniously pinched all around, without respect to age or sex. The service concluded with a hymn and prayer, after which M. Durant, the present pastor of the Valley, ascended the reader's desk with his black gown and bands; and a man and woman presented themselves to have their marriage (which had been before performed by a Roman Catholic priest) confirmed, as one of the parties was a Protestant. They had come, for this purpose, all the way from Piedmont, the Waldensian pastors having refused to perform the ceremony. The service was somewhat long, and read from a portly volume. The couple were assuredly no great specimens of Italian refinement. Their habiliments wofully tattered,—their hands, copiously encrusted with the soil of their native valleys; and as to years, both considerably on the other side of half a century. On the dismissal of the congregation, we could not help remarking the unrestrained and happy intimacy existing between the pastor and his flock,—they welcomed and conversed with him as one of themselves; and on his leaving with us, to ascend the path to Dormilleuse, with a primitive simplicity he embraced and kissed a number of them, who seemed to feel no feigned sorrow at his temporary absence.

In company with M. Masson, the pastor, and young Alart, we commenced our arduous scramble to Dormilleuse,—the highest inhabited spot, and, perhaps, one of the most secluded in Europe. The scenery was very bold. A conically-shaped rock towers at the summit of the valley, and many cascades pour gracefully down on both sides; one of these overarching the pathway. Here we were reminded of the labour of Neff, on the Sabbath morning, to secure a winter passage across the glacier, leading a number of his own flock in cutting with hatchets steps in the ice,—truly no child's play, amid these frowning battlements of rock, which the God of nature and grace has thrown around this "citadel of truth." As we stood on the top of the rugged cliff, by the nearest hut of Dormilleuse, a living page of Church history, extending over 1800 years, was spread before us in the valley beneath. This sterile spot—the home of the tempest and the avalanche—had been the home and sanctuary of the truth when Europe was in darkness. We beheld, in the distance, the precipices on which mothers and infants were indiscriminately dashed to pieces, or cruelly massacred; and we stood on the place where oft and again a mere handful of sturdy mountaineers had defied the chivalry of France and Rome. In their other mountain strongholds, they were frequently dispersed by superior numbers; but Dormilleuse, with its "munitions of rocks," has always been impregnable. No artillery was more effective than the masses of granite they hurled down upon their assailants below.

We found Dormilleuse invisible, till within fifty yards of its first hut. This happened to be Neff's summer residence. From its window, he commanded a bird's-eye view of his own rugged valley, with the villages of Minsas, Violins, and Fressiniere. This was the first cot we entered; and certainly it abundantly verified the truth of Dr. Gilly's description. We were ushered into a room which amicably domiciled hens, goats, calves, and human beings. The motto of their coming Republic

had thus, in stern reality, been anticipated by the Dauphiné mountaineers. "*Equality* and *Fraternity*" were, at least, placed beyond all controversy. Farther down the village, we inspected the stable where, for many winter nights, Neff shared the miserable accommodation the place supplied, along with mules and cows. In an adjoining hut, we distributed some tracts, which were greedily discussed; the mother of the family skimming them over with great delight, and repeating aloud the parts which most struck her. Amid all the external appearances of semi-barbarism, we found a little girl, of five or six, able to read with great facility. It was strange, indeed, to find so much intelligence and worth in conjunction with the total absence of cleanliness, and insensibility to the common comforts of life. Notwithstanding the efforts of Neff, those cabins, which can boast of both a chimney and window, are exceptions to the general rule: some being destitute of both, and subjected only to an annual cleansing. Public worship was conducted in the chapel by M. Haudcotte, a Methodist clergyman, who purposed labouring permanently there. The little temple was the result of the proselytising efforts of the Roman Catholics, who, some years ago, sent a priest to try and shake the faith of these "tenants of the rock;" but, to their discomfiture, they found it would be as practicable to shake their mountains.

Leaving this supermundane spot, we returned to Violins at seven o'clock, where, in accordance with the kind request of Alart, we had agreed to return for our night's quarters. Our host prepared, unasked, a copious supper. He himself favoured us with his company, and assisted in discussing the primitive viands —simple and compound—he placed before us. It may be mentioned, as a specimen of the fare, that their rye bread, for common use, is only baked once a-year; and the colossal loaves have to be broken with a hatchet before being steeped. It seems to be the custom, while in their houses, and even at their meals, to sit with the head covered; but Alart, before commencing supper,

"His bonnet reverently he laid aside,"

and, standing, asked, "with patriarchal grace," a blessing on the evening repast. Next morning, at seven o'clock, we left, with regret, this delightful little mansion, with its simple-minded inmates. The father and son had gone to their work at a much earlier hour. We had only time to ask the mother how she did? Her reply was, "*Bien, a la grace de notre Seigneur*," ("well, our Lord be thanked.") She bade us "good bye" with a hearty shake of the hand, accompanying it with a "*Dieu conduise*," —"May God guide you."

Half an-hour's walk found us once more in the little hamlet of Fressiniere, and, according to appointment, we visited the house of M. Barridon, the *Percepteur*, Tax-gatherer, &c., of the Valleys. His niece, *Susanna*, who is particularly mentioned in Neff's life, served us with a sumptuous *dejeuner* of coffee, cheese, eggs, wine, and cherries. She spoke in a most affectionate tone of her early spiritual instructor, and took a deep interest in replying to the questions we put relative to her companions, who received from him, along with herself, their first impressions of Divine truth.

Having completed, in a day and a-half, this interesting *detour* in the Valleys of Dauphine, we proceeded, without delay, in the direction of those of Piedmont. At five o'clock the same evening, we started for Guillestre, following the rapid waters of the Durance till we reached Mont Dauphin, a fortress built on a bold and isolated rock, commanding the three valleys which branch from it. A walk of twenty-five miles the following day, in company with a youthful muleteer, brought us to the Highland-looking village of Abries. The pass of the Guil, through which our track lay, is a noble specimen of Alpine grandeur. In many places, the waters are hemmed in between lofty precipices occupying the whole breadth of the defile, the heights above crested with pine, and the battlements of Chateau Queyras rising majestically at the mouth of the gorge.

A night's sleep had barely dissipated fatigue, when, anticipating a shorter day's journey, we set out to cross the Alps by

the Col de la Croix. We were marvellously misinformed with regard to the undertaking. The ascent of the Col was tremendous; a burning sun was pouring down from above, and the ill-defined pathway was covered with loose gravel and fragments of rock. The transition was sufficiently agreeable on attaining the upper Alpine region, where the rapid torrent which had thundered at our side during the ascent, lay slumbering in its cradle of eternal snow. Here we met two aged pilgrims—man and wife—from the Valleys of Piedmont, who were gladly hailed, to get some assistance in the prosecution of our route. The simple announcement of "*Evodish*" pedigree before they were apprized of our *Protestantism*, kindled up a glow in the old man's countenance, accompanied with a friendly proffer of his hand. Copious tears rolled down the cheeks of the old woman, who stammered forth some heartfelt eulogium on the British nation as their kind benefactors, which, however, between her tears and her *patois*, was somewhat unintelligible. We parted under a shower of pious benedictions, and, after traversing a vast valley of virgin snow, half-an-hour longer brought us to the mountain summit, where a simple stone marks the boundary between Dauphine and Sardinia, and where we bade farewell to France.

FOR THE AFFLICTED

Affliction is a great reality in religion, or rather, a great detector of the want of reality in religion. We perhaps thought ourselves Christians, and that we were founded on the Rock; and when an affliction comes, we shake like aspen leaves. Could this be, if we were really on the Rock? We thought fondly, that God was the chosen portion of our souls, and that though all created things were taken from us, we had enough when we had Him; and yet, when He crosses some desire of our hearts, or removes some of His own gifts,—a friend, perhaps, or even a little of the world's trash,—we seem as if we had lost our all; and cry after it, as that Dainty did after his idols; and thus we learn the fact, that our comforts before did not, as we only supposed, flow from the eternal fountain, (for that still remains for us,) but had been drawn from perishing cisterns; and, therefore, now that they are broken, we die of thirst. This is an important discovery; and it was to make this discovery that God sent the affliction. Let us, then, receive it in deep humility; let us receive it as a call from God, to leave the creature behind us, and go devoutly into his own more immediate presence,—into His inner chamber.

Reader, will you allow me to speak a word to you on this matter? Beware of occupying your mind as to how the affliction happened, or how it might have been prevented. Think not of the overdrive, or fall, or malice, which may appear to you to be the immediate occasion of it. God is Life; and you must be away all second causes from your thought, and carry the affliction to His throne of grace, and cast it and yourself before Him; and ask Him to save your soul, and to deliver you from resting on any created portion; and pray Him to become Himself your real and true, and everlasting portion. *Take care that the affliction be not lost, while* in His presence, and be jealous of receiving comfort from any other source; *you may lose your object if you do.* And, oh! remember, that *holiness is of more importance than comfort.* Be still more anxious for profit from your affliction, than for support under it. You are an immortal creature, and eternity is your great concern. Holiness is *eternal* happiness—comfort may be the affair *of an hour*; and God sends affliction, "that we may be partakers of his holiness.

Let me conclude by saying, that all is to be looked for, and received from God. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." It is the soul that receives all from God; His property to guide and to command; His property to bless and to keep; His highly prized property, purchased at

less a cost than the death of Christ; for this very end, that He might sanctify it in time, and glorify it in eternity. The soul that feels this, has peace; and it does not make haste, for it knows how secure it is. It possesses the secret of the Lord,—that secret which does for all circumstances and contingencies; which does for life, for death, for duty, for suffering; which gives the spirit of a pilgrim, and yet a willing servant; which gives the foretaste of the *joy* of heaven, as it is the commencement of the *character* of heaven.—*T. Erskine.*

A SHORT FIRE-SIDE STORY ABOUT HONESTY.

One evening a poor man and his son, a little boy, sat by the way-side, near the gate of an old town in Germany. The father took a loaf of bread, which he had bought in the town, and broke it, and gave the half to his boy. "Not so, father," said the boy; "I shall not eat until after you. You have been working hard all day, for small wages, to support me; and you must be very hungry. I shall wait till you are done."—"You speak kindly, my son," replied the pleased father; "your love to me does me more *good than my food; and those eyes of yours remind me of your dear mother who has left us, and who told you to love* me as she used to do; and, indeed, my boy, you have been a great strength and comfort to me; but now that I have eaten the first morsel to please you, it is your turn now to eat." "Thank you, father; but break this piece in two, and take you a little more; for you see the loaf is not large, and you require much more than I do."—"I shall divide the loaf for you, my boy; but eat it I shall not; I have abundance; and let us thank God for His great goodness in giving us food, and in giving us what is better still, cheerful and contented hearts. He who gave us the living bread from heaven, to nourish our immortal souls, how shall He not give us all other food which is necessary to support our mortal bodies!" The father and son thanked God, and then began to cut the loaf in pieces, to begin together their frugal meal. But as they cut one portion of the loaf, there fell out several large pieces of gold, of great value. The little boy gave a shout of joy, and was springing forward to grasp the unexpected treasure, when he was pulled back by his father. "My son, my son!" he cried, "do not touch that money; it is not ours."—"But whose is it, father, if it is not ours?" "I know not, as yet, to whom it belongs: but, probably, it was put there by the baker, through some mistake. We must inquire. Run."—"But, father," interrupted the boy, "you are poor and needy; and you have bought the loaf, and then the baker may tell a lie, and"——"I will not listen to you, my boy; I bought the *loaf; but I did not buy the gold in it. If the baker sold it to me in ignorance, I shall not be so dishonest as to take advan*tage of him; remember Him who told us to do to others as we would have others do to us. The baker may possibly cheat us; but that is no reason why we should try and cheat him. I am poor, indeed: but that is no sin. If we share the poverty of Jesus, God's own Son, oh! let us share, also, His goodness and His trust in God. We may never be rich, but we may always be honest. We may die of starvation, but God's will be done, should we die in doing it! Yes, my boy, *trust God, and walk in His ways, and you shall never be put to shame.* Now, run to the baker, and bring him here; and I shall watch the gold until he comes." So the boy ran for the baker. "Brother-workman," said the old man, "you have made some mistake, and almost lost your money;" and he shewed the baker the gold, and told him how it had been found. "Is it thine?" asked the father; "if it is, take it away."—"My father, baker, is very poor, and"——"Silence, my child; put me not to shame

by thy complaints. I am glad we have saved this man from losing his money." The baker had been gazing alternately upon the honest father and his eager boy, and upon the gold which lay glittering upon the green turf. "Thou art, indeed, an honest fellow," said the baker, "and my neighbour, David, the flax-dresser, spoke but the truth when he said, thou wert the honestest man in our town. Now, I shall tell thee about the gold:—A stranger came to my shop three days ago, and gave me that loaf, and told me to sell it cheaply, or give it away to the honestest poor man whom I knew in the city. I told David to send thee to me, as a customer, this morning; and as thou wouldest not take the loaf for nothing, I sold it to thee, as thou knowest, for the last pence in thy purse; and the loaf, with all its treasure—and certes, it is not small!—is thine; and God grant thee a blessing with it!" The poor father bent his head to the ground, while the tears fell from his eyes. His boy ran and put his hands about his neck, and said, "I shall always like you, my father, trust God, and do what is right; for I am sure it will never put us to shame."

Jubilee Hymn.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE REV. H. W. FOX.*

I hear ten thousand voices singing
Their praises to the Lord on high;
For distant hills and shores are ringing
With anthems of their nation's joy.
"Praise ye the Lord!" for He has given
To lands in darkness bid His light:
As morning rays light up the heaven,
His Word has chased away our night!"

The sun, on Essequibo's river,
Slumbers bright on lofty verdant woods and fl
And He who came man to deliver
Is worshipped in those leafy bowers
"O Lord! once we by Satan captured,
Were slaves of sin and misery;
But now, by Thy sweet love enraptured,
We sing our song of jubilee."

On China's shores I hear His praises
From lips which once kissed idol stones.
Soon as His banner He upraises,
The Spirit moves the breathless bones.
"Speed, speed His Word o'er land and ocean,
The Lord in triumph has gone forth,
The nations heave with strange emotion,
From east to west, from south to north"

Fair are New Zealand's wooded mountains
Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steeps;
But sweeter than the murmuring fountain
Rises the song from holy lips,—
"By blood did Jesus come and save us,
So deeply stained with brother's blood
Our heart- we'll give to Him who gave us
Deliv rance from the fiery flood"

The song has bounded o'er the waters,
And India's plains re-echo joy;
Beneath the moon sit India's daughters,
Soft singing, as the wheel they ply,
"Thanks to Thee Lord! for hopes of glory,
For peace on earth, to us revealed:
Our cherished idols fell before Thee;
Thy Spirit has our pardon sealed."

O'er prairies wild the song is spreading
Where once the war cry scandal loud,
But now the evening sun is shedding
His rays upon a praying crowd,
"Lord of all worlds! Eternal Spirit!
Thy light upon our darkness shed;
For Thy dear love, for Jesus merit
From joyful hearts, we worship paid

On Afric's sunny shore, glad voices
Wake up the morn of Jubilee;
The Negro, once a slave, rejoices,—
Who's freed by Christ, is doubly free.
"Sing, brothers, sing; yet many a nation
Shall hear the voice of God, and live;
E'en we are heralds of salvation;
The Word He gave, we'll freely give!"

Hark! hark! a louder sound is booming,
O'er heaven and earth, o'er land and sea,
The angel's trump proclaims His coming,
One day of endless jubilee.
"Hail to Thee, Lord! Thy people praise Th
In every land Thy name we sing.
On heaven's eternal throne upraise Thee
Take Thou Thy power, Thou glorious K

* See the Memoir at the end of last number. The Rev. D. Maurice of New College, Oxford, well known for his great musical talents, as well as for his love and bold defence of Evangelical truth, has composed appropriate music for this hymn. Both the hymn and the music have been published in a neat and convenient form, and sold for 1s., to aid the Jubilee Fund of the C Missionary Society. Any bookseller can pr copies from Seeley's, 54 Fleet Street, Lond

Education.

DOCUMENTS RELATIVE TO THE SCHEME OF GOVERNMENT EDUCATION FOR SCOTLAND.

THE question of Government education, is one of great importance to the church and country. But desirous as we are to avoid, in our pages, the discussion of party questions, we abstain from expressing any opinion upon the subject. At the same time, we are happy to print the following documents, which convey information upon matters of fact. The first is, an Outline of the Government Scheme of Education, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, (28th April, 1840.) The others are letters in answer to certain queries requesting information upon the several points of importance referred to in them.

1. *Outline.*

The Grant is to be applied to three distinct purposes: 1. To aid in the erection of Schoolhouses and Schoolmaster's dwellings. 2. To encourage deserving pupils to enter into apprenticeship with the masters under whom they have been educated. 3. To increase the salaries of Schoolmasters.

I. GRANTS FOR BUILDING.—The only conditions attached to the grants of aid for building, are—1. That the school shall appear to be required in the place where new accommodation is to be provided; and that the new accommodation is necessary.—2. That the buildings cannot be erected without aid from the Parliamentary Grant.—3. That the *site shall be conveyed to the School Trustees, upon a valid title, for the use of the school.* The ordinary amount of grant is *ten shillings* for every six square feet of superficial area in the school-house; but in Scotland this proportion is sometimes exceeded.

II. APPRENTICE PUPILS.—The number of pupil teachers to be apprenticed in any school, is not to exceed one for every twenty-five scholars ordinarily attending. They may be admitted in schools of every description,—Parochial, Burgh, subscription, or Adventure. The application is to be made by the Trustees, Managers, or Patrons of the Schools; and to be addressed to the Privy Council Committee on Education.

Before the apprenticeship receives the sanction of their Lordships, the Inspector must report that the master is competent, or likely to become competent, to conduct the apprentice through the course of instruction to be required; that the school is well furnished, and well supplied with books and apparatus; that the instruction is skilful; and that there is a fair prospect of the salary and ordinary expenditure of the school being provided for during the apprenticeship. It must also appear, that the candidate can read well; can write a sentence or two to dictation; is acquainted with the first four rules of arithmetic, simple and compound, and with the tables of weights and measures; that he possesses an elementary knowledge of grammar and geography; that he can repeat the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and is acquainted with the outlines of Scripture history. The candidate for apprenticeship must be, at least, thirteen years of age; but when possessed of superior intellectual and moral qualifications, he may be admitted until the age of sixteen. The period of apprenticeship is to be for five years; and throughout the term, the master is to instruct the apprentice for one hour and a-half daily, on five days of the week, before or after the school hours. The subjects on which the apprentice is to be instructed, embrace, besides common elementary branches taught in all schools, the first steps in Mensuration, the Rudiments of Algebra, of Mechanics, and of Land-surveying, and Levelling. On a certain prescribed portion of these subjects, the apprentice is to be examined by the Inspector, and must be found to have attained a certain degree of proficiency at the end of each of the five years. No further conditions are attached to the admission of apprentices, and to their enjoyment of the Government bounty during the appointed term. The masters themselves are not required to have obtained any certificate of qualification from the Committee of Council. They are, however, at the end of each year of the apprenticeship, to satisfy the inspector of their competency to instruct in the branches appointed to be studied *by the apprentice during the year following.*

On the other hand, the advantages of the apprenticeship are threefold:—1. *The school* is benefited by the additional assistance thus provided to the master in the work of teaching. 2. The apprentice receives from the Committee of Council an allowance, rising by degrees in each successive year, from £10 to £20 a-year. 3. The master is to receive, from the same source, the sum of £5 a-year for one apprentice; of £9 a-year for two; of £12 for three; and £3 a-year more for each additional apprentice. It is added, that very promising pupils, on completing their apprenticeship, will receive exhibitions of £20 or £25 a year to a Normal School; such pupils being thereupon designated "Queen's Scholars."

As there are schools deserving of assistance, which yet may be unable to furnish pupils for apprenticeship likely to satisfy the above requirements in point of qualification, moderate as these are, their Lordships offer to encourage the Managers, Trustees, or Patrons, to retain the *monitors* in such Schools by small stipends,—such monitors to be continued to the age of seventeen, without apprenticeship.

The qualifications required for monitorship,

are somewhat less than those for apprentice pupils. The monitors are to receive extra daily instruction from the master. They are to serve for four years; and to prove, at the end of each year, a certain degree of proficiency in merely the elementary branches taught in all schools. The gratuities to them vary in each successive year, from £5 to £12, 10s. a-year; and to the master an annual gratuity is allowed of £2, 10s. for one monitor; £4 for two; £6 for three; and £1, 10s. for each monitor additional. Their Lordships do not sanction the admission of apprentice pupils and stipendiary monitors in the same school.

III. SALARIES.—The application for salary is to be made in the same manner, and by the same parties as the application for apprentices. It may be made also in behalf of schools of every description.

The amount of the grant for salary is to vary from £15 to £30 a-year.

The conditions of the grant are—

1. *Accommodation.*—The Trustees, Managers, or Patrons of the school, are required to provide the master with a house rent free. For the masters of parochial schools, the house is to consist of four rooms each, containing 140 square feet of area; and where not more than the legal accommodation has been provided, an annual contribution of £6 will be accepted in addition. For the masters of non parochial schools, the minimum of the accommodation required is a parlour, kitchen, scullery, and two bed-rooms.

2. *Subscription and School Fees.*—The Trustees, Managers, or Patrons of the school, or any party interested in it, are required to subscribe towards the master's salary a sum equal to the amount of the grant. The grant will be continued only so long as the master continues to have the benefit of that subscription; but to free him from the chances of any sudden withdrawal of income, the party subscribing is to engage, at the outset, to continue the subscription for, at least, a period of five years.

It is further required, that the teachers shall derive from school-fees an yearly sum equal to the amount of the grant.

These conditions as to subscription and school-fees, are, however, subject to three important qualifications:—1. That part of a *parochial* teacher's salary, which exceeds the minimum of £25, is considered as a voluntary contribution by the heritors. Supposing, therefore, that a parochial teacher has the maximum salary of £30, the difference betwixt that sum and the minimum being £5, only £6 of subscription is wanted to make up the contribution required as equivalent to an augmentation of £15; and so, whatever the excess of the actual salary above the *minimum*, the amount of the required subscription will be regulated accordingly. The same principle is observed when the augmentation claimed is of any amount betwixt £15 and £30. 2. These requirements, both of subscription and school-fees, may be abated in cases which may be reported to their Lordships as attended with special circumstances. 3. The salaries allowed to their teachers by Education Societies, whose funds are derived from annual subscription, which will be recognised *pro tanto*, as the subscription forms a condition of the augmentation.

3 *Resignation of Adjunct Offices.*—The teachers who are to receive the grant of salary, are required to resign all the minor offices they may choose to hold, excepting that of Session-Clerk, which is the one by far the most commonly held, and is said to be, on the whole, the most lucrative,—with exception, only, of the office of Inspector of the Poor, which is of recent origin; and when of considerable value, attended with much trouble. The average value of the retained office of Session-Clerk, is said to be about £10 a-year.

4. *Examination of Candidates for Salary.*—It is further required, that teachers claiming augmentation of salary, on fulfilment of the above conditions, shall undergo an examination by his Majesty's Inspector upon their knowledge of the various subjects commonly taught in schools. This examination is to take place at certain sessions of the year, and in certain of the large towns. It is to be conducted by means of printed questions, and written answers. The candidate may propose for one or other of three distinct orders of certificate, which entitled the possessor respectively to augmentation, of from £10 to £20, from £20 to £25, and from £25 to £30. The candidate for the third, or lowest certificate is required to have attained a certain proficiency in all the common elementary branches, with Religious Truth included, and the elements of Algebra, and first two Books of Euclid. A more advanced acquaintance with Geometry and Algebra and some knowledge of Plane Trigonometry, Practical Mathematics, Elements of Mechanics, Popular Astronomy, Latin and Greek, are required of the candidate for the second certificate. In all of these branches, the candidate for the third is required to have made somewhat farther progress than either of the others.

It is further intimated, that "their Lordships will grant an aid of the salary of every schoolmaster appointed to a school under the above inspection, and who has had one year's training at a Normal School, £15, or £20 per annum; and aid of the salary of every such schoolmaster who has had two years' training, £20, or £25 per annum; and of every such schoolmaster who has had three years' training, £25, or £30 per annum; provided he has, upon examination, obtained the proper certificate of merit in each year. These grants, however, to be contingent on the fulfilment of the other conditions, as to accommodations, private subscriptions, school fees and resignation of minor offices."

Such are the terms on which the Parliamentary Grant is to be applied to its several purposes. It is plain from the whole arrangement of the scheme, that their Lordships calculate upon the schools continuing to derive the greater part of the means of their subsistence from the contributions of parents in the form of school wages, and from local subscription; and that the public grants are intended as merely supplementary to these resources, one of which is common to all schools, and the other by no means uncertain.

2. *Letter addressed by the Secretary of the Privy Council Committee to Rev. Wm. Stewart of Libberton.*

Committee of Council on Education,
Privy Council, Whitehall,
March 27, 1848.

(Minutes of August and December, 1846.)

REV. SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated March 20, inquiring whether the grants for augmentation of salary and apprenticeship, will in any case be given to schools of any denomination, which are put down in places where, looking to the population, and to the schools already existing in that place, they are not to be supposed to be necessary; and where they cannot be so placed, without interfering with the schools already there established?

From the mode in which your question is framed, it is apparent, that you are aware, that the Committee of Council do not make any grants towards the erection of schools without minute preliminary inquiries on the subjects enumerated in that question; and that they have refused to accept any other rule for such grants than their manifest utility.

You cannot, therefore, have confounded grants towards the erection and establishment of schools with grants towards the improvement of schools already established. The grants of the Committee of Council for the apprenticeship of pupil-teachers, and the augmentation of the salaries of teachers who have obtained their lordships' certificates, are made under stringent conditions as to the existence of a sufficient income to maintain those schools in an average state of efficiency without these grants. They require that the school shall have been in operation long enough to secure an orderly condition of the discipline and respectable attainments among the children; as well as, that the candidates for apprenticeship shall be able to pass their examination, and the master to prove that he is competent to instruct them. These grants are also accompanied by conditions as to the tenure on which the buildings are held, their stability, &c., as guarantees of the permanency and efficiency of the school.

They are, therefore, made to those schools *only* which have not only surmounted all the primary difficulties of their first establishment; but have secured a sufficient income, a sufficient daily attendance of scholars, an average degree of *efficiency* in the instruction and *order*, in the organization and discipline of the school.

When a school is in this state, the question whether it is superfluous, is at an end; and their lordships consider it to be no part of their duty to bring into question, whether prosperous schools ought to exist.

If you find it necessary to advert to this subject in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, I request that you will read the whole of this letter to the Presbytery.—I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, your obedient servant,

J. P. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH.

3. *Letter addressed by the Secretary of the Privy Council Committee to the Rev. N. M'Leod of Dalkeith.*

13th April, 1849.

(Minutes, 1846.)

REVEREND SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant.

In reply, I am directed to call your attention to the conditions specified in the enclosed broad sheet, as requisite to be fulfilled, to enable the Committee of Council to grant an augmentation of salary to the master of a school. You will perceive, that if the master has obtained one of their lordships' certificate of merit, and the income of the school is so constituted as to fall within the terms prescribed by their lordships' minutes of August and December, 1846, the grant is made to depend upon the report of Her Majesty's Inspector, that the school is efficient in organization, discipline, and instruction.

From this, you will perceive, that the inspection of schools, aided by annual grants, differs in character from that of schools which have received a more permanent form of assistance, only in so far as is implied in the very nature of an inspection which is to precede, instead of following the payment of the grant.

In reply, therefore, to your first question, I am to observe, that their lordships still adhere to the scheme of inspection laid down in the instructions addressed to Her Majesty's Inspectors in 1840; and that schools, under a certificated master, will be inspected according to the tenor of those instructions.

In reply to the second, I am to inform you, that my lords do not, in any way, interfere with the subjects taught in the school, beyond what may be necessary to satisfy them of the school's efficiency. Their lordships could not consider that to be an efficient school for the education of the poor, in which important elementary subjects were altogether omitted, or imperfectly taught. Which of the subjects included in the examination passed by certificated masters, in order to obtain

their certificates of merit, are considered by their lordships to be the more essential, may be learnt from observing the distinction made between the subjects in Schedule A and Schedule B of the broad sheet. Their lordships would not, of course, be understood to imply, that all the subjects in Schedule A, must necessarily be taught in such schools; but, at least, such of them as may be considered the groundwork of the rest.

I am to add, that it is an essential condition, in order that schools may receive annual aid from the Committee of Council, that a portion of the entire Bible, in the authorized version, should form part of the daily instruction.

Managers of schools which have received grants in augmentation of the teachers' salary, may, at any time, withdraw their schools from inspection, with the simple consequence of no longer receiving the grant.—I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, your obedient servant.

ROBERT LINGEN,
Acting Assistant Secretary

Extracts.

"BE IN EARNEST."

"PERHAPS *there is scarcely one single phrase more frequently employed in the sphere of human activity, or better understood than this,*—BE IN EARNEST. What distinctness of aim—what fixedness of purpose—what resoluteness of will—what diligence, patience, and perseverance of action, are implied or expressed in these three words. He who would stimulate indolence, quicken activity, and inspire hope; he who would breathe his own soul into the soul of another, and kindle the enthusiasm which glows in his own bosom, says to his fellow, 'Be in earnest;' and that short sentence, uttered by his lips, has often been like a scintillation flying off from his own ardent mind, which, lighting upon the spirit of the individual whom he was anxious to move to some great enterprize, has lighted up the flames of enthusiasm there also. And what else, or what less, does Jesus Christ say to every one whom He sends into the work of the Christian ministry, than —'Be in earnest?'"

AN EARNEST MINISTRY.

"This—this is what we want, and must have, if the ends of the Gospel are ever to be extensively accomplished—*an* EARNEST *ministry.*

"We have heard much of late about a *learned* ministry, and God forbid we should ever be afflicted by so great an evil as an unlearned one. We have been often reminded of the necessity of *an educated* ministry; and, in this case, as in every other, men must be educated for their vocation; but, then, that education must be strictly appropriate and specific. We are very properly told from many quarters, we can do nothing without a *pious* ministry. This is very true; nor can any truth, bearing upon this subject, be more momentous; *for of all the curses which God ever pours from the vials of His wrath upon a nation which He intends to scourge, there is not one so fearful as giving them up to an unholy ministry.* I trust our churches will ever consider piety as the first and most essential qualification in their pastors, for which talents, genius, learning, and eloquence, would, and could be no substitutes. It will be a dark and evil day when personal godliness shall be placed second to anything else in those who serve at the altar of God; but still there is something else wanted in addition to natural talent, to academic training, and even to the most fervent, evangelical piety, and that is *intense devotedness.* This is the *one thing*, more than any, or all other things that is wanting in the modern pulpit, and that has been wanting in most ages of the Christian Church. In a valuable article in a late number of the *British Quarterly Review*, the following sentence occurs:—'*No ministry will be really effective, whatever may be its antecedents, which is not a ministry of strong faith, true spirituality, and deep earnestness.*'"—ANGEL JAMES'S *Earnest Ministry.*

Extract from a Letter, dated Adelaide, South Australia, 15th December, 1848.

"Stone masons are not wanted, because there is no stone in the country; mechanics are not needed, for there is no machinery used, except for farming purposes, and they are very rude machines they use; but brick-setters, carpenters, joiners, shoemakers, tailors, blacksmiths—who can shoe horses—wheelwrights, brickmakers, plasterers, painters; all of whom get from six to eight shillings per day, are much wanted; and farming men, in any quantity, will find employment; but

persons who have not a trade on their fingers, of some sort, find no employ. Indeed, book-keepers' places are so taken up with men that have education, but have been unfortunate in their business, that they seem a sufficient supply; and heaps of magistrates and squires are now sheep-tenters, bullock-drivers, and occupying very inferior stations, though, at the same time, they get a good living.

"Sheep-shearing is now in full operation; but sheep-farmers are suffering extremely from the low price of wool in England. Hay harvest is just concluding. Corn comes next, and the crops were never more promising.

"We have now resided more than six months in this fine country, whose climate is fit for all useful productions, and many of luxurious character: and I should not be surprised if the best wine in the world be made here."

PEACE AND PROSPERITY OF BRITAIN.

"In consequence, partly of our geographical, and partly of our moral position, we have, during several generations, been exempt from evils which have elsewhere impeded the efforts, and destroyed the fruits of industry. While every part of the Continent, from Moscow to Lisbon, has been the theatre of bloody and devastating wars, no hostile standard has been set up here as a trophy. While revolutions have taken place all around us, our Government has never once been subverted by violence. During a hundred years, there has been in our island no tumult of sufficient importance to be called an insurrection. The law has never been borne down, either by popular fury, or by legal tyranny. Public credit has been held sacred. The administration of justice has been pure. Even in times which might, by Englishmen, be justly called evil times, we have enjoyed what almost every other nation in the world never considered as an ample measure of civil religious freedom. Every man has felt entire confidence that the State would protect him in the possession of what had been earned by his diligence, and hoarded by his self-denial. Under the benignant influence of peace and liberty, science has flourished, and has been applied to practical purposes, on a scale never before known. The consequence is, that a change—to which the history of the old world furnishes no parallel—has taken place in our country. Could the England of 1685, be, by some magical process, set before our eyes, we should not know one landscape in one hundred, or one building in ten thousand."—*Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. i., p. 280.

TRAINING THE YOUNG.

(*Monthly Paper supplied by the Edinburgh Society of Juvenile Abstainers.*—Ed.)

THE meaning, extent, and obligation of the Scripture injunction contained in these words, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." (Proverbs xxii. 6.) is surely but imperfectly understood and believed; or why have we such multitudes of parents, who, so far from training up their children in the way they should go, scarcely even *tell* them of the way they should go, and, certainly, do not shew them, or walk with them in that way. As the obligation to train up a child, is not simply to tell a child the way, and leave it to find it out; but is to lead it in the way—to shew it the way—to learn it the way, by walking with it in the way,—doubtless, the obligation to do this is most fittingly and appropriately binding upon the parents of the child; yet if they neglect, if they fail to train up their child in the way it should go, their neglect and failure to discharge their duty, will not absolve us from the obligation we are under to see that the child is trained up in the way it should go; and hence the duty of every Christian is, to see that children are not left untrained in the ways of God; for if they are, they will not be untrained in the ways of sin, and will wander further and further in the evil ways of their own hearts, till they finally and forever perish.

What momentous consequences depend upon the training of the young!—what fearful results follow their being left untrained in good! It was, probably, the consideration of these consequences, or results, which prompted the devoted founders of Missionary Sabbath Schools, to pity the untaught and untrained thousands of little ones who crowd the streets and lanes of our large and populous cities, and to gather them together on the sacred

day, to speak to them of the love of God, and of their never-dying souls, and to urge them to seek to be reconciled to God, through the blood of the Saviour of sinners; that they might walk with God upon earth, and be with him forever in heaven; and who can number the parent-neglected, untaught, and untrained children, who, through the instrumentality of *the Sabbath School, have been trained to* walk in the way they should go—who have glorified God in their walk and conversation in the world—and finally departed this life in the blessed assurance of going to be with Christ, which is far better?

Doubtless, it was a deep sympathy with the untrained thousands of ragged, destitute, begging, stealing, children, and an apprehension of the fearful consequences which would result from permitting them to remain untrained, which prompted the founders of Ragged, or Industrial Schools, to gather together these outcasts of parents and of society, and bring them under a system of training, to enable them to earn their daily bread, and lead them to choose the ways of wisdom and the paths of peace.

And if the Christian community, by forming of Sabbath Schools, and by instituting Ragged Schools, thereby recognize or admit themselves to be the guardians of the untrained young, and of the parent-neglected children of our country, they will not fail to see, that, as respects intoxicants, the prolific source from which flows the large proportion of that neglect and want of training, they ought also to prove themselves the guardians of the young, and not leave generation after generation to fall into the same untrained condition as respects intoxicants, until, from the progressive increase of the evils that flow from the use of these intoxicants, the great proportion of the juvenile population fall to be trained and reared by Sabbath and Ragged School associations, instead of by their own parents,—the parties designed by the Almighty to perform that duty.

That, next to the depravity—the native, innate depravity of the human heart—the using of intoxicants has been proved the great cause of parental neglect, is beyond all doubt; and its bearing upon youthful training has been of the most painful and distressing kind. But for it, we believe, three-fourths of the untrained and uneducated children of our country had been trained in the way they should go; and the Church would have been rejoicing in the necessity of lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes; but for this, Ragged Schools, at least, would not have been needed; and parental training would have been followed by its richest reward, —the consistency and exemplary fruits of children walking in the fear of the Lord.

Surely it is not enough to admit, that there has been some mighty cause at work, blighting the sensibilities of the soul to its obligations to God and men. When the cause is discoverable, and the remedy at hand, the question of abstinence from these intoxicating liquors, which have so long proved the bane of our youth, and which have caused many thousands, and tens of thousands, nay, millions of them to be untrained in the ways of God, is not merely to be looked at at a distance, or the consideration of it as a remedy, adequate, under the Divine blessing, to remove the crying evil of our day, postponed till a more convenient season; but it ought to be adopted by the parents, and taught to the children and youth of our land as such a remedy.

Children must be taught every duty. They must be trained to adopt and practice every good thing, and abstain from every evil thing. And if parents neglect, or leave them untrained to abstain from intoxicants, then those who believe that abstinence is a good thing, must not fail to perform that duty, which these parents fail to discharge. No one can expect that intoxication can be removed from our land, while our children and youth are trained to partake by precept and example, *and are not trained not to partake.* To do something to train the young and rising generation to abstain, not merely by telling them, but by setting them the example, is, we believe, the incumbent duty of every Christian.

How often has the Christian parent had to lament over the blighted prospects of

his beloved child—his reckless career—his untimely end—his hopeless death! How often have the grey hairs been brought with sorrow to the grave; and all by the cup which that unconscious parent put into his own child's hands when yet it was a babe! How often have mothers' hearts been broken, and sisters' tears flowed, over the lost son and ruined brother! And is the past defective training still to continue? Are the young not to be trained to follow another course?—are they still to be allowed to follow on the pathway which leads to such a fearful end? Oh! no; let us, casting aside our prejudices, look at this question in the sight of *God*; and, seeking His direction, let us *inquire*, whether it is not our *solemn and imperative duty to train the young to abstain from intoxicants?*

No training is a neglect of duty;—indeed, there cannot be such a thing as no training; for if we are not training the young to good, we are training them to evil. To leave the young untrained on the question of abstaining or partaking of intoxicating liquors, is, therefore, to leave them to be trained by the practices of those around them; and we know the practice most commonly is, that of partaking,—the practice from which springs the untrained children of the Sabbath and Ragged Schools,—the practice from which arises our pauperism, crime, madness, and premature death.

The training the young to abstain, does not imply that they are to take a pledge: for the pledge is no part of abstinence, and ought not to be associated in any one's mind with it. Abstinence should be *taught and practised from love to God*, and from a sincere desire that *His kingdom* may come, and His will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

Religious Intelligence.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

It is known, we dare say, to most of our readers, that in the months of May and June, meetings are held in London of all the leading missionary and benevolent societies of Britain, amounting, in all, to nearly fifty. Public sermons, upon week-days and Sabbath days, are preached in connection with them. Our space will not permit of our giving more than an abstract of this year's Reports of four of those societies.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

The following is a general summary of results for 1849:—

"The entire receipts of the year ending March 31, 1849, amount to £95,933, 6s. 1d. The amount applicable to the general purposes of the Society, is £52,574, 14s. 3d., including £7636, 16s. 3d., special contributions in aid of the extended circulation of the Scriptures on the Continent, and £31,993, 15s. 5d., free contributions from Auxiliary Societies, shewing an increase, in this item, of £695, 11s. 1d. The receipts for Bibles and Testaments, amount to £43,358, 11s. 10d. The issues of the Society for the year, amount to 1,107,518,—viz., from the depôt at home, 802,133; from the depôt abroad, 305,385. The total issues of the Society have now amounted to 21,973,355. The expenditure, during the past year, has been £88,831, 1s. 2d.; and the Society is under engagements to the extent of £67,694, 0s. 11d."

The immense advance which has been made, during the last forty-five years, in translating and disseminating the Word of God, cannot but excite our wonder and gratitude. In 1804, there was not a society in existence, whose sole object was to diffuse the Word of God; there are now upwards of 9000 Bible Societies. In 1804, as far as could be ascertained, there were only 4,000,000 of Bibles in circulation; there are now 32,000,000. In 1804, the Bible was translated into forty-nine languages only: it is now translated into 138 languages. In 1804, it was accessible to 200,000,000 of the human race: it is now accessible to 600,000,000. *But not one translation of the Bible has been made by the Church of Rome, for the benefit of the heathen, since the Reformation.*

THE TRACT SOCIETY.

The Society has attained, this year, the jubilee of its existence. The total receipts of the year, including the sales, have been £59,495, 3s. 3d. The total circulation of tracts and books at home and abroad, in 100 different languages, amounted, last year, to the astonishing amount of 500,000,000 copies!

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The ordinary income for last year, amounts to £104,003, 8s. 5d. Upwards of £9000 has been raised, and expended by the Missions abroad. In addition to the above sum, the jubilee fund (which is not yet closed) amounts to upwards of £33,000. At Kisnagur (North India) the whole number of converts is 4500. In *Jimenelly (South India)* the number of communicants is 2634, while the number under regular Christian instruction, amounts to 23,373.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

The income for the past year has amounted to £104,126, 19s. 7d. We extract the following from the summary of the Report:—

"The cheering picture which is presented of the Society's Mission in New Zealand, viewed in connection with the confirmation of the Treaty of Waitangi, appears sufficient to awaken the hope, that New Zealand may, at length, exhibit the delightful spectacle of a noble aboriginal race, rescued, by Christianity, from the desolating effects hitherto produced by colonization, and elevated to the condition of a Christian and civilized community. The narrated triumphs of the Gospel in dark and cannibal Fejee, appear calculated to give new impulse to Missionary zeal, by furnishing proof, that no portion of the human family is sunk so low in degradation and crime, as to be placed beyond the influence of Gospel grace and mercy. The feeling of discouragement which had been created by the violent interruption of the Society's plans and labours in South-Eastern Africa, resulting from the last Kaffir war, is dissipated by the intelligence communicated in the Report, that the Mission in that country has been favoured with a gracious visitation from on high; that there has been an almost unprecedented religious awakening in the native congregations, and a consequent net increase of nearly 400 church members. The reported addition of more than 700 communicants at the Society's Mission in Sierra Leone, must be especially cheering to those who are accustomed to regard that deeply-interesting spot as the nursery of Christianity and civilization, where the Great Head of the Church appears to be preparing His chosen instruments for the more general extension of His truth, and its concomitant blessings, throughout Western Africa. Every great division of the globe, in fact, furnishes its quota of encouragement, and cause for gratitude."

We shall give additional information in our next number.

ROME.

THE INQUISITION.

The following horrible details of the Inquisition at Rome, appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, and has since been copied into various newspapers. The Italian Correspondent of the *Daily News* is understood to be Mr. Mahoney, an Irish priest; but better known to the readers of periodicals as "Father Prout."

We recommend it to the careful perusal of all who "detest the Reformation," and "long to throw themselves at the feet of the venerable Pontiff, and ask his forgiveness."

"Talking of excavations, I visited this morning the works going on in the subterranean vaults of the holy office, and was not a little horrified at what I saw with my own eyes, and held in my own hands.

"Though I have been familiar with everything in and about Rome for a quarter of a century, I confess I never had any curiosity to visit the Inquisition, taking it for granted, that everything was carried on there fairly and honestly, as I was led to believe, by people worthy, in other respects, of implicit trust. Besides, the place itself is out of the beaten track of all strangers, and in a sort of *cul de sac* behind St. Peter's, where it naturally retired to perform its blushing operations, and 'do good by stealth.' I was struck with the outward appearance of civilisation and comfort displayed by the building, which owes its erection to Pius V., author of the last creed; but, on entering, the real character of the concern was no longer dissimulated. A range of strongly barred prisons formed the ground floor of a quadrangular court; and these dark

and damp receptacles, I found, were only the preliminary stage of probation, intended for new comers, as yet uninitiated into the Eleusinian mysteries of the establishment. Entering a passage to the left, you arrive at a smaller court-yard, where a triple row of small barred dungeons rises from the soil upwards, somewhat after the outward look of a three-decker, 'accommodating' about sixty prisoners. These barred cages must have been often fully manned, for there is a supplementary row constructed at the back of the quadrangle on the ground-floor, which faces a large garden. All these cellular contrivances have strong iron rings let into the masonry; and in some there is a large stone firmly imbedded in the centre, with a similar massive ring. Numerous inscriptions, dated centuries back, are dimly legible on the admission of light, the general tenor being the assertion of innocence:—'*Iddio ci liberi di lingua calumniatrice*;' '*Io domenico Gazzoli vissi qui anni* 18;' '*Calumniatores meudaces exterminabuntur*.' I read another, somewhat longer, the drift of which is,—'The caprice or wickedness of man cannot exclude me from thy Church, O Christ, my only hope.' The officer in charge led me down to where the men were digging in the vaults below; they had cleared a downward flight of steps, which was chocked up with old rubbish, and had come to a series of dungeons under the vaults, deeper still, and which immediately brought to my mind the prisons of the Doge, under the canal of the Bridge of Sighs at Venice, only that here there was a surpassing horror. I saw imbedded in old masonry, unsymmetrically arranged, five skeletons, in various recesses, and the clearance had only just begun; the period of their insertion in this spot must have been more than a century and a-half. From another vault, full of skulls, and scattered human remains, there was a shaft about four feet square, ascending perpendicularly to the first floor of the building, and ending in a passage off the hall of the chancery, where a trap-door lay between the tribunal and the way into a suit of rooms, destined for one of the officials. The object of this shaft could admit of but one surmise. The ground of the vault was made up of decayed animal matter, a lump of which held imbedded in it a long silken lock of hair; as I found, by personal examination, as it was shovelled up from below. Why or wherefore, with a large space of vacant ground lying outside the structure, this charnel-house should be contrived under the dwelling, passes my ken. But that is not all: there are two large subterranean limekilns, if I may so call them; shaped like a beehive in masonry, filled with layers of calcined bones, forming the substratum of two other chambers on the ground floor in the immediate vicinity of the very mysterious shaft above mentioned. I know not what interest you may attach to what looks like a chapter from Mrs. Radcliff; but had I not the evidence of my own senses, I would never have dreamt of such appearances in a prison of the holy office, being thoroughly sick of the nonsense that has for years been put forth on that topic by partisan pens. But here the thing will become serious, for to-morrow the whole population of Rome is publicly invited by the authorities to come and see, with their own eyes, one of the results of entrusting power to clerical hands. Libels on the clergy have been manifold during the last four months, and have done their work among the masses. But mere talking is nothing to the actual view of realities.

"Sæculus irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

"The archives (wanting the very recent ones only) have been overhauled, and a selection will be forthwith published. The cases are of the most intense interest, reaching from Galileo's time down to modern days; and here most disgraceful letters from the Sardinian and Neapolitan courts, including a choice correspondence from the Duke of Modena, will be given verbatim, *in extenso*. Latterly the concern had become almost exclusively political, and only busied itself with 'carbonari' and 'freemasons,' under which terms, every aspirant after a constitutional form of government, was thought fair game, and hunted out *secundem artem*.

"It is quite possible that the Croats of Radetski may force back on the population of these territories clerical rulers again; but no friend of the Roman Catholic Church, acquainted with the present sentiments of the Romans, can view such an event without deep alarm."

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE.

"THE struggle of our English Christianity, will not be with bodies of men, whether Romish or infidel; but with that ominous tendency of the human mind, too clearly indicated, as it is at this moment, from end to end of Europe; which, while it relieves us from anxiety regarding the mischievous agency of individuals or of parties, inspires a deep awe, if not alarm, as it announces the *final conflict of first principles, touching religious belief*."—ISAAC TAYLOR, (*Loyola*, p. 341.)

Foreign Correspondence.

We are most anxious to interest our readers in the state of religion upon the Continent. By the marvels of steam, we are brought into close neighbourhood with our brethren upon the other side of the channel. It is now possible to worship, one Sabbath among the mountains of Scotland, and the next among the mountains of Switzerland, or in the capitals of France, Prussia, or Austria. Scotland, from her geographical position, has been hitherto more isolated than any other European country from the Continental nations. This has affected our national character more than is generally suspected. But we can remain separated no longer; for good or evil, according as we love either, we must now influence, and be influenced by the Continent. In the great battle which, we believe, is now about to be fought, with intense earnestness, between truth and error, every portion of the army of the living God should, if possible, be acquainted with each other, and be drawn together by the bonds of love to a common Lord and a common cause. The state of the Continental Protestant churches cannot—ought not—be a matter of indifference to us. Their burden should be our burden,—their joy and success, our joy and reward. It was so in other days of trial and difficulty. The Church of Scotland always expressed her deepest sympathy for her "sisters in trouble," and more than once made splendid contributions to aid them,—at a period, too, in her own history, when she was, comparatively speaking, a poor church. One collection—amounting, we believe, to upwards of £82,000 Scots—was sent to the Church of France in the 17th century; and we understand, that a receipt for the money is now among our Assembly Records. A collection was also ordered (in 1750) to be made in every parish in Scotland, to endow a church and school in Breslau, the capital of Silesia,—"a church which," to quote the words of the act, "is surrounded by Popery, and rears up its head as a bulwark against the errors of that idolatrous religion,—a church which is situated in the capital of an extensive country, a large trading city, and, therefore, by the blessing of God, may be of service to the truth as it is in Jesus, to give a check to Popery, and to bring many souls out of darkness to the light of the Gospel!" These are noble sentiments, and worthy of a National Protestant Church. The result of this appeal was a collection of £900 sterling. In this day of Gospel light and revival—in this day of combat with the gathering powers of darkness—in this day of more intimate acquaintanceship with the state of churches abroad—shall the Church of Scotland manifest less catholicity, less sisterly interest in foreign churches, than she did a century ago? This would be, indeed, an alarming evidence of degeneracy, which, we hope, may never be witnessed. With the desire to excite an interest among our readers in behalf of foreign churches, we shall continue to give, from time to time, such information as can be relied upon. Our present notice regards

FRANCE.

The position of the National Protestant Church of France, is every day becoming more interesting. After the Revolution of February, a Synod of the National Church assembled at Paris, to seek a restoration of her Presbyterian polity, by preparing a draught of a Church constitution to be laid before the Government, with a petition, that they would request the National Assembly to pass it into law. The Synod was composed of two parties—the Latudinarians and the Orthodox. The former embraced men holding doctrines bordering on orthodoxy, to those holding opinions bordering on infidelity. The opposite party were shaded, from the most fervent piety, down to the coldest orthodoxy. The Latudinarians numbered, in the Synod, about 43; the latter, 37. In the great question regarding a confession, which was debated

for five days, the Latudinarians argued against all confessions. No member of the Synod expressed his willingness to sign the Rochelle Confession of Faith, which was the old Calvinistic Confession. M. Adolphe Monod protested only against its being *declared* abolished. MM. F. Monod, De Gasparin, and Jules Bonnet, proposed a confession declarative of their actual belief. It was finally agreed, that, at present, no Confession of Faith should be adopted, but that an address should be issued to the churches. This address acknowledges the Divinity of Christ, and orthodox views seem implied throughout. If its words have, in France, the meaning which we attach to them in Scotland, the orthodox party have gained, and the Rationalistic party lost everything by this declaration sent forth by the Synod. In the meantime, as we formerly stated, MM. F. Monod, De Gasparin, and one or two others, have seceded from the Church. *We do not think the declaration sufficient, and long to see a positive confession which, in some form or other, is* essential to the very existence of a visible church. In the meantime, we have much pleasure in laying the following communication before our readers, (as the first of a series,) from a highly talented and much esteemed correspondent, a pastor of the National Church:—

It is not as a divine to a divine,—a pretension above your modesty, and my own capacity,—it is merely as a friend to a friend, that I mean to offer you a plain, unadorned, but, I trust, grounded, and sober statement, of the present state of the Reformed Church of France, together with some ramifications, indissolubly connected with the subject. The literary refinements of an essayist, you must not expect from me; it is doubtful whether I would succeed in my own language; it is certain I could but fail in my poor, broken English. But plain truth you have a right to; and that you shall have, as far as careful inquiry, extensive acquaintance, numerous readings, frequent travels, and disinterested views, may secure. I know you love truth, and you know I do love it also. And since readers of a like spirit are the only ones you care, and I write for, the ties of intellectual relationship must soon be formed between us. In the very outset, your correspondent will shew, to impartial minds, that he tries both to see and to speak clear, as he delights to feel and judge charitably.

In no question are these two dispositions more necessary, than in the intricate subject of Continental Protestantism. Hardly known, and badly understood, it calls for the attention and calmness of Scotch Christians; but is sure to prove a reward to such as will consider it with patience and candour.—Patience, because we cannot touch the present, without speaking of the past; candour, because prepossession and favourite systems are often to be called in question.

It is not sufficiently known in Scotland, that the Reformed Churches of France—the work and glory, under God, of Calvin, Beza, Farel, Claude, Daillé, Saurin, &c.—were, from the beginning, and continued, down to the present time, under more or less severe persecutions, which never allowed the regular settlement of an ecclesiastical organization. How often were their Synods interrupted or dispersed by the musket of a Charles IX., or the sword of a Louis XIV.! I cannot relate those unhappy times; but they must be borne in mind, to understand the readiness with *which our long-tried fathers accepted the* first arrangement that looked like toleration. This is to be traced to the genius of Napoleon; when, after the bloody period of reigning infidelity, he felt the want of religious institutions either to chain, or to soothe the tiger, he enacted a law, called the '*Concordat*' which contained all the regulations under which the Roman Catholic, as well as the Protestant Churches, were to be placed. Now, as this document has been, for the last forty-eight years, and *is still*, the only law of the land, it is of paramount importance to know it. No one can understand our present state, and the next movements of our Church, who does not carefully inquire into its articles. I shall therefore give, not tediously, but yet faithfully, the main part of it. Let the reader remember, that before that time, Protestantism had never been *an establishment* in France, except we give that name to edicts and treaties of peace, agreed upon, after each civil war, to be soon broken, when Protestants were growing dangerous for Popery, and then given back, or withdrawn, according to the result of battles, or the power of the Romish clergy. The *Concordat*, then, is the first serious attempt at Church and State connection, between the Reformed Church and the French Government.

The *Concordat*, also called sometimes the *Organic Law*, contains three parts, or

chapters. The first relates to the general dispositions concerning the whole of French Protestantism. The second relates to the *Reformed*, and the third, to the *Lutheran* Churches. These very heads suggest some elucidation, which, in fact, are indispensable, and which had better be given along with the articles of the law themselves. My first remark, then, is, that Lutheranism, properly speaking, is limited to the parts of France which were formerly German, and which, having been conquered by Louis XIV., were added to the French territory, but yet retained with the German language, what one may call the German form of Protestantism,—that is, the Lutheran doctrines and ecclesiastical institutions. For this, and other motives, I will limit myself to the Reformed Churches, which may be emphatically termed French Protestantism.

Now, the first chapter of the *Organic Law* having enacted the general condition of the ministerial capacity, such as, the quality of Frenchmen—the regular studies in a school of Divinity—submission to the political power, &c., proceeds to two important articles; *the first obliges the Church to look for the approbation of the authorities before any change can take place in her teaching, preaching, or discipline*,—a circumstance most important for the clear understanding of our present difficulties,—the second binds the State to provide for the maintenance and support of the ministers. If an impatient reader wishes to know what is the teaching about which no change is to take place without the Government's approbation, let him wait patiently for explanations, which he is sure to find in the course of my letters, but too long to be given here, seeing they must interrupt the exposition of the *Concordat*.

Its second chapter is entirely devoted to the Reformed Church. It says:—"The Reformed Churches of France are composed of pastors, local *consistoires*, (or presbyteries,) and synods."

Thus, the organic law, having found our historical churches Presbyterian, left them, and recognised them as such. It is a remarkable fact, that Congregationalism on the one hand, and Episcopacy on the other, never obtained amongst us. I do not blame, nor do I praise; I merely state the fact. It is also impossible not to perceive *thus far* the good will of the legislator, already visible in the distinction made between our communion and the Lutheran one, thus leaving entire the character of our Presbyterian Reformed Church.

The next stipulation of the organic law, bears upon the qualifications of the church officers, together with their attributions, duties, or privileges. It expressly places in their hands the keeping of the old evangelical discipline; and it also states the conditions and the mode of their appointment. This has been the main cause of evil; for while the discipline is, on the whole, admirably faithful, the *Concordat* does not sufficiently mark faithfulness to Christian doctrine and practice, as the condition of eligibility to the office of elder. It merely says, that the twelve elders, forming, with the minister, what is called a *consistoire*, are to be chosen 'amongst the Protestants paying the highest taxes.' Justice requires that it should be distinctly stated, that it does not follow, as it has been often and falsely said, that the twelve richest men of the Church are, *ipso facto*, the elders; but only the law mentions the obligation of choosing *amongst* the members placed in a certain class of society, as more likely to offer the qualifications desirable for the welfare and respectability of the flock. In fact, this vague provision has never bound any of our churches. I do not know one single *consistoire*, in which are to be found *only* the richest members of the Church; and the State has never—not in one single instance—objected to the election of our church-officers. Indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, elders come to, and go out of office, without the knowledge of our authorities. Their very name never comes under the Government's eye, except in extraordinary occasions, such as public addresses, or collapses, &c. The documents transmitted to the political magistrates, are signed only by the *consistoire's* chairman, who is always a clergyman. Thus, practically, the law has been working far less injuriously than it could have been expected. Yet the contradiction cannot be justified: to place a whole body of discipline in the hands of those whose character is not explicitly described as agreeing with its requirements, is an implicit violation of that very discipline for the support of which they are elected. This ecclesiastical solecism can be attributed only to the levity with which careless, infidel legislators, framed, under the rude command of Napoleon, the constitution of a Church perfectly insignificant in their eyes, since it contained but an imperceptible handful in the nation. The wonder is not how they did so, but rather how they condescended to do anything at all! I confess, for my humble part, that I cannot but see the hand of God in a mea-

sure which, in spite of its many shortcomings, was the beginning of Church and State relations between France and Protestantism. Our fathers thought so too, and they accepted even those very imperfect grounds of union. Were they wrong? Let facts answer;—they are stubborn things. Had they not before them the condition of Protestantism in all countries, when it had been deprived of the support of the State? What had become of Italian Protestantism?—Dead. What of Spanish Protestantism?—Dead. What of Belgian Protestantism?—Dead. Crushed everywhere under the despotic powers, obeying then the cruel hatred of the Romish court. Would it have been wise, therefore, at the first dawning of better days, to reject a helping, although unskilful hand? Was the fate of Protestantism, extinguished under persecution, to be preferred to Protestantism flourishing under protection? Our fathers surely knew, as well as we do, that God does not absolutely want the help of any man, or any power, to accomplish his decrees; neither does He want food to sustain the human frame. He could undoubtedly cause man to live without nourishment, and yet He is pleased to use the means which He has Himself chosen; thus finding in the connection with the State, the Providential reasons of a prosperity which had been granted to sister-churches of other nations, and, in the absence of that connection, the manifest explanation of the misfortunes, and final overthrow of Protestantism. They accepted the connection in spite of its many imperfections, and with well-grounded hopes of future improvement.

I have alluded to the prospect of flourishing under protection; and here I must postpone the analysis of our *Concordat*, to give facts, plain facts, as the best proofs.

An old minister has told me, that when he began his labours, forty years ago, the miserable state of our scattered and oppressed flocks could be understood, from the fact, that all the truly orthodox preachers throughout the whole country, *could be numbered upon one hand's fingers*. Now, if we look upon the acceptation of the *Concordat*, with all its faults, *as an absolute evil for the Reformed Church of France, surely it must have* proved the death-blow to this weakened and dying Church. Was it really the case? Let us see. It is not upon the fingers of one hand, nor, thank God, upon the fingers of one dozen hands, that our faithful preachers may now be numbered. I shall not venture to give cyphers, for two reasons. *First*, I am not one of those who think that man may judge the heart of man,—'the Lord knoweth those who are His;' and, therefore, I always shrink from those lists where conversion and non-conversion are pointed out in two columns, as if infallibility itself had drawn the line;* and *secondly*, if judgment by the delicate evidences of life, piety, inward experiences, is difficult everywhere, and with all, judgment by the doctrine is not less difficult *with us*. I should, for my part, decidedly object to recognizing, as a true servant of God, many an indolent mind and lazy heart, that conceals himself under the usurped title of orthodox, and that would, for the sake of a quiet enjoyment of a given position, accept even a great deal more than orthodoxy requires. The number of those who feel as I do on this subject, is increasing daily—not in France alone, but in every country. On the contrary, we reckon in *our* church a number of men, whose life savours so highly of Christian principles, and proves so honourable to God, and useful to man, that we conscientiously look upon them as instruments of much good amongst us, in spite of their nice scruples upon this, or that point, of *to us* essential orthodoxy.

But, although we do not feel equal to the task of giving even approximate numbers, we may shew the fruits of labours, which evidently manifest the power of God. There is such a contrast between the French Reformed Church *before*, and the same Church *after* the adoption of the organic law, that it is really impossible not to recognize the transaction itself as a blessing. In fact, the revival both of vital personal piety, and of church action in France, is to be traced to the organization, however imperfect, of our disseminated congregations—the rebuilding of *temples*—the appointment of two Divinity Colleges, Strasbourg and Montauban—the salary of pastors by the State,—and, in fact, the formal recognition of the reformed faith, together with all the advantages connected with it. Surely we need not repudiate the glorious work of our ancestors, who, deprived of the same privileges, could nevertheless enjoy rich effusions of the Holy Spirit upon their labours. But, let it be recollected also,

* Dr. Baird of New York, who is, perhaps, better acquainted with the state of religion in every part of the Continent, than any man living, says, "There are about 240 colporteurs, and 200 evangelists; and, besides these, 200 *ministers* connected with the Protestant Established Church, who preach Christ crucified. Others there are, who, though they do not preach the Gospel clearly, are coming more and more to the knowledge of the truth."—[EDITOR.]

that in spite of their constancy and zeal, their final defeat, and the extinction of Protestantism, was, humanly speaking, as likely to take place in France, as in the rest of Romish Europe, had not the providence of God brought about that protecting connection, under which we began to breathe, after the long and violent assaults of our adversaries.

The situation of our churches ever since the promulgation of the organic law, in 1802, may be described in two words,—constant improvement. In doctrine, in piety, in zeal, in the creation of the divers means of doing good, the contrast with the preceding period is so striking, that it may be called the resurrection of Protestantism.

Copies of the Holy Book had become very scarce: and families, who had kept the name and recollection of their ancestors' religion, rather than the real knowledge of it, were reduced to traditional teaching, from the scarcity of New Testaments, or even catechisms. Owing to the legal situation of Protestantism in the land, influential men soon founded a Bible Society, whose meetings and labours, being henceforth tolerated, were abundantly blessed for the revival of scriptural Christianity; another Bible Society, founded upon motives that will eventually come under our consideration, has also been established since, and also blessed for the diffusion of God's word amongst Roman Catholics.

The printing of tracts and larger standard works of sound divinity, so impracticable before that they were often published out of the territory, has taken a new impulse; and an evangelical French literature is rapidly forming.

However straightened in their own necessities, our churches no sooner began to enjoy a measure of peace and security, than they became alive to the sense of missionary obligations; and an efficient institution, training qualified young Christians for the noble task, has sent, and continues to send, heralds of salvation to perishing heathens.

Of the *Société Evangélique* and the *Société Centrale*, I must not speak here, having hereafter to give minute strictures upon both. But I may mention the admirable institution of *les Diaconesses*, or Prot stant sisters of charity, which, under the pious and intelligent direction of its founder, Pastor Vermeil, has done much good, and has likewise so much added to the good name of Protestantism. I do not mean to describe, or even to mention all the branches of Christian instrumentality, in this kind of introduction to the letters which you have desired; but without encroaching upon what is to be said more at large, it was perhaps necessary to allude cursorily to the real state of things; and then, in connection with the main line of argument pursued here, can your conscience, dear friend, admit, that our fathers were wrong to accept the union with the State, and that their children ought to give it up easily?

I may now return to our ecclesiastical and civil constitution, properly speaking; and it will be the subject of my next letter.

Notices of Books.

The Benefits of Christ's Death, &c., originally written in Italian, by ANNIO PALEARIO, &c., with an introduction, by the Rev. John Ayre, A.M. *Religious Tract Society.* (price 1s. 6d.)

THERE is a very singular history connected with this work. The author was a distinguished Italian. He was born in 1500. After passing many years at Rome, he was appointed professor of Greek and Latin, and lecturer on philosophy and rhetoric, in the city of Sienna. By a diligent study of the Scriptures, and the writing of the German Reformers, he became a decided Christian. In 1543, he published this little work on *the Benefits of Christ's Death*. It soon attracted general attention, and was eagerly read by the people: 40,000 copies were sold in six years. It was said, that Cardinal Pole circulated it. The wrath of the Italian clergy, and the zeal of the Inquisition, were roused against the author. In spite of many friends high in power, Annio was seized and cast into the dungeons of the Inquisition. One of the accusations against him was, that "he ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ." After remaining in prison for three years, he was sentenced to be suspended on a gibbet, and his body to be committed to the flames,—though, according to some authorities, he was burned alive.

In a letter written to his wife before his execution, he says, "The hour is now come when I pass from this life to my Lord, and Father, and God. I depart as joyfully as if I were going to the nuptials of the Son of the Great King; which I have always prayed my Lord to grant me through his goodness and infinite mercy." He entered into his rest about the year 1570. Aonio's work was translated into several languages. But so successful were the attempts of the Romish clergy and inquisitors to suppress it everywhere, *that as late as the year* 1840, the following curious notice of it, by Mr. Macaulay, occurs in the *Edinburgh Review*. Writing on "the revolutions of the papacy," he says,—"It was not on moral influence alone that the Catholic Church relied. In Spain and Italy, the civil power was unsparingly employed in her support. The inquisition was armed with new powers, and inspired with a new energy. If Protestantism, or the semblance of Protestantism shewed itself in any quarter, it was instantly met, not by party-teasing persecution, but that sort which tears down and crushes all but a very few select spirits. Whoever was suspected of heresy, whatever his rank, his learning, or reputation, was to purge himself to the satisfaction of a severe and vigilant tribunal, or to die by fire. Heretical books were sought out, and destroyed with unsparing rigour. Works which were once in every house, were so effectually suppressed, that no copy of them is now to be found in the most extensive libraries. One book, in particular, entitled '*the Benefits of the Death of Christ*,' had this fate. It was written in Tuscan, was many times reprinted, and was eagerly read in every part of Italy. But the inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone. They proscribed it; and it is now *as utterly lost*, as the Second decade of Livy."

But this precious seed was *not* lost; but only for a time buried until a spring should come. That spring seems to have now come for Italy, inasmuch as liberty of conscience has been obtained, and the Church of Christ is free to publish everywhere, and in any form, the everlasting Gospel. An English copy of Aonio's work was discovered three years ago, and has been published by the Religious Tract Society. No Italian copy has yet been found. But we understand, that a translation into Italian is being made; and thus, in the wonderful providence of God, the long buried seed may grow again in Italy, and bring forth much fruit to God; and Aonio may again be honoured to make known upon earth "the benefits of Christ's death," which, we doubt not, he himself experiences in glory now.

We can afford space for one extract only, upon

FAITH AND WORKS.

"By faith are we justified and saved; and therefore St. Paul doth, in a manner, always call those saints whom we now call Christians; who, if they have not Christ's spirit, are none of Christ's; and, consequently, no Christians at all. But if they have the spirit of Jesus Christ to rule and govern them, we must not doubt, but that although they know well that they be made righteous through faith only, yet for all that they will become never the more slothful to do good works. For Christ's Spirit is the spirit of love; and love cannot be idle, nor cease from the doing of good works. But if we will say the truth, a man can do no good works, except he know himself to be become righteous by faith; for before he knoweth that, his doing of good works is rather to make himself righteous, than for the love and glory of God; for he defileth all his works with self-love, for the love of himself an; his own profit. But he who knoweth himself to become righteous by the merits and righteousness of Christ, (which he maketh his own by faith,) laboureth happily, and doth good works all day, for the love and glory of Christ, and not for love of himself, or to make himself righteous. And therefore it cometh, that the true Christian (that is, to wit, he who accounteth himself righteous by reason of Christ's righteousness) asketh not, whether good works be recommended or not; but being wholly moved and favoured with a certain virtue of godly love, he offereth himself willingly to do all the works that are holy and Christian-like, and never ceaseth to do well."

Those beings only are fit for solitude who are like nobody, who like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

NEIGHBOURLY LOVE.

"Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification."—Rom. xv 2.

A poor working-man is apt to think that he is of very little importance in the world. I do not wonder at this. He hears the rich, the great, the eloquent, and the powerful, much spoken of: and he perceives of what importance *they* are; but as for himself, he is hardly known, even by name, to his nearest neighbours. Whether he is happy or sorrowful, well-doing or ill-doing, alive or dead, what matters it to them! how much less to the town, or to the parish in which he lives—nothing at all to the great world! He thus fancies himself to be like a leaf in the forest, unnoticed while it grows, and never missed when it withers and dies. He feels himself a small, valueless fraction, in the immense mass of mankind, whose presence does not sensibly increase, or whose absence does not sensibly diminish the great whole. Such thoughts as these often produce a careless, selfish spirit; and if they do not stir up a wicked and unloving feeling towards God, (as if even He did not know, or care for us!) they frequently give rise to unkindness towards our fellowmen. For I have more than once heard a working-man ask, in the bitterness of his soul, "What am I to others, and what are others to me?" I have known many, under the influence of such feelings, "hide themselves from their own flesh;" and nothing is more common than to hear people say, and that, too, with pride and self-satisfaction, "We don't meddle with our neighbours, and we do not wish our neighbours to meddle with us." "We keep ourselves to ourselves." Now, I am sure you will admit, that wherever this spirit exists, it is not the spirit which is breathed in this beautiful command:—"Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification;" nor is it the Spirit of Him by whose example the command is enforced, "for even Christ pleased not Himself!"

But yet no two errors are more common in daily life, than supposing, either that others are of no importance to us; or that we are of no importance to others. These errors stand and fall together. The moment we discover how much our state is affected by others, that moment we also discover how much the state of others is affected by our own. Now, when you ask, "What are others to me?"—as if they really were nothing to you!—is impossible that you seriously believe this to be true, or that you can imagine yourself to be so separated from your kind as to be beyond the reach of their influence. Let us consider the matter calmly. If you were in deep family affliction—if you had lost a beloved wife or child, and your heart was breaking beside your lonely fireside—and if a neighbour, who was hitherto almost a stranger to you, entered your house, and spoke kind and sympathizing words to you—shed his tears with yours, and convinced you by his whole manner, that he felt for you with a brother's heart,—could you say then, "My neighbour is nothing to me?" If you and your family were confined to beds of sickness, with little in the house to support you, and everything going to wreck and ruin; and if this man or woman visited you, cheered you up with words of hope, shared their food gladly with you and your children, and with ready hand performed those little domestic duties to your household, which restored a look of comfort and neatness to your dwelling,—would such neighbours be nothing to you? If you were in spiritual difficulties and soul distresses, if in your hour of darkness, when temptations were overcoming you, when you were backsliding from God, or when you had fallen into sin, and were, by your own carelessness and godlessness, becoming separated from your best friends; yea, if when you were seeking to live without God in the world, a Christian neighbour came to you—not in the spirit of anger, to upbraid you, or

in the spirit of pride to trample you down—but, in the spirit of meekness and of love, to carry your heavy burden, making it his own; grieving over your misery; helping to restore you to God, and to restore you to yourself; if he affectionately warned you, encouraged you, read God's Word to you, and earnestly prayed with you,—tell me, would such a neighbour as this be nothing to you? I will not multiply the various ways in which a neighbour might please you for your good. And I need not ask, if such brotherly kindness would touch your heart. I know it would. Deeds far less considerate then these excite your gratitude; you feel that such neighbours would make the world look to you far brighter than it now does, and that life, in spite of its sorrows, would be a very sunshine. After such experience of good will from your fellowmen, you would never again say, "My neighbour is nothing to me;" but you would rather confess with thankfulness: "my neighbour is everything to me; he is my help, my counsellor, my friend. I know not what I would have done without him." Ah! then, you cannot choose, but see what an effect such neighbours would have upon your good and happiness. And why? Is it because they were rich? No! for they are poor working people like yourself. Have they learning? not what the world calls learning. They can read God's Word, to be sure; and may be, have gathered no small share of wisdom from Bunyan, and Howe, and Henry, and Flavel, and Baxter, and Willison,—those holy companions of many a Scottish home. Are your neighbours much spoken about, then? Does the world know or care for them? No! they are humble unknown men and women; poor and unknown, as were Jesus Christ and His parents for many a day. What have they, then, which has made them of such importance to you? They have *hearts*,—hearts touched with the Love of God and man. Silver and gold they had none; but what they had they gave to you,—tender sympathy, willing aid, sincere prayers, sweet and tender charity; and this, thank God, the poor can give the poor; and upon the giving of this, depends the world's good and happiness, more than on aught else beside! Your neighbour has learned this grand lesson from His master,—not to please himself, but to please you for your good; he has trampled under foot the selfish and unchristian saying, "I keep myself to myself;" and he has put in its place one more worthy of a follower of Christ, "I give myself to thee." And though this poor neighbour is of little importance to the big, noisy world, he is of great importance to you. He is like the candle or the food in your house,—if the one was extinguished, and the other removed, neither would be missed by the world; but they would be greatly missed by yourself and by your family.

But if you now see clearly how others may tell upon your good and happiness, I hope you also see how, in the very same way, you may tell upon the good and happiness of others. What does any neighbour do to you which you may not do to others? He commenced this kind intercourse. Until he entered your door, you had no idea there was so much love in the world,—you had hard thoughts of men; but this kind brotherly dealing gives you a new view of things. You begin to think, that such Bible texts as these,—"Be kindly affectioned one towards another, in honour prefering one another;" "Bear ye one anothers' burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ;" "Consider one another, and provoke to love and to good words;" "Love seeketh not her own;"—are not heard from the pulpit or read in a book merely; but are seen in living epistles, and are read in the lives of Christian men. Nay, that Christian neighbour has brought out of your own heart, feelings of gratitude, kindness, and sympathy, which you thought were dead; but which were only sleeping there; and, by so doing, he has made you better,—he has made you happier. Well, then, *what He has been to you, you may be to others.* Go thou and do likewise. Some of your neighbours have hard, or indifferent thoughts of you, as you once had of the world. Go and change them! Some are saying, "We have heard of Christianity,

we should like to see a Christian." Go and shew them one, by opening to them a Christian's heart and life, and not a Christian's opinions merely. And as that good neighbour made you feel he was of importance to you, so may you, as a good neighbour, make yourself felt to be of importance to others. I repeat it, you need nothing else than a heart which truly loves God and man,—that is, the heart of a child of God—to be an unspeakable blessing, and of immense importance in your present place in society. Your words and example may awaken in many a now miserable home, a note of gladness, which will be echoed on earth through many generations, and endure forever in heaven. No man is common-place who loves God and his fellowmen; this makes every man great. Pray to God, then, to deliver you from the cursed spirit of selfishness, and to help you every day to be more and more like Jesus Christ, who pleased not himself,—who gave himself a sacrifice for others,—and whose common saying was, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Pray for more of the spirit of self-sacrificing love, which can alone overthrow the many terrible barriers which now separate between man and man. Finally, *act*. Do not spend your time in reading or hearing about the right thing which should be done by others; but do the right thing yourself. *Somebody must begin*; and if you are a professed follower of Christ, who should begin before you? You are not responsible for others you are responsible for yourselves See, then, that you never again shut your heart against your neighbour, nor, with a Cain-like spirit, ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" but rather, with a Christ-like spirit, seek "to please him for his good to edification," and to "love him as yourself!" and, I doubt not, you will very soon, even in this world, have your reward,—the highest reward which a loving heart seeks,—to be loved in return.

"The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
The generous inclination, the first rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts,
No mystery is here! Here is no book
For high, yet not for low; for proudly graced
Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven, as lightly from the cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace. He whose soul
Ponders this truth, may walk
The fields of earth with gratitude and hope.
Yet in that meditation will he find
Motive to sadder grief, as we have found,
Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown,
And for the injustice grieving, that hath made
So wide a difference between man and man.

WORDSWORTH, *Excursion*, Book v.

A FIRESIDE STORY ABOUT A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A HIGHLAND widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach, before evening, the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her to pay her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. I was following the same wild and lonely path when I first heard the story I am going to tell you. The mountain-track, after leaving the small village by the sea-shore where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighbouring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half-way up a rugged mountain side; and, entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amidst great masses of granite, it, at last, conducts the traveller, by a zig-zag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices;—overhead is a strip of blue sky, while all below is dark and gloomy. From this mountain-pass, the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitation was nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey indeed! But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and in which

her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep-farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the green valley, and along the shore of the lake, might even then be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived; but where no sound is now heard, except the bleat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of the eagle, as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning when the widow left her home, gave promise of a lovely day. But, before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds rested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to ruffle, with black squalls, the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May,—for that storm is yet remembered as the "great May storm." The wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier or faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain-pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock! Weary, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew, that a mile beyond it there was a mountain shieling which could give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome. After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of granite which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. She crouched beneath a projecting ledge of rock, and pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating over head. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. The evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child—her only child—was all she thought of. She wrapt him in her shawl. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the shawl was thin and worn. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded them at best but miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair, she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolves, at all hazards, to brave the storm, and return home, in order to get assistance for her babe, or to perish in the attempt! Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering his face with tears and kisses, she laid him softly down in sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

That night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from a clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain-tops, while a thousand waterfalls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles, examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of a tartan cloak among the snow. They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth, as if imploring for assistance! Before noon, they discovered her child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of that woman's affection for her child was soon read in language which all understood. Her almost naked body revealed her love.

Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection were uttered, from enthusiastic sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation, sought to improve for their soul's good an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed

away!' That aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingers in many a retired glen, among the children's children of parents whom he baptized. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was on a Communion Sabbath. The subject of his discourse was the Love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of that "love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow, whom he had himself known in his boyhood. And he asked, "If that child is now alive, what would you think of his heart, if he did not cherish an affection for his mother's memory, and if the sight of her poor tattered cloak, which she had wrapt round him, in order to save his life at the cost of her own, did not fill him with gratitude and love too deep for words? Yet what hearts have you, my hearers, if, over those memorials of your Saviour's sacrifice of Himself, you do not feel them glow with deeper love, and with adoring gratitude?" A few days after this, a message was sent by a dying man requesting to see this clergyman. The request was speedily complied with. The sick man seized the minister by the hand, and, gazing intently on his face, said, "You do not, you cannot recognize me. But I know you, and knew your father before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my king and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath I entered your church,—the church of my countrymen,—where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son,"—here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried, "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never, did I forget my mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me! Though I never saw her, dear to me is her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old churchyard among the hills. But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this,—until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Saviour in giving Himself for me,—a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner. I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister's hand close to his breast, he added, "It was God made you tell that story. Praise be to His holy name, that my dear mother has not died in vain, and that the prayers which, I was told, she used to offer for me, have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit, for making me see, as I never saw before, the love of the Saviour. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age where I found it in my childhood,—in the cleft of the rock; but it is the Rock of Ages!" and, clasping his hands, he repeated, with intense fervour, "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? They may forget, yet will I not forget thee!"

FUTURITY

And, oh! beloved voices, upon which
Ours passionately call, because ere long
Ye broke off in the middle of that song
We sang together softly, to enrich
The poor world with the sense of love, unwitch
The heart out of things evil, I am strong
Knowing ye are not lost for aye, among
The hills with last year's thrush. God keeps a

In Heaven to hold our idols; and, albeit
He brake them to our faces and denied
That our close kisses should anoint their feet,
I know we shall behold them raised, completed,
The dust shook from their beauty—glorified
New Memnons singing in the great God's heat.

E. BARRETT BARRETT.

We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. —*Wesley.*

The religion of Christ is peace and good-will: the religion of Christendom is war and ill-will.—*Landor.*

JOTTINGS FROM MEMORY, FROM LETTERS, AND FROM JOURNALS OF TRAVEL.

No. I.—The Atlantic.

As the sun was setting upon a lovely summer's evening in July, 1846, we were steaming it bravely down the Channel in one of the superb "Cunard liners." We had, since the forenoon, bid farewell to our friends at Liverpool—glided slowly down the Mersey—passed the Bell buoy—that *eerie* and lonely warning farewell and welcome, midst waves and storms, to homeward and outward bound. We were now almost "fairly out at sea." The Welsh mountains rose like masses of clouds in the east. Westward, a mass of golden light spread over the sky and tinged the waters, while far and near were scattered sails of fishing craft and pilot-boats, with vessels of all rigs and size, on their voyage to, or from, every region of the globe.

There are many little "notes" for the benefit of new voyagers, which I have made from this day's experience; but I need not trouble you with them: to take care, for instance, that the luggage needed for the voyage is not passed down into the hold, and buried fathoms deep beneath trunks, boxes, and portmanteaus,—never to be seen until Halifax is reached; and also to embrace the first moment to secure a good seat at the dining-table, (*i. e.* as near the door as possible,) for only in the case of a vacancy from permanent sickness, can there be any "translation" during the voyage. I pass over, also, at present, any notice of the splendid vessel, and that, to me, sublime sight, the majestic engine, rolling her, with unhesitating and resistless power, upon her path of 3000 miles, against sea and storm. Nor shall I tell you all my guesses about the country, clime, professions, &c., of the 70 male and female passengers who mustered around the dinner-table—nor all my wonder at the marvellous order and punctuality with which the sumptuous meals were served up. Nor shall I burden you with all my many crowding thoughts, hopes, fears, anxieties, expectations, as I paced the deck alone, and saw the sun—and with the sun, the land—depart, and the clear stars appear, and the first night upon the deep close around, and realized that the voyage had really commenced, which, if God prospered us, was to end in a new world, and amidst a new scene of important, difficult, and highly responsible labours.

We had failed to secure berths in the after-cabin. But you must not suppose the fore-cabin of a Halifax steamer to be the plebeian resort which it is in a coaster. I must save your blushes for our gentility, or your sympathy for our martyrdom, by assuring you, that it is as *expensive* as the after-cabin, and, when in it, quite as comfortable; but the getting to it from the saloon on a dark, wet, breezy, night, is sometimes a very unpleasant, though often a very amusing, journey. Not without many a grasp at ropes in passing, and thumps against hurrying stewards, or busy sailors—slides upon the slippery deck—stumbles over sick passengers—ended, it may be, by a cold bath for the feet and head, from a sea that has broken over the weather-bow—is the fore-cabin at last reached. When one does, at last, enter his "state-room," (as the miserable crib with its beds, is pompously called,) it seems an inextricable puzzle how, for a whole fortnight, two people can sleep, wash, dress and undress, in such a cell. But it seems every day to get larger and larger, until the puzzle, at last, is, why houses on shore have such large bedrooms.

* * * When I first entered the fore-cabin, before getting under weigh, the first object which caught my eye was an invalid passenger who was in a berth next the one assigned to my friend and myself. A single glance told a sad tale. The sufferer was a man apparently about thirty years of age. The sunken, yet hectic cheeks—the skeleton hands—the brilliant eye—the hollow and incessant cough, were symptoms of consumption far advanced, which could not be mistaken. I sat down beside him, and expressed my

sympathy for him, telling him I was a clergyman, and would be very happy to be of any service to him. He expressed his thanks, and told me he had no friend, and hardly an acquaintance on board; that his family lived in Boston; that he was in hopes the sea-voyage on his way home would be of service to him. His very hopes made his case to me more sad. I felt assured *his* voyage was near its end; and that whatever was to be done must be done quickly. I began as gently as possible to make him converse upon the things belonging to his peace; and before our steamer was out of the river, he had so far unburdened his mind, as to tell me that he was not indifferent to such subjects, but that he was a Unitarian. This made me the more anxious to improve every hour. Before night set in, we had many short conversations. I read and prayed with him. He was removed at night to a berth near the deck, where there was more air. My friends also read with him.

* * *July.* The weather has continued beautiful. The sea is calm. We have passed Cape Clear. The Irish hills are fast departing in the distance, and mingling with the clouds. . . . Now are we out on the great deep—

> "Nothing above and nothing below
> But the sky and the ocean."

There is something very striking in this sight of the boundless sea—the horizon sweeping round and round without any interruption—the blue dome of heaven on all sides resting upon it, with the vessel and its people as the centre, and the only human-like object within the vast circumference. I do not remember having seen this before. In crossing the Channel to and from the Continent, though out of sight of land, it was always hazy, and I never could realize the grandeur and loveliness of this vast ocean view. But, perhaps, my mind was in a mood to receive the most sober and least-gladdening impressions of things. . . . . .

My poor patient has passed a very restless night. I fear his time is not to be so long even as I anticipated. He grants the Divine authority of the New Testament, and the perfect truthfulness of Christ and the apostles. He is an *un*believer, rather than a *dis*believer in Christ's Divinity. He is candid and upright; and in such truthful ground, surely, truth must, if sown, sooner or latter, bring forth fruit. I have, therefore, read the Scriptures to him. I tried to awaken in him, from a sense of his own wants, a sense of the need of *such* a Saviour as Jesus Christ. I also pointed out to him several of those passages in which the same names, titles, and attributes are ascribed to Christ as to God. I dwelt upon that marvellous combination of the Divine and human, which is seen in all the acts of Christ's life, from His cradle to His ascension. I shewed to him how the Scriptures demand the same supreme love, homage, trust, and obedience to Jesus, as they do to the only living and true God: while He is held out as the *only* person in the universe who saves men from guilt, from ignorance, and from sin; and I asked, *Who is this Jesus Christ?* Who is this I am to love and serve as God Himself? Who is this who invites a weary and heavy-laden world to come to *Him* for rest?—who promises, through faith in *His* blood, to pardon a world's guilt—who bids learned and unlearned to sit at His feet and receive *His* words as eternal life—who commands kings and nations to be subject to Him; promising to defend all who trust Him, from the power of Satan, and to deliver them from the power of sin; and, finally, to receive them from the dead, save them at the day of judgment, and give them eternal glory, and that, too, because they believed in, and loved Him? Who is this into whose hands we are to commit our all, soul and body, in the hour of death, in the persuasion that *He* can keep what we commit to Him till that day? Was such a Saviour as this such a person as ourselves?—a man only—a mere creature? or, was he not "that eternal life which was with the Father, and which was manifested to us,"—that life which was the "Light of men,"—that "Word which was God, and which was made flesh,"—"Immanuel, God with us?" . . . . As I thus spoke, trying, by these and other methods, to make him see

with the help of God's Spirit, the glory of Christ's work as inseparably connected with the glory of His person; so that, if we could not be saved without *such* a Saviour neither could we have such a Saviour without such a person; and as I pressed upon him an *immediate* closing with Christ's offers, he looked up to me, and said, "Oh! how often my mother told me those things!" Were the prayers of a pious mother, (long dead,) which seemed, during her life, to have been unheard, now about to be answered? Were the advices which had been cast upon the waters, though, as if there to sink for ever, now, upon the great deep, to bring forth fruit to God? The day will alone declare it. But I could not but indulge the hope that it was so, as he said to me, when parting for the night,—to him the night of death,—"I see how it is, that one must believe in Jesus the Son of God before he can be saved. I shall turn and pray to Him; —good night!"

In the middle of the night I rose and went to see how he did. I found the steward sitting beside him. I never saw a more tender, considerate nurse than that man was! He did everything so cheerfully and feelingly. He read the Scriptures to him, and tried to give him strength and comfort. "The poor gentleman sleeps soundly," he said; "but I think his last sleep is near." In an hour after the heavy breathing ceased, and all was silent.

* * One of my friends and I rose early this morning to commit the body of poor L.—— to the deep. The captain asked us to have the kindness to read the burial service over him. We consented to do so. In the judgment of charity, I thought I could commit "the body of this brother" to the deep. My friend, who had also read and prayed with him, was of the same opinion. The morning was gusty. We were breasting a head-breeze, and the ocean was beginning to heave. The coffin, covered by a flag, was placed upon a plank close to the gang-way. Gathered around were the captain and some of the crew, (dressed in their Sunday clothes,) with a few passengers. As the words were uttered, "we commit this body to the deep," the end of the plank was lifted up, the coffin slid down, plunged into the sea, and—where was it? where was it? It was the impossibility of marking, for a single moment, where it was, amidst the foaming waters, which more, perhaps, than anything else, impressed me with a sense of that solemnity of a burial at sea, which all who witness it never fail to experience. In the quiet and peaceful churchyard, we can visit the grave; our human feelings, which cling even to the poor material fabric, though we know that all we best loved has passed away from it, are soothed by the knowledge, that "here lies" the body, which is inseparable in our memories with the soul which gave it life. The green grave thus blends life and death, linking the seen with the unseen. It is, indeed, a family resting-place, where all wait together the gladdening beams of the Resurrection morning. But in that sea-burial there is such a sudden change from the body being with us—a thing we can still call ours—to its being to us nowhere. A momentary splash, and the ship passes on, and leaves it in the boundless, unfathomable, mysterious sea! Yet in the ocean it is as safe as in the lonely churchyard. He who holds the mighty deep in the hollow of His hand, beholds and keeps all that is in it. Like Jonah, the body may be entombed beneath the waves; but, like him, it is watched and guarded until the day of deliverance comes, when the "sea shall give up its dead;" and then the vile body shall be fashioned like His own glorious body, through that power by which He can subdue all things to himself."

Let me add, that we all felt it good to enter upon our labours with so much to sober and to solemnize us. I shall see poor L——'s friends when I visit Boston, and tell them all I know of his illness and death.*

* We did so, and were able to give them comfort.

ON THE THREE KINGDOMS, OR VOICES OF GOD, AND OF THE SEEMING DIFFERENCES AND ALLEGED DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN THEM.

Part I.

I MUST premise, that these kingdoms, while to be here so considered, are not distinct or separate in themselves, or as God's, (His kingdom being essentially, like himself, one,) any more than His attributes or perfections are separate from each other, as in God. We only do, and need so to contemplate and speak of them, in either case, in aid of our finite and feeble apprehension.

1. That there is *an order* in things external and visible, all according to fixed, and so far ascertainable laws, and that it is a beneficent order, you, none of you doubt; nor any more, that God is founder and maintainer of both the order and its beneficence. How wonderful the order of day and night—of seasons of cold and heat—of rain and drought! An order in the planets over our heads—in the growth of the first flowers under our feet—in the ebbings and flowings of the mighty ocean, (Gen. i., 1, 3, 4, and 31. first clause.) His (God's) will first originated; His will constantly sustains; His will could, at any moment, in part interrupt, or in whole, put an end to that order; as in miracles, where no law of nature is properly suspended or altered, but His *immediate* will, in addition, a new and all-controlling element, is interposed, telling us more emphatically, when we would forget, or need especially to give heed, that He (*God*) *is*, and that He is (*speaks*) *there*. This order of nature, then, holds of God, and speaks of God; it is His kingdom, His voice. This is what Scripture means by "the invisible things of God being clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made," (Rom. i. 20.) And, again, by "the heavens declaring the glory of God," (Psalm xix. 1, 2, 3, 4.) Nature, then, is nothing apart from God. Laws of nature have thus no true meaning, nor force, apart from God. They are but the exponents or tokens of God present, and working. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is as strictly true in philosophy, as in theology,—is the voice of creation, as well as of Christ. Let, then, scientific inquiry or discovery advance as it may or will; it only seeks, traces, reveals a succession strictly of effects. What were believed causes by one age, are found to be but effects of other causes by a more advanced age. There is always *beyond* the root, or First Cause—*above* Sovereignty, the controlling Will, . . . *God*.

2. There is *an order* equally witnessed too and established, though to us more broken and imperfect for the present, in the moral world: of which the chief seat and interpreter is the *conscience*, where God should reign supremely, and in which He very especially speaks. That voice within us, which approves righteousness, and condemns unrighteousness, is the voice of a Being separate from ourselves, whose approbation or disapprobation we are continually receiving, according as we obey or disobey Him; and this Being is the God who made us, and who has taken up this mysterious position *within* us, to bless us in communion with Himself, as He will assuredly punish those who resist His gracious purpose. This order, or kingdom of God, is constantly exemplified in the history and condition of individuals, families, and communities; and the end of this order is also a beneficent one, in tendency always, though sadly marred by the mysterious fact of our human and dependent will opposing, and (to use Paul's strong language) even "frustrating" the Divine and Uncreated Will. Still, the voice of God here also proclaims that He *is*, and that He is *good*. Just as in nature we see, that almost everything exists for the good of something else; so unto this end all is carried forward in Providence also. "As," when we say the sun shines, we mean, that all the world above us is the brighter and warmer for his presence.

* Maurice.

—that the flower is fragrant, meaning, that its fragrance goes forth to enrich the air, and impart fragrance—that the song of the birds is joyous, because it makes those who hear it joyous. So, in measure and effect, also, though each man would naturally live only for himself, he finds it impossible to act according to this rule, and thus helps and blesses others, as in spite of himself; or, at least, when this is not his direct object, it is not in our power to choose that others should not profit by us. The man who spends money, must spend it somewhat upon others. The merchant in quest of gain, must employ others; the lawyer, if he act at all, must act for his clients; the physician for his patients; and so of all the rest." Now, all this implies a kingdom or rule of God beyond, or over man and society, invisible, but real; for the same, for substance, is true, as of individual, so of all family and all national life; and its voice is one, "Seek, O man, O family, O people, to recognize, submit to, and sympathize with my order, my ends. It is thy strength, thy blessedness, thy glory." In this view, I cannot hesitate to apply here part of Paul's large and far-seeing deliverance, though alluding more especially to God's third kingdom, (*i. e.*, of grace,) when he says, "There are different administrations, but one Lord: there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." (1 Cor. xii. 5, 6.) Why, in the same light, the most sublime of the prophets, in referring even to the different labours of the ploughman in the different seasons of the year, does not scruple to say, "For his God doth instruct him to discretion, and doth teach him," (Isaiah xxviii. 26.) And not only all useful inventions, but equally all right government, are traced up to "wisdom" in the Book of God, (Prov. viii. 12 15,) "Lo, these are but part of Thy ways; how little a portion is heard" (*understood*) "of Thee!"

3. Not apart from these two kingdoms, or voices of God, in the natural and moral worlds, but as including them, interpreting them, supplementing, and perfecting them, is God's reign over men's spirits by the voice of His revealed Word, and the immediate power of His own Spirit, which is what Scripture especially means by "the heavens ruling," (Dan. iv. 26.) Now, I do not mean to separate the presence and power of God's Spirit from the moral world and working of man's mind *anywhere—at any time*. Every right exercise of his understanding, every right movement of his affections, every right response and direction of his conscience, I would connect with the fact of the *Incarnation*, with Him and His Spirit, who is both "the wisdom" and "the Word of God;" though I know also, and, therefore, would teach here, as elsewhere, that there is an especial *Presence*, and consequent responsibility for the knowledge and conscious possession of *that* Presence, where God's truth and kingdom are taught, and among every people *taken into covenant with God*. This is the key to unlock the treasures of the entire history of the kingdom of God with Israel of old,—of the theocracy, as it has been called, and equally of His kingdom, more clearly revealed, and even more largely endowed among us in Christendom throughout; for God did not mean, by the incarnation and its fruits, to separate men farther from Him; but surely to bring them nearer to Him, than was Israel of old. It is this which explains the reason of Israel's calling, — namely, to proclaim God's kingdom on the earth. And it is this, also, which throws light upon the causes of her own prosperity and adversity, from her first calling to her downfal and present dispersion. There was a voice in all this, according to the testimony of Moses their leader, as he sublimely records it, (Deut. iv. 32-39,)—a sense of a Living Being—of one speaking, acting, ruling—was to dwell deep down in the heart of the Jew. And have not we among *us* "a kingdom which cannot be moved?"—"the voice" in God's ordinances "that speaketh from *heaven?*" Did not the forms and proclamations, all of our own constitution, originally and rightly express and witness this? *"Have we fared better when these were real and significant, or now when they are felt

* Maurice.

false and hollow?" And do we understand and vindicate our position, should not we of this land be, above all others, "a wise and understanding people in the sight of the nations?" Would we only remember and obey that word, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye,"—we would be free (not only as is our boast) from the vague terrors of old superstition, which man must needs have felt, who mixed together visible things with invisible, and who fancied that every powerful thing around them might be a god; but feeling our own relationship to the Lord of our spirits, knowing that He is our friend, the thought of His presence, which makes other men tremble, would make us but calm and bold. We would look steadily back upon the past, and forward upon the future; because we would feel, that He "who is, and was, and is to come," had been, and would be our protector. We would sow the ground, and wait for "the appointed weeks of harvest," believing that a regard to His own ordinances would bring a fulfilment of His own promise. We would go cheerily into untried regions, if His providence called us thither, assured (if *carrying our witness for God and His kingdom with us*) that "take we the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there should His hand lead us, and His right hand hold us." We would feel an interest in all the works of God, "from the hyssop on the wall, to the cedars of Lebanon;" because we would regard them as *His* works who is our guardian and deliverer. "Day unto day would utter speech; night unto night teach us knowledge." Above all, we would be wise in our own hearts; not afraid to look into those greatest mysteries which others shrink from examining; knowing that those secrets of the human heart and conscience, which "no fool knoweth, and the vulture's eye hath not seen," are all "naked and open to Him with whom *we* have to do;" and because thus to "commune with our own hearts" in the light of God's kingdom and covenant, is the way to "acquaint ourselves with *Him*, and to be at peace!"

* "And this is what man, in his inmost heart, *wants to know*. He questions first the universe around him; but to every question which disturbs him, it can answer but darkly. He asks what that is with in him which is higher than it; what that is which seeks a knowledge which it can not give? He is sure that he is above the world—that it was never meant to be his master—that the spirit in him must have its portion elsewhere. But *where*—what is *that portion?* With deepest solicitude he cries, 'O Thou, of whom I see the footmarks in natural things, but most of all in moral beings,—in those who have thoughts, and understandings, and wills,—in those who feel that they are not meant to be the servants of their senses, nor of the things with which their senses deal,—do Thou tell me who Thou art, and how I may draw nigh to Thee! Tell me what Thou hast to do with men; for something Thou must have! Tell me if there be *One*, and who He is, in whom I may behold Thee! One who is not here to-day, and gone to-morrow; but who, amid all changes of times, and the disappearance of generations, *lives on*. Tell me if there be, indeed, a King and High Priest of the universe,—one actually Divine! And this, too, I need to know, what that light and voice is, which dwells and speaks within me; whether it be self-derived, or, as my inward heart tells me, derived from Thee? Whether there be any Spirit coming forth from Thee to dwell in men, to bind them together, and to bind them to Thee!—to make them gentle, and gracious, and wise!—to be the common life of all, and still the life of each. And if there be such an One that reveals thee, and unites to Thee, tell me how these things can be reconciled to that *Unity*, the essential condition of Thy being, that which divides Thee from all the multitude of things and persons with which, in this world, we converse!' This, I say, rightly interpreted, is the prayer of humanity—an earnest prayer—consciously, or unconsciously uttered by thousands. Now, God's book? the Bible, is that which can solve this riddle, which can turn all this doubt and confusion into clearness; and

* Maurice.

this is that which is not our notion only, but which has come from God to confound our notions—to confound our pride; and which is meant not for us only, but for *all mankind*; yea, O questioner, for *thee*." Thus, then, "acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace, and thereby good shall come unto thee." If thou receive not this, all is silence elsewhere, silent as the grave. Heaven and earth say, each alike, "It is not in me!"

W.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE ON THE LITERATURE OF BRITAIN.

Part I.

The subject of this paper is the influence of the English translation of the Bible on the literature of Britain. The title proceeds on the assumption that our vernacular version of the Sacred Volume exercised an influence, neither indirect nor trivial, on the genius and learning of the age and country; and, in undertaking the task of submitting to you some proofs and illustrations of it, I deem myself particularly fortunate in finding that the records of contemporary history, as well as the high state of intellectual culture in the country, afford such an abundance of materials to confirm the truth of the position. With regard to the precise period when the Bible was first introduced into Britain in an English dress, authentic information can scarcely be obtained. It is certain, that passages and parts of the Scriptures were handed *about privately; nay, that the* whole Bible, in the native tongue, existed in manuscript long before the invention of printing, or, at least, before there was any application of that noble art to the diffusion of the Word of God. The first printed version was that of Tyndale, in 1526, which was followed successively by that of Coverdale in 1536; by that of Cranmer in 1539; that of Geneva, which owed its origin to the zeal of the reformed exiles; and that of the Bishops' Bible, which was issued by royal authority in 1568, and which continued the only authorized and prevailing one, until the accession of James, when another translation was undertaken,—that which has ever since continued to be the version universally used in this country. Few monarchs have ever swayed the sceptre of these realms, more fitted, by his personal acquirements, to be the patron of such a national undertaking; and, accordingly, under his directions, fifty-four men, of the highest reputation for learning and the study of the Scriptures, were selected, to whom was committed the task of preparing a translation for the public and private use of British Christians, and who entered on their important labours in the spring of 1607. Between the time of their appointment and the actual commencement of their duties, no less than seven of them had died; and the remaining forty-seven, divided into six companies, repaired to different stations to enter on the performance of their work. The first company, consisting of ten persons, met at Westminster, and translated from Genesis to the end of the Second Book of Kings. The second company, consisting of eight persons, met at Cambridge, and translated from 1 Chronicles to the end of the Song of Solomon. The third company, consisting of eight members, met at Oxford, and translated to the end of the Old Testament. The fourth, consisting of seven persons, met in another part of Cambridge, and translated the books of the Apocrypha. The fifth, consisting of eight members, met at Oxford, and translated the Gospels, the Acts, and the Revelations. And the sixth, consisting of seven persons, who met at Westminister, accomplished the translation of the Epistles. Every individual in each company was to prosecute, independently, the portion of the work allotted to that company. When a portion was finished by one company, it was submitted to the review

of another; and if any objection was made, the passage was pointed out, and returned for re-consideration; after which, if any doubt was entertained, or any disagreement still existed regarding it, it was reserved as a disputed point for revision by the General Committee. Six most eminent and influential of the whole body were appointed, for this purpose, to meet at stated intervals, and by conversation, as well as joint perusal of the work of each section, promote, as far as possible, harmony of views and language. A final revision was undertaken by two of the most learned bishops of the day. Notwithstanding the undivided attention of these six companies was given to the work, and the minds of the nation were wound up to a high pitch of expectation, the translation was not completed till the end of three years. But the time and pains bestowed upon it, and the vast erudition embarked in the undertaking, were amply compensated by the excellence of the version itself; which, although, perhaps, in some places, it is susceptible of improvement, is yet, when judged as a whole, the best and most unexceptionable that has been made in any language. The blemishes that appear in it are like the spots of the sun, lost and overlooked in the midst of the general splendour; and with regard to it, a competent judge (*Dr.* Gray) has said, "It is a wonderful and incomparable performance; equally remarkable for the general fidelity of its construction, and the beautiful simplicity of its language." With this English translation of the Scriptures, the most interesting associations are connected. The possession of it is the great privilege and birthright of our countrymen; and while it is on account of its being the record of the Divine will—its proclaiming the joyful sound—its containing the only rule of our life, and the only means of our salvation—that the possession of it is chiefly valuable, and that makes us a people highly favoured of heaven; yet, looking to it in a literary point of view, no ordinary interest is attached to a version, the history of whose introduction into our country, is a record of unparalleled perils, and providential deliverances,—a version, which is now stamped with an air of variable antiquity; which, for two hundred and fifty years, has been scanned by the eyes, and cherished with the affectionate reverence of successive races of our forefathers,—a version on which, like the dominions of the Monarch in whose language it is made, the sun never sets,—a version which is mixed up inseparably with all that has contributed to the rise and progress of our country's greatness; and which now, by the invention of printing, has been multiplied in such numbers, and diffused to such an extent, as proves it to be, like its Divine Author, almost possessed with the attribute of omnipresence,—to be, at least, the king and lord above all other books. At any time, and in any circumstances, the translation of the Bible, when in long and general circulation, must have exerted an important influence on the character, manners, and intellectual condition of the people: for it is one of the many excellencies of Christianity, and one of the many proofs of its divine origin, that while it is specially adapted to the moral and spiritual wants of mankind, it never fails, at the same time, to manifest its benign spirit in augmenting and purifying the sources of their temporal happiness. But this translation of the Bible, made at a time when Britain was in a transition state from darkness to light,—from the rudeness of an earlier age to order and refinement, was calculated to produce a strong and wide-spread influence on the social character and condition of the people, and in the department more than in that of their national literature.

In submitting a few proofs and illustrations of this, I shall consider the influence of the English translation of the Bible, first, on the English language, and then on the kind, the character, and the extent of our literature.

In the *first* place, then, the translation of the Bible had no small influence on the language of Britain. At the time when the earlier translations were made, the language of this country, like that of most other European countries, was in a state

of comparative barbarity,—a stranger to rules, seldom reduced to writing, unpolished by taste, unpatronized by rank, in short, in that state of gross and uncultivated rudeness, into which long neglect and disuse had sunk it. The few men of learning wrote and spoke in Latin; and, except on matters of domestic and every-day life, left their native tongue to be spoken only by the inferior and uneducated classes of the people. Nay, even after the English came to be more frequently used as a spoken language, it was, from the extensive ignorance that prevailed, long subject to frequent and great changes, insomuch, that one has only to look into the earlier English versions of the Bible, and compare one with another, to see that many words and phrases, which had been introduced into the first, had, when the present translation was made, fallen into disuse, and had to be supplanted by others. In our own time, with all the frequency of communication through distant parts of the country, we are all aware what varieties of dialect the language undergoes; the people in London speaking so differently from the natives of Yorkshire; and the inhabitants of Glasgow or Edinburgh from a resident in Aberdeen; and one can easily perceive, therefore, how the events and revolutions that have chequered the history of Britain since the days of James, as well as the extending intercourse with foreign nations, must have produced such changes as would have made the language used by our ancestors two hundred and fifty years ago, nearly unintelligible without a glossary, had not the translation of the Bible given to it a fixed and permanent character. Independently of any general views of the changing character of language, our present version will itself furnish us with examples of the fluctuations to which the English tongue has been subject; for, in a few cases, words which, at the date of this translation, were generally current and sanctioned in good society, have now become entirely obsolete, or have received a different meaning; such, for instance, as *cunning* for skilful, *wist* for know, *listed* for pleased, *lewd* for wicked, *worship* for respect, *charity* for love. But with these exceptions, and, it may be, one or two others, the elements, as well as the structure of our language, have remained substantially unchanged, and exactly the same as they were in the days of James. And no one who has the slightest acquaintance with the history and progress of that language, will scruple to admit, that its prominent and steady character is to be traced to the silent and unobserved, but deep-felt influence of the translation of the Bible. I do not mean to say, that this translation was the original cause of its attaining this stability. Previous to the reign of James, the English language was already in full progress towards order and refinement. The successive versions of Tindal, Coverdale, and others, had contributed a considerable share of influence in bringing it to greater maturity. Several authors, too, of great name and acquirements, had appeared on the field of literature; and, what is of importance to mention, had written in a pure and simple style of Saxon-English; so that the translators drew out of the well of English undefiled. And when we consider this,—the beautifully pure and simple English, then in use,—when we consider, that this translation, though it did not entirely supersede its predecessors for more than twenty or thirty years after its publication, was yet given to the country, at a time, and in circumstances the most favourable to its universal reception,—I mean, the time subsequent to the union of Scotland and England under one monarchy; and when, in addition, we consider the stronghold which, on account of its sacred character and associations, this book takes of the educated mind, it must be apparent, that it has exercised an influence over the language of Britain, as beneficial as the translations of Luther and Lefevre in Germany and France, which their respective countrymen universally regard as the standard of their language, as well as of their faith.

In another way the translation of the Bible had an influence over the language of Britain; and that was by enriching it with a variety of new terms. Previous

to any of the vernacular versions, the people were accustomed to the performance of divine worship in an unknown tongue; and they knew little or nothing about religion beyond the routine of the service, and the periodical mummeries of superstition. They were, in a great measure, if not wholly, strangers to the peculiarities of the Gospel, and to the very terms of abstraction and analogy, in which the sacred writers convey a knowledge of spiritual and Divine things; so that as they had no motive and indigenous words by which to give expression to Christian doctrine, the translators were obliged to borrow them from the Latin; and hence we meet with such substantives as *divination, perdition, adoption, manifestation, consolation, contribution, administration, consummation, reconciliation, operation, communication, retribution, preparation, immortality, principality, frustrate, inexcusable, transfigure, concupiscence*, &c. These terms, although now familiar as household words to every reader of the Bible, were introduced into our language, for the first time, by our translators; and what solicitude they and other good men of that period felt, that the people should understand them, may be judged of by the circumstance, that in the early editions of the English Prayer-book, the use of Latin words is often accompanied by a Saxon term, of the same or a similar meaning; as, for instance, the *humble* and *lowly congregate* and *meet together*.

There was a third way in which the English translation of the Bible had an influence on the language of Britain; and that was, by familiarizing native writing with literary compositions, of a caste entirely different from what the genius of the West had ever produced. The rich and glowing imaginations of the sacred penmen, partaking of the splendour and magnificence of the oriental scenery amid which they lived, have spread a mantle of gorgeous drapery over many passages of their writings, and given unequalled sublimity to others. The whole Scriptures are full of poetry, both in sentiment and language. Their striking imagery, their bold personification, their descriptions of nature, viewed with other eyes, and seen in a character and form so unlike the garb in which she appears on these northern climes,—all stamp it with an air of novelty and originality, and give it, as a mere book, irresistible charms to those who are possessed of sensibility and taste, to appreciate its beauties. And besides, our translators, in many of the most beautiful and pathetic passages of sacred history, have been pre-eminently happy in rendering them into English. Such passages as this in the life of Jacob, —"Thou wilt bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave;" or this in Ruth,—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;" or this in the history of Paul,—"They all knelt down and wept, sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more." The choice, as well as the arrangement of the words, in English, it has been often remarked, is fitted to fall most tenderly and impressively on the ear; and hence, many of our native writers, who were far from being imbued with a religious spirit, and who knew the Scriptures only in their English dress, have read them merely for the beauty of the style, and the richness of the imagery. It has been the mine from which the genius of many of our modern authors have derived the golden treasures with which their pages are enriched, and, indeed, some of our greatest orators and poets, as well as our artists, have all along drawn from this source their best and highest inspirations.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND BIBLE EDUCATION.

A Deputation of the American Bible Society waited, a few weeks ago, upon the President of the United States, when he expressed himself in the following beneficial terms:—

"The Bible is the best of all books; and I wish it were in the hands of every one. It is indispensable to the safety and permanency of our institutions. A free government cannot be maintained without

religion and morals; and morals cannot exist without religion; and religion without the Bible. Especially should the Bible be placed in the hands of the young. It is the best school-book in the world. The children will remember its instructions if they learn them in school. I remember the lessons of my childhood far better than what I read now; and I wish that all our people were brought up under the influence of the Bible. You are engaged in a good cause, and I wish you great success."—*New York Observer, May* 12, 1849.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG ABOUT ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUOR, TOBACCO, AND OPIUM.

(Monthly Paper supplied by the Edinburgh Branch of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, for which the Editor is not responsible.—Ed. Ch. Mag.)

Letter I.

Dear Young Friends,—We have something to say to you about abstinence from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium; and as we cannot visit you all, and tell you with our own lips what we have to say, we have written you this letter, which, we hope, you will read with care, and consider with patience, and pray for direction from God in the things spoken of, that in all things you may do what is *pleasing in His sight, and agreeable to His* Word.

Abstinence from anything is refraining from it—not using it—keeping away from it; and, in this sense, it may be applied to not doing a thing which we have never done before;—that is what we want you to do; we want to persuade you to abstain from taking intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium. But, perhaps, you have been taking them already; then the word abstinence has yet another meaning than the one we have referred to; and that is, ceasing from a thing—giving up a thing—discontinuing to do a thing. In this sense, we want to get you to cease from partaking of intoxicating liquor, tobacco, and opium.

Now, in following this course, we are doing nothing more in reference to these intoxicating things than your kind parents and friends are doing in reference to many other things. Suppose your parents told you not to put your fingers in the fire,—that was telling you to abstain from burning your fingers; or if you have walked by the bank of a river, they have told you not to go near the water's edge lest you might fall in, and that was telling you to abstain from danger,—that was preventing you from burning your fingers, or falling into the water, by giving you information and advice to keep you from both.

But if you disregard the information and advice,—if you do thrust your fingers into the fire, and get them burned, your kind parents would still try another plan; they would apply healing things to the burn; or if you did fall into the water, they would not leave you to perish, but would rescue you, and apply restoratives to you, to bring you to life and health again; and then would they still plead with you, that you would not any more disregard their information and advice, but cease from doing the thing which produced suffering and danger, and which caused them so much sorrow.

The one is abstinence before doing the thing, the other is abstinence after doing it; the one kind of abstinence is called prevention, because it prevents the thing being done; the other kind of abstinence is called cure, because it cures the person of doing it again when they have felt the evil or pain that arises from doing it—the one is better than the other. We commend to you the best of the two kinds,—abstinence from doing the thing that in itself is wrong, or that is injurious, or that is useless, or that is not permitted.

We want you to abstain from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium—you who have never partaken of them; and we want you to abstain from them—you who have partaken of them. We write this letter to inform you, that you ought not to partake of them, and to warn you against partaking of them; and we hope you will listen to our warning, and keep away from them, nor taste, nor touch, nor handle them.

We will tell you of reasons why you ought to abstain from them in some other letters. Meantime, like the apothecary, who affixes a label on the phial of poison, without explaining to his customer all the particulars of the nature and properties of the article he has so labeled, let us label intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium —"Poison;" and beware that you use them not.

The apothecary knows, that what he has put in the phial is poison; he warns all persons into whose hands the phial may come, by affixing his label upon it, that the liquid within is a poison; and people believe him, and they abstain from partaking of the thing that is in the phial, because they believe him: so, in like manner, we know the things we refer to to be poisons. We label them poisons; and all of you into whose hands this letter comes, are warned by it that they are poisons, more dangerous and more destructive than those sold by the apothecary. Remember, till your dying day, if you perish by these poisons, we are guiltless of your blood; for we have labeled them, and warned you against them, and entreated you not even to handle them, or to have to do with them in any way whatever.

And now, before we close this letter, let us remind you of what we have said, —1. This letter is to you. 2. It is about abstinence. 3. Abstinence means refraining from,—not using, keeping away from intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium. 4. Abstinence also means ceasing, giving up, or discontinuing to partake of these things. 5. It is quite common to abstain from putting our fingers in the fire, or going near the edge of a river. 6. Or having done so once, to abstain from doing it again. 7. We want you to abstain from intoxicating liquor, tobacco, and opium. 8. We will give you reasons for so doing in other letters. 9. Meantime we label these things, "Poisons." 10. If you disregard our warning, the blame will be upon yourself. And that you may be preserved from these evil things, and every evil, is the sincere and earnest wish of,

Yours truly,

A FRIEND.

Foreign Correspondence.

PRUSSIAN POLAND.

THE following letter has been addressed by Pastor Post of Posen to the Rev. Mr. Macleod of Dalkeith, who paid him a visit two years ago. For the information of some of our readers, we may mention, that "Christ-Catholics," is the name adopted by those congregations in Prussian Poland and Silesia who, in 1844, left the Church of Rome along with John Ronge, with whom they have no connection,—he and his followers calling themselves German Catholics:—

Contents of the Letter.

Freedom of Conscience obtained by the late Revolutions—Liberty to Preach and to distribute Bibles—Union among Christ-Catholics—Romish Fanaticism and Persecution—Gross Idolatry of the Romish Church—Cruelty of the Poles—their Superstitions—Immorality—Progress of the Christ-Catholic Congregations.

"POSEN, 20th February, 1849.

"DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

"You have not forgotten me and my congregation. Of this you have given me again a proof by your letter of the 12th, beside the Christian assistance you gave me last year, for which I hereby express my heartiest thanks. Be assured, we also think on you and all our Christian friends in Scotland and England with love, and remember them in our prayers before God; and we wish nothing more, than that the brotherly bond between your churches and ours may increase in

strength and love, and may become fruitful of greater blessings, both to you and to us. . . . . .

"*Firstly*, you ask, whether, by the revolution here, we have obtained a greater liberty to preach, and to distribute the Bible? I rejoice to be able to answer this with a decided 'Yes.' You are acquainted with the great limitations of our free congregations up till this time. The Prussian Government could not hinder our formation, and, perhaps, in the beginning, had no wish to do so, as long as it hoped that we would join the Evangelical Established Church; but as soon as the Government saw that we were opposed as much to the *Cæsaro-papismus* as to the *Ecclesiastical-papismus*, it took a hostile position with regard to us, and sought to hinder the formation of our Church. It was declared, that our congregations had no legal existence. They were indeed treated as not existing; our ecclesiastical functions, even baptism, were not acknowledged; every one who joined us had to pay a tax of 9s. 6d.; and our Church members had to pay contributions for the support of the Romish clergy, church, and schools. But these were the smallest sacrifices with which we had to buy our ecclesiastical liberty; our political and civil rights were limited to a very great degree. No Christ-Catholic could be admitted to the former Parliaments. Some who were elected, were rejected, because they did not belong to any of the Established Churches; it has even happened, that the oaths of Christ-Catholics were not taken. We were, likewise, prohibited from preaching in the open air, or in a private hall. All our petitions to the ministry had no effect, till the March revolution of last year took place. A month before, we represented to Minister Eichhorn his unchristian and unjust procedure, openly and earnestly, and directed his attention to the great responsibility he took upon himself, both before God and the nations of Europe, and how he provoked the judgments of God against himself and the Prussian State. And sooner than we had anticipated, did these judgments come. You know the terrible events of last March. They have broken, with one stroke, the fetters of political and spiritual despotism. All those limitations to which we were subject till then, have been abrogated; and any one may join freely our congregations, which are now entirely separated from the Roman Church. Our civil rights have been restored to us, and Christ-Catholics are in the Parliaments of Frankfort and Berlin. *We ministers can preach where and how we please, even in the public streets*; the distribution of Bibles, the formation of Christian societies, is hindered in no degree by the State. We have made, already, a very extensive use of these liberties. We preached in several places where there had not yet been Christ-Catholic congregations, and where now some are being formed. Four weeks ago, brother Czerski was in Posen, and preached; there was an immensely crowded attendance; some hundreds of his last pamphlet were sold. In general, we have found, that it is very profitable to preach for one another. We five ministers in Prussian Poland have, accordingly, come to the decision to preach for each other once, at least, in every three months. We have also liberty to publish a periodical for our cause. As soon as possible, we shall begin this publication in the Polish and German languages. By this, as well as the distribution of the Bible, we will gain an influence on the rural population. However much the Romish priests may dislike it, they cannot hinder it. You see how the soil for the good seed is preparing. *The Word of God is free*, and shall evince its Divine power with us, as it has done with you. The future promises still more than the present.

"You wish to know, *secondly*, whether the Roman Church in Posen is still as fanatical and superstitious as before? I am not sure whether your 'before' refers to the preceding centuries, or to the time before the formation of our churches. I shall take it in the last-mentioned sense, as I suppose you had in your eye the dreadful struggles with which our Church had to separate itself from Romanism four years ago; and, with regard to this, I am glad to say, that the fanaticism of that time is not so keenly felt now. When Czerski and I held Divine service for the first time in Posen, a revolution took place, in which much blood was shed, and we escaped very narrowly. Afterwards, too, my life was endangered by fanaticism; so that I could not venture at all to walk at night, or to walk without some friends during the day. Nor could Czerski shew himself in Posen.

"At the time of the Polish insurrection in Posen, (March of last year,) their hatred against myself and my congregation, kindled up again. The priest had preached during last year, that the Christ-Catholics were the cause of the scarcity of provisions in the land, the general want of employment, and of all other calamities. The Polish revolution of 1846 did not succeed, it was said, because the Poles tolerated

the Christ-Catholics; and as long as these accursed heretics were in Poland, Poland should not become free. This explains why the first storm of the Polish Revolution came upon me and my congregations. On the 23d of March, all the streets resounded with the cry, 'Death to Post; death to his followers!' Some of my people escaped by flight: others were massacred. I was, at the time, suffering from a violent typhus fever. A conspiracy was formed to hang me next evening; but, fortunately, the conspiracy was discovered, and I was conveyed, with my wife and family, to the fortress, where I could remain in safety and in quietness; then the priests said, that I and my children were dead, and were swallowed up by the holy earth of Poland, and that the liberty of that country was at hand. But Poland did not become free: the insurgents were defeated everywhere. I recovered, preached as usual, my congregation again assembled, then many saw how they were deceived by the lying priest, and their opinions began to change. Since then, I have held Divine service with open doors, and have accompanied funerals through the streets, and not a person opposes me in the least; on the contrary, many Poles come to me in a friendly way, bought Bibles and other books, and expressed their astonishment how wonderfully God had protected me and my congregation, whilst the plans of the priests did not succeed. As a proof of the favourable opinion in which I stand with the Poles, I may mention, that I have been elected on the 22d of this month, by universal suffrage, as a member of Parliament! When Czerski preached here, the half of the audience consisted of Poles; but there was not one sign of disapprobation — they were all indeed much affected. You see what a delightful change has taken place, in this respect, among the Poles—a change that justifies great hopes for the future.

"The superstition of the Romish Church *here*, is certainly greater than anywhere else. Some instances of this I may give you. The sale of indulgences is the same as in Luther's time. In Culm, where I was vicar, there is a miracle-working image, of the 'mother of God,' to which 20,000 pilgrims come yearly, for the sake of twelve indulgences, which several Popes have joined to this pilgrimage. 2500 to 3000 dollars, are generally paid for these indulgences. This image possesses the miraculous power of shedding tears every July, (conception day,) in the afternoon, between three and four o'clock, on account of the sins of men! As this image is in the Church of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, I could not put a stop to this weeping: because no one is allowed to touch the image but the prioress. Such miraculous images are also in south of West Prussia, in Oztochan in Poland, to which pilgrims, from a distance of twenty to thirty German miles, come, who weep along with the virgin. In Exin, in Prussian Poland, there is an image of Jesus, the hair of which grows, from time to time, and is cut under solemn ceremonies! To those who are present, complete indulgence is given. In the camp of Schroda, the 'mother of God' appeared to a Polish nobleman, telling him her Divine Son wishes the Jews, His arch-enemies, to be murdered. In consequence of this, some Jews in Wreschen were slaughtered cruelly, and frightful atrocities were committed. The priests derive also a large income from the superstitious belief of the people in ghosts. As soon as the people hear an unusual noise at evening, or at night, they are perfectly persuaded that it is a soul from purgatory which demands peace; and they engage, on the day following, the priest to read mass. The fear of evil spirits, and the belief in witchcraft, is quite common among the Poles: therefore every Pole wears something consecrated,- a 'scapular,' a medal, or a consecrated root; diseases are attributed to the influence of evil spirits, and are healed by consecrated herbs, or water, or if this is of no avail, a *mass is bought*. The mass is dedicated, generally, to one of the saints; for example, he from whom anything has been stolen, engages a mass to St. Antonius; he who suffers from toothache, to St. Apollonia, &c. This nonsense of the middle ages is at its very height here. Persons, especially females, are considered as possessed of the devil. The exorcist of the priest is still an unfailing remedy. Last year, so called 'heavenly letters,' or 'letters from heaven,' were sold here, which a Canon in Rome was said to have received from heaven. In these, among other things, the near destruction of the heretics was predicted.

"I have arrived now at your *third question*,—What is the present state of the Roman Church in Prussian Poland, and what hopes she entertains for the future? One who knows the outward and inward condition of Romanism here, must be astonished how such a dilapidated building can exist any longer; but perhaps this, its very condition, is the reason of its existing still. Religion here consists only in observing ceremonies, fasting, confessing, worshipping of images, saints, and relics. No idea is entertained of reli-

gion influencing the heart, or improving the life. With very few exceptions, the sermons urge only an exact performance of the ceremonies. In this they are very strict; for example, whoever fasts not, gets no absolution, though he who has stolen gets it. The punishments inflicted are very superstitious and ridiculous; to go before the rising of the sun 700 yards, out into the fields,—to raise your head nine times towards heaven, and to exclaim, Holy Mary, pray for us, —to pray fourteen, twenty-one, twenty-eight, thirty-eight pater nosters, as many Ave's, and three-times-three creeds,—to lie, during sermon, on your face, or to make a pilgrimage to an image. If one has stolen or defrauded any one, he must give the sum for masses to the priests. So religion here is a dead thing; and the consequence is, that the Roman Catholics here are the most immoral people of the world. In our province, there are, among every 100,000 Polish inhabitants, 9000 individuals punished annually. Especially theft and drunkenness are the vices of the Polish people. A sober and orderly artizan is an exception here; thus, every year, the Polish decrease in wealth, whilst the Germans increase. . . . . The Roman clergy are despised among the educated inhabitants. Only the common Pole, who can only read or write, is blindly attached to the priest, whom he calls 'vicar of God.' He beholds in the priest a being that can promise him God's grace, and protect him against devil, hell, and purgatory. There are exceptions; and those mostly join our congregations. Now, every one would think, that the educated Pole, and especially the nobility, could no longer endure this corrupted clergy and their ceremonies, and would turn away from it with disgust; and this certainly would be the case, were the Polish nation free. As long as Poland is not free, nobility and clergy must keep together; for, by the last, the former have the people in their power, being themselves not favourites of the population, and can so call it to arms at any time, to fight for political and national independence.

"Thus, dear friend, I have sketched you a picture of Romanism in these provinces, as every unprejudiced observer finds it. A very dreadful picture, I grant: but, believe me, I have not taken too strong colours; I have exaggerated nothing; but told you the simple, naked, truth. Only where ignorance is combined with vice, Romanism is *prospering*; but where true civilization, effected by God's Word, exists, and where moral feeling is awakened, there this poisonous plant withers. Now is the time to labour for Christ. Nothing can hinder us. Our congregations are called to this work by God—they may do more in this respect, than Protestantism has done. Woe to us if we prove negligent. Rongé has done us much harm by his infidelity: but *Rongé's time is past*. Our congregations in Prussian Poland had never any communion with him, but always disowned him. The congregations here form now a firm ecclesiastical corporation. We, the ministers, like missionaries, go from one place to another, and preach where the people listen to us; especially we try to get schools on all our stations, in which, above all, the Bible is to be explained. In this place, I have 63 children in my school, and, if I had a larger locality, I could soon have double the number. Of course the instruction must be gratis, and, by this, the work is limited to a very great degree. I preach three times a-week,—twice on Sunday, and once every Friday; and if we get a weekly periodical, our sphere will be yet larger. Of Bibles, I have sold already 500. These were Polish Bibles, which are demanded very much, and of which I could easily sell a great many, if I could offer them for a cheap price. With regard to myself and my congregation, we had to come through severe trials last year. In the first half of the year, the Polish insurrection, in which none of us lost life; and then the cholera, which took away 40 from amongst us. God has helped through all, and shall help us also in future. On Him alone we trust, and fear not men.

"Now, dear brother, farewell,—may the grace of our common Lord be with you and yours, Post."

Sonnet.

THE MEANING OF CHRIST'S LOOK ON PETER.

I think that look of Christ might seem to say,—
"Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,
Which I, at last, must break my heart upon?
For all God's charge to His high angels, may
Guard my foot better. Did I yesterday
Wash *thy* feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
The cock crows coldly. Go and manifest
A late contrition; but no brother's fear.
For when thy deathly need is bitterest,
Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here.
My voice to God and angels shall attest,
Because I know this man, let him be clear."

Notices of Books.

Chapters on Missions in South India. By the REV. HENRY W. FOX, B.A., *late Church Missionary in Masulipatam. Small 8vo, 3s. 6d.*

THIS is an admirable little book, written by Mr. Fox, whose life and death we noticed in a former number of our Magazine. We recommend it as a volume of most pleasant and instructive reading. It is, in all respects, worthy of the learning and piety of its lamented author. It is written in a clear and simple style, and is not more remarkable for the absence of all colouring and exaggeration in its statements, than for its comprehensive and enlightened views upon the religious state of India, and the duties of a missionary. The titles of the chapters will give a general idea of the contents of the volume. 1. General duty of missions. 2. Description of South India. 3. Hindu religion. 4. Hindu philosophies. 5. Hindu worship and social habits. 6. Mode of conducting missionary work. 7. Female education. 8. Answers to objections to becoming a missionary.

As a specimen of the author's power of describing eastern scenes, we extract the following account of

A NATIVE TOWN.

"We enter now one of the chief streets, which runs right through the town, but not quite in a straight line, and we find ourselves in what might be an English alley, wide enough to admit two carts to pass with ease.

"The houses in this street are mainly of the better sort; they are not what are called 'up-stair, or two-story houses;' (in all the town, there are not twenty which have a second story;) but they are all on the ground-floor; the very best are of the following description:—The outside wall is about ten feet in height, built of brick and lime, and perhaps plastered; the roof is of rough tiles, and projects about four feet beyond the wall, so as to form a small verandah, in which, on a raised mound of brick and mortar, the owner and his friends may often be seen sitting. The summit of the sloping roof is, perhaps, fifteen feet from the ground. Entering by the door, we find ourselves in a small court from fifteen to thirty feet square, surrounded on most of its sides by open verandahs, in one of which we discover a mat, perhaps an old couch, and probably a few coarse English engravings, or worse daubs of native art, hung on the walls. This forms the furniture of the drawing-room of the house; the rest of it is an irregular building, broken up into numerous little closets, six or eight feet square, ill lighted by small windows, in which the members of the large family sleep and take their meals.

"The houses of the second class are not very unlike the former, but are more numerous: these, instead of having their walls made of brick and lime, can boast of nothing but mud for their material, occasionally white-washed, and continually repaired where the rain has washed part of them away. I have seen a palmyra, or a cocoa-nut tree, growing in the wall, or projecting from the centre of the tiled roof. As we proceed along the street, we come upon the 'bazaar,' or place where the shops are to be found,—the 'Oxford Street' of the town; these shops have no glass windows, and do not dazzle the eye by the profusion or brilliancy of their wares. A very small verandah, reaching beyond a tiny store-room, six or seven feet square, and so low that a European can barely stand upright in it, is enlarged by two bamboo sticks. This is the shop. Within squats the shopkeeper on his mat, around him are his goods, bales of native cottons, or piles of the common earthenware vessels, or a variety of country vegetables, gourds of every shape and size, cucumbers large and small, round and long, the brinjal, or purple egg-plant, leaves of various trees and shrubs, coarse plantains and others, to suit the taste or poverty of his customers, or baskets full of grain, red rice and white rice, vetches, peas, and the endless variety of pulses, black, green, grey, and white, which the poor who cannot purchase rice are glad to obtain. Coarse canvass for bags, or hardware, consisting of old rusty bits, iron rings knives, and an hundred articles of which it requires some ingenuity to guess the use. There are in others, strings of white or coloured bags, from those large enough to contain a single penny, to those capable of holding bundles of betel leaf, hung down from the edge of the shed, which make the shop look gay. Further on in

the street, we pass the walls of a pagoda, and are probably disgusted at the indecency of some of the figures on the outside; or we come upon a cluster of the huts, in which the more respectable classes of the labourers live, and which remind us of the village abodes. The best and most tidy of these are circular; a mud wall, three or four feet high, encloses a space of about ten feet diameter; from the top of it rises a peaked roof thatched, with the large fan-like leaves of the palmyra, to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet; the whole reminds the English eye of a diminutive circular corn stack with very low sides. Windows there are none; a low door, the height of the wall, allows of egress and ingress for the members of the family, whose abode this small building forms.

"Of these various classes of houses and huts, the town consists,—perhaps a dozen streets wide enough for carts to intersect each other at different points; but between them are numerous small alleys running between the houses, and just wide enough to allow two persons on foot to pass each other without touching, and turning at right angles every ten or twenty yards. In the town there are not a few pretty spots, especially during the wet and cold season: in the more retired parts, many houses have a few feet of garden attached to them, surrounded by a mud wall, and just large enough to hold a small tree, which rises above the enclosure, and which brings the brown-tiled roofs into pleasing contrast with the green foliage. In others, a space of an hundred yards is quite open, on which the grass and wild flowers are growing, the village pigs are grubbing, and the lank, ownerless pariah dogs are skulking; it is overshadowed at the side by some spreading tamarind, or banian tree, beneath which the little brown naked children are playing; a few plantain plants, with their broad, soft, and bright green leaves, peep out from some adjoining garden; and a cocoa-nut tree or two, affords a place where the screaming green and yellow parroquets may alight. Elsewhere the open space is occupied by a small pond, overhung with the boughs of the surrounding trees, while in the early morning the scene is enlivened by a number of washermen standing at the edge, and dashing the clothes they wash with the greatest violence against rough stones, placed in the water at a suitable angle. The spot resounds with a hot unpleasant sound of beating, the clothes are purified, and at the same time attenuated.

"Around the outskirts of the town, in and out among the trees, are scattered numerous clumps of a species of hut, distinct from those already described, and inhabited by a very numerous division of the poorest and lowest classes. Such a hut costs its owner from one to two shillings; if he build it with his own labour, the cost is probably less. He procures a number of bamboos, some as thick as a man's wrist, others as small as two fingers; cutting the stronger ones into pieces about six feet in length, he drives one end of them a foot into the sand, so as to form a sort of enclosure, ten or twelve feet square; small bamboos are tied across these, with stripes of leaves or fibres, instead of rope: and a sloping framework of a similar kind is added for the roof, supported within and in the middle by a stout post. On this bamboo framework, a number of the large palmyra leaves are tied, and the house is completed. It serves for kitchen, parlour, and all. During the hot weather, however, the males of the family enjoy, on the soft sand outside the door, a cooler repose at night than they could find within.

"Such is a native town, as yet unaltered by English improvements; some dozen or twenty large well built up-stair houses, of two stories in height, are the only marks of real civilization in regard to building. The rest of the town conveys the impression of great poverty, absence of comfort, and little knowledge of the arts of civilized life. Outside the town are a number of small fields, called compounds, in each of which is a well-built house, suited for the residency of Europeans."—(Page 43.)

THE PRESENT STATE OF GERMAN THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.

Though the Germans have long maintained almost undisputed possession of *the air*—the peculiar province assigned them by Madame de Staël—their theologians seem, for the last year, to have been, in a great measure, expelled from their favourite element. Never did we see such a stand-still in German theological literature. The great machine of powerful theological investigation ap-

pears to have been almost stopped. Since the outbreak of the Continental revolutions, there has scarcely a single work of solid worth made its appearance throughout the whole length and breadth of the land of Luther. True, the concluding parts of some such great treatises as "*Nitzsch's Praktische Theologie*," new editions of some such remarkable productions as "*Thiersch's Katholicismus und Protestantismus*" have been given forth; nor have such men as *Harless* and *Tholuck* discontinued their system of sermon-publishing; still it is an undeniable fact, that the wild revolutionary whirlwind has, for the present, almost devastated the whole field of German theological speculation.

But it may well be asked, What is likely to be the result of this unwonted state of affairs? Has Germany and Christendom at large—for Germany most deeply affects Christendom at large—advantage or disadvantage, to expect from this new condition of things? If the emoluments and privileges of the theological professors be materially interfered with, then we can look forward to nothing else than what the German theologians themselves look forward to,—a general and lasting decline in theological learning. But if approaching political and ecclesiastical movements do not seriously interfere with the theological chairs, there is great good to be hoped from the present crisis. As *Professor Ullmann* has well said, in the leading article of the "*Studien und Kritiken*" of this year, "The wood of theological literature was formerly too thickly planted, and it can well spare to be considerably thinned, that the possibility may be given to strong, healthful plants, to increase in height and vigour." There was previously too much theological literature, and too little Church life in Germany. This has been the ruin of the country for many a long day, as the counterpart of it has been not a little disadvantageous for ourselves. Now, however, political changes are obliging the Germans to look to the Church—to look to its constitution and its workings. They now feel themselves compelled to meet together and think and speak about that which is practical. The inculcating of this is the great theme of *Hundeshagen's* famous work, entitled "*Der deutsche Protestantismus*." Several of the leading religious journals are beginning to give Christian fellowship and Christian life a much more prominent position in their pages than was formerly their wont; and even the "*Theologische Studien und Kritiken*" is, henceforth, to take special notice of whatever may be reckoned beneficial for the practical guidance of the Church.

Though, therefore, the theological literature of Germany be, at present, in a great measure, at a stand, it is to be hoped, that great good will eventually arise therefrom; and that after the German divines have learned something more of the real earnestness of life than they have hitherto known, they will again come forward with works both numerous and learned, and more deeply fraught, than aforetime, with practical wisdom and Christian seriousness.

Gleanings.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

"The resurrection of Christ is the great public manifestation of His authority over the power of physical decay and death. This it is by being *his own* personal conquest of that power, as it had been exercised upon himself,—a characteristic which separates it from all other instances of similar miraculous restorations. All others, in whatsoever age of the world, had been raised by a power from without Him alone by himself. The power that revived all, stands self-revived. This is, indeed, to 'quicken whom He will;' this is, indeed, to 'have life in himself.' But the case is even more pre-eminent in another view. In all other instances, death had but touched the verge of God's real empire, and been, at His pleasure, repelled. Here the rebel had stormed the

citadel, and planted his dark standard in its inmost hold. That which is the very principle of vitality to the whole world, had seemed to wither in his grasp upon the cross, when majestically rose the unvanquished Lord of Life, and hurled him back and for ever to darkness. The resurrection of the dust of a thousand ages to the judgment, wondrous as it shall be, cannot approach to this. The dead who then shall live, shall live by a power exerted in all the fulness of visible and irresistible authority, it will be but the act of a known and recognized Creator, not perhaps as truly wonderful as a thousand natural processes that surround us every hour. But the dead Christ, who lived again, was prostrate under His enemy the hour he overwhelmed Him; the conqueror was chained, and bleeding beneath the foe He destroyed. As a man, truly dead, He was inextinguishably alive to God. . . . .

"The Lord Jesus Christ, in His own person triumphant over death, diffuses through all His followers the fruits of His victory. His is no solitary glory. He conquered death, not for himself, for He is essentially above it; but for us, who are its helpless bondsmen. His victory is ours. 'We are more than conquerors through him that loved us.' . . . . .

"There is a spiritual resurrection, and there is a physical resurrection. How these two things are blended in the records of our faith, I need not tell you; how we are said to be 'risen with Christ' out of our baptismal burial with Him; how we are said, in 'having the Son,' to 'have' already the life eternal that we anticipate; how the work of God 'to usward who believe,' is said to be 'according to the working of His mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead.' Being thus *already risen*, every motion of grace is the struggle of the soul for the final consummation; the bird is caged, but the wings are free to flutter within their prison. The spirit of him who believes and loves, already 'made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus,' wearies of its dark and dead companion, that is still 'of the earth, earthy.' It longs for the period when the spiritual body shall minister to spiritual desires, and the whole man be perfected for God. Meanwhile, if the spiritual resurrection be as yet imperfect, it is not less real. The spiritual Lazarus is raised from the dead, though the fleshly frame, the grave-clothes of this world's charnel-house, still encumber him, and the word has not yet been spoken, '*loose* him, and let him go!' The resurrection of Christ, once performed in act, is immortal in energy. He rises again in every new-born child of God. Every hour witnesses this incessant work of the new life He inspires; yea, He is now as active in the miracle of inward resurrection, as He shall yet be in the great day of the universal one. Wondrous as was His own rise from the grave, it is yet more wondrous, if that be possible, in its consequences, than in itself. For if you will believe the Scriptures, it is a work which transcends all limits of time or space. In the union of Christ with His faithful, there is, as they tell us, a perpetual restoration of all He did, even to the end of the world. He is for ever crucified in the self-denying; for ever buried in the self-forgetting; for ever risen in the joyous freed man of God. And all this at once; himself immutable;—even as the sun fixed in the central heaven, and without losing one beam of its own changeless glory, is at the same moment to one land the dawn, to another the morn, to others the noon-tide and the evening, as they catch or lose his beams. But as the resurrection was the antecedent ground and proof of His power to build the kingdom of God upon earth, so is the continued work of resurrection His main function in building it. He spreads the mighty miracle of His own regeneration from the dead along the whole line of its history. He repeats it in every new member of the city of God;—the Church's is an everlasting Easter."—*Professor W. L. Butler.*

GOD'S ACRE.*

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, the blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had gathered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the Great Harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of the second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume,
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow.
This is the field and Acre of our God;
This is the place where human harvest grow.

H. W. Longfellow.

* "*Gottesacker*," the German name for a burial-ground.

ON PLEASING OUR NEIGHBOUR.*—(Rom. xv. 3.)

The Apostle Paul says, "Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification." There is a pleasing of our neighbour which is very different from this;—a pleasing him by chiming in with his prejudices—by flattering his infirmities—by complying with his sinful wishes—by laughing at his wicked jokes—by countenancing him in his evil ways; in short, by doing, or *not* doing that which will insure us *popularity* with our neighbour, though at the expense of principle in ourselves. This is indeed pleasing him, as we please the drunkard when we give him drink, or the self-willed when we give them their own way, but it is not pleasing him "for his good to edification," but rather for his injury to his destruction. And nothing, I repeat it, is more common than this sort of pleasing of each other. It is done, people say, "for the sake of peace." "to give no offence," "because to find fault is none of our business."—With these plausible excuses, men cloak over their own unprincipled and slothful selfishness and want of love to their neighbours. For if they really loved their neighbour,—if they felt themselves responsible for their conduct towards him,—if they were concerned for his *good*, they would seek to please him, consistently with that *good*, and in such a way as he would thank them for when on his dying bed, or at the day of judgment. What we all must learn, is to seek our neighbour's well-being, so that his evil should be our burden, and his good our happiness and reward. We must learn *so* to love him, as that we shall, if necessary, *dis*please him, and put him to pain, and make him perhaps angry with us for a time, if in this way only we can do him good *in the end*; just as a kind surgeon will put us to pain in order to save our lives.

"*Every one of us*" must thus please his neighbour; because every one has some neighbour thus to please. Do you ask, "Who is my neighbour?" I reply, that person, whoever he be, with whom God in His providence brings you in contact; whether you meet him by accident for a few minutes only, or associate with him every day of your life; the person, in short, who can in any way be *influenced* by you,—by what you *are*, as well as by what you *do*: that person is *your* neighbour; he is more or less closely "bound up in the bundle of life" with you—and in as far as you can by word, look or action, "please him for his *good*," so far it is your duty and privilege, as fellow-workers with God, to do so. And a moment's consideration will shew you, that there is no one, however poor—however unknown—however unlearned, but has, at least *one* talent of influence which he may use, and which he *dare* not lay up in a napkin. Not only so, but that he possesses greater opportunities of influencing one or more individuals, than any other on earth has. I ask you, reader, is there not some one whom you know better, and come in contact with more frequently than any others do? It may be your child or parent, your brother or sister, your fellow-workman or daily acquaintance; but some one there is whom *you* know better than any one else does, and who is, therefore, in a *special* sense, your neighbour,—for whom you are, in a special sense, responsible. This one talent, I say, every man possesses—while thousands, from their position in society, possess many more: this one work each one of us may do for others, and, perhaps, no one else can do it so well. The opportunity of doing this *good* is a power given us by *God*, which is peculiarly our own. You cannot point to a single case in which this will not hold true. That old decrepit woman, for instance, who cannot stir from her chair by the fireside, may, day by day, "please" the children who play around her knee, "for their good to edification,"—a good which may tell upon families yet unborn.

* See last number on "Neighbourly Love."

That poor invalid who can scarcely move or speak, may, by patience, and love, and meekness, and consideration of the feeling of others, springing from trust in God, shed a holy influence around her dying bed. That sick-nurse, who watches beside this other sleepless sufferer, may, in the silence of the night, speak words which, by God's blessing, may end in life everlasting. That infirm man, who, for support, leans on his staff, may, by his affectionate advices to the young—his pious visits, rich in prayer, to his sick neighbours—his kindly words, and peaceful happy walk before all—scatter blessings round him while he lives, and leave them behind him in the hearts of many when he dies. But not to multiply instances, or to select them from higher walks in life, it will suffice to say, in conclusion,—that if we only remember how each one of us comes in contact with many individuals every year,—and how every hour we cannot but exercise *some* influence upon others,—we must see how we never can want neighbours, whom we have the means of "pleasing for their good to edification." This talent of doing good or evil to others, is a very solemn one. But it is a fact; and no power of ours can alter it; nor should we seek to have it otherwise; for all God's appointments are good, both for the world and for us. In order to make this great talent gain other talents, one thing alone is needful; but that is everything,—viz., *that we be good ourselves*. If we first please God, by giving Him our hearts for our own good to salvation, then we cannot but choose to please our neighbour for *his* good to edification.

"CHRIST PLEASED NOT HIMSELF."—(Rom. xv. 3.)

The Apostle sets before us Jesus Christ as the great example of self-sacrificing love, when he says, "even Christ pleased not Himself." Even Christ! He who is "the first-born of every creature, heir of all things,"—"in whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead,"—"who is God over all, blessed for ever." Even *He* "pleased not Himself," but sacrificed Himself for the good of others. By this glorious example does the apostle, in writing to the Philippians, exhort Christians to consider the well-being of others. "Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind, let each esteem others better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and become obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

"Even Christ pleased not himself." These words describe His character. For the sake of others. He came into the world; for others He lived; for others He prayed: for others He wept; for others He died; for others He intercedes: and for others He will come again! The works and words of every day He spent upon earth, are a comment upon this beautiful picture, "He pleased not Himself."

That you may realize to yourselves the unselfishness—if I may so speak—of our blessed Master's character, let us glance at that portion of His history which is embraced in the last week of His life; and see how, in the most overwhelmingly trying circumstances, He ever forgot Himself in seeking the good of others.

A few days before His crucifixion, He entered Jerusalem as a King: multitudes met him by the way and welcomed Him with loud hosannahs: never before had He been so honoured, or received. It was the only day of triumph He had in His life. He reached the brow of the hill which overlooked Jerusalem. "He beheld the city!"—the city so long highly favoured by God, and now about to perish for its impenitence—and that sight absorbs His whole thoughts. He thinks not of him-

self; nor is He attracted by the applauses of the people. His heart is with His eye; and both rest upon desolate Zion. He weeps bitter tears; and His wailing cry is, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Oh! that thou, even thou, hadst known the things of thy peace!" In the beautiful language of Jeremy Taylor, "He wet the palms with His tears, sweeter than the drops of manna, or the little pearls that descended on Mount Hermon; weeping, in the midst of His triumph, over obstinate, perishing, malicious Jerusalem. For this Jesus was like the rainbow; He was half made of the glories of the light, and half of the moisture of a cloud; in His best days He was but half triumph, and half sorrow!" Behold Him again the evening before His death, seated at the Paschal supper with His disciples! What an utter forgetfulness of Himself—what a seeking of the good of others—does He manifest in all he said, and in all He did! He does not ask His disciples to comfort *Him*, to sympathize with *Him*, though *He* was to be the sufferer. His whole time is occupied in "pleasing *them* for their good to edification."—"Let not *your* hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid." There is not a thought about Himself expressed. He warns, He exhorts, He instructs, He cheers, His disciples; and prepares them for coming trial, and for temptation. He is indeed troubled in spirit; but it is when making the sad announcement, that one whom He had always trusted as His friend, is about to betray Him.

The supper is over: "His hour was come that He should depart out of this world to His Father." Yet, "having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end." That love, like all true love, will stoop to do the humblest acts, in order to do good to the beloved object. We read, accordingly, that "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God,"—what then? with the full knowledge of the glory which He had left, and to which He was about to return, and of the universal dominion which the Father had given,—yet, oh! marvellous love, which seeketh not her own,—"He riseth from supper, and laid aside His garments, and girded himself, and poureth water into a basin, *and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.*" How true is it, that "even *Christ* pleased not Himself!"

Our Lord is in the garden of Gethsemane. He is about to pass through unheard of agony, as our atoning Saviour—agony immeasurable, incomprehensible! But He thinks of the good of His disciples, while "the chastisement of our peace was upon Him." He leaves them, in order to be alone in His sorrow. The sight was too trying for their weak faith. "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." When He finds them asleep, there are no reproaches for their want of sympathy with Him. How tender the slight rebuke! How mingled with it is the comfort!—"What, could ye not watch with me one hour? The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak!" Even Peter's special danger, from overweening confidence, is not overlooked by Him. He would quicken him to watch and pray against temptation, by the question,—"Simon, sleepest *thou?*" In all this He was mindful of the good of others.

The cruel band of soldiers, led by the traitor, approach; they surround Jesus. His first thoughts are for the safety of His disciples.—"Let these," He says, "go away." Peter wounds Malchus. Jesus attends to the sufferer, though an enemy, and heals him!

But He is, at last, alone, and in the presence of His tormentors; all His disciples have forsaken Him. He is standing before the High Priest, at early dawn, after His night of toil and horror; He is buffetted, insulted, blasphemed. Yet even then He thinks of others. He is yearning over the fallen disciple. He hears him curse and swear that he knew Him not,—"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—a look of pity, reproach, and love, which broke his heart with godly sorrow, and saved his soul.

Jesus is carrying His cross; the women of Jerusalem alone feel for Him, and they accompany Him on His way with bitter lamentations. But He "will seek the

good of Zion," rather than the comfort offered by "Zion's daughters." "Women of Jerusalem," He says, "weep not for me; but weep for yourselves!" and He warns them of the coming destruction of their city!

Jesus is hanging on the cross! Never was there such an hour as this in the history of the universe. Who but God can measure the greatness of our Saviour's sufferings when nailed to the accursed tree? "There was no sorrow like His sorrow." Can He think of others then? Yes. The infinite love which brought Him into the world in order to live and die for others; which enabled Him, for the salvation of guilty men, to drink the cup in Gethsemane, and to endure the cross, and despise the shame on Calvary; that self-sacrificing love was displayed to all around Him, while "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." He thinks of His weeping, agonized mother, and commends her to His beloved disciple, saying,—"Woman behold thy son—son behold thy mother!" He thinks of a dying thief, who cries, "Remember me!" and gives peace to his troubled soul by the blessed assurance, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." And before He resigned His Spirit into His Father's hands, He thinks of His cruel murderers, and cries, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" Such is Jesus. Well might the Apostle say, "He pleased not Himself." And such is the "mind" which must be in us if we are "in Him." "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not Himself. Now the God of patience and consolation, grant you to be like-minded one toward another, according to (*i. e.* after the example of) Jesus Christ." Let the enmity to the living God which is in our natural hearts, be slain by faith in His love to us through Christ, and then shall all enmity to our fellow-men be slain also. Let God's love to us be shed abroad upon our hearts by the Holy Spirit, and then shall these hearts be shut no longer by wicked selfishness against our neighbour. Let us carry our Lord's cross, and then we shall carry our brother's burden. "Hereby," says the apostle John, "perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us—and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "This is my commandment," says our Lord, "that ye love one another, *as I have loved you*."

JOTTINGS FROM MEMORY, LETTERS, AND JOURNALS, OF TRAVEL.

No. II.—The Atlantic.

I must now give you some account of our passengers. We have about seventy. Some of them have not been seen on deck since we lost sight of land. It is amusing to one who rejoices in the sea, and luxuriates in its fresh breeze, to watch the change which takes place in those less accustomed to its waves. During the first day of the voyage—especially when the weather is favourable—the dinner table is crowded. The deck, at evening, is noisy with busy feet, and merry voices. But when the ocean swell sets in, and the giant vessel begins to rise and fall upon its long blue ridges, what a sudden revolution takes place! The colour quite forsakes the countenance of the unfortunate sufferer; he acquires a hue of gravest sadness; he sits down; his eyes are shut; he draws his cloak around him; or, grasping the nearest support, he staggers to some seat selected for him by one who assures him that "it is the best place in the ship." Here he stretches himself, or sits in solitude. He is dead to all the world. No word escapes his lips—no look of friendly recognition beams in his eyes. He abhorreth all meat—land is his only longing. He finally descends to his berth, and amidst

the creaking of bulk-heads, the whistling of steam, the rapid thump of paddles, and the dash of the wave against the sides of the rolling vessel, he tries to sleep; or, if waking, seeks in vain to account for his bravery, or his folly, in encountering, for any consideration, such gnawing and helpless misery! Such was the history, for some days, of all the lady, and of most of the gentlemen passengers; so that not a third of the seventy formed our party upon deck during the greater part of our short voyage. Among those who remained, were several of that class vulgarly termed "old stagers;" such as American merchants, who every year cross and re-cross the Atlantic, once at least. We found them, generally speaking, kind-hearted, frank, and agreeable men—full of good-natured fun; entering with much intelligence into the discussion of every question of general interest, whether affecting churches or states. Besides these, we had one or two silent, "aristocratic," and pompous slaveholders from the South; an American missionary returning from India to recruit his health; an English clergyman going to bring home a lady as his wife from Canada, where he had served as an officer of artillery; a Roman Catholic Bishop returning to his American diocese; a Roman Catholic Professor of Theology in Quebec, returning to his College, after a long tour through Palestine, Asia Minor, and Europe: such was the character of our society. The time, I assure you, passed, to me at least, most pleasantly. There was no want of conversation, all day long, upon interesting subjects. The admirable missionary, Mr. B——, was full of information regarding the difficulties, trials, successes, and prospects of the cause of Christ in India, and of the mission with which he was connected at Ahmednuggoor, near Bombay; and, like every one whom I have ever met who was really acquainted with the present state of India in relation to Christianity, Mr. B—— was deeply convinced that heathenism is tottering to its fall, and that a breach has been made in its fortress, by which the Christian Church may enter in, if it has only the zeal, faith, and self-sacrifice to do so.

The English clergyman possessed that beautiful combination of character, which, I do believe, is found in no church on earth so frequently as in the English establishment,—that of the scholar, the gentleman, and the Christian. The Roman Catholic Bishop of P——, is one of the most learned Prelates in the United States. He was most communicative; and with a meek and benevolent manner, free from all fanaticism or austerity, he discussed, day after day, the points of difference between our respective churches. I have never come in contact with a well informed Romanist, without being profoundly convinced of the vast importance of a far deeper and more scientific study being given to the Popish controversy, than at present obtains at our Divinity Halls, or among the majority, I fear, of our Scottish clergy. It becomes us to know how we shall vanquish Romanism, which deifies the outward and historical, without our giving the victory to that marked tendency in our day (a sort of mystical spiritualism) which despises the outward, and well-nigh rejects the historical. But I must not enter here upon such questions: though few press themselves more heavily upon my mind. The Professor had much to say about his travels, but nothing seemed to have interested him so much as his meeting with —— —— and ——, at Oxford. The sight of *their* breviaries, and the peep afforded to him behind the curtain by traitors to English Protestantism, were sights to him more pleasing than Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre. I could not help repeating, as I left them one evening, the noble lines of Wordsworth,—full of faith in their truth:—

"'Tis not to be thought of, that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed with pomp of waters unwithstood;
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bounds,
That the most famous stream in bards and sounds
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever."

* * * The weather for the last day or two has become chilly. The captain says, we may hourly look out for ice. At this season of the year it passes our

tract, on its slow voyage to the warm south, where it melts away in the high temperature of the gulf stream. Navigation amidst ice is at all times more or less dangerous; whether the ice occurs in the form of icebergs, or in large flat masses, which are difficult to discover, even during the day, amidst the waves.

* * This afternoon we were all attracted to the starboard quarter of the ship by the announcement of "Icebergs." The day was beautiful,—the sky serene,—the sea ruffled only by a pleasant breeze, before which we were running at the rate of about twelve knots an hour with all sail set, and the steam blowing off at the funnel-head. On the distant horizon was seen a white silvery speck, gleaming and sparkling in the sun. By and bye another appeared—a third—a fourth; and the specks soon began to assume more definite forms; and as we rapidly neared them, we found ourselves passing close to towering icebergs. I cannot tell what a strange impression these made upon me; there is something so mysterious in their whole history. When was the keel laid of that huge one, like a *hundred* decker, which kept in sight so long to-day? Perhaps at the period of the Covenanters, if not earlier! No eye but that of its Maker beheld it in some unknown region between Spitzbergen and the Pole, slowly building beneath stormy blasts and snowy drifts; then broken off from the glacier bed, and launched into the great deep, to commence its solitary voyage of many thousand miles, impelled by the irresistable ocean tide; at last to disappear and be absorbed into the element from which it was made; and, in its final destruction, to be as unnoticed by human eye as in its early formation. Yet these very icebergs, in cooling the temperature of the air and of the Southern Ocean, perform an essential and important service in God's world. He has made nothing in vain. All *His* works are still very good.

The scene this evening was magnificent beyond description. I shall never forget it. The sun descended to the horizon like a huge globe of burnished gold. A few fleecy clouds hung their gorgeous drapery above the departing orb, whose last rays were reflected from the glittering peaks of a majestic iceberg, and lighted up a glowing pathway across the dancing waves, along which we were rapidly gliding with every stitch of canvass spread. As the sun touched the sea-line, it seemed, for a moment, to pause, then slowly sunk, until there remained but a single brilliant speck of gold, which, in a second, disappeared, leaving us in twilight. To add to the striking character of the scene, a large whale near us, ever and anon, lifted his black back above the waves, and spouted his column of water into the air. You will be surprised to hear, that such sunsets are by no means common. One of the passengers remarked, that "he had crossed the Atlantic eight times, and had never seen a good sunset;" the horizon being generally hazy.

* * * The brilliant sunset was followed by a day of gloom, and a night of danger. Yesterday a thick fog wrapped us in its cold grey mantle. Immediately before it came on, we hailed a small brig, on her homeward voyage from America to Alloa. She was the first sail we had spoken on the passage. In answer to the question, "Have you met much ice?" we received the unwelcome reply, "Yes, a great deal!" and on further inquiry, we found that we should probably reach, during the night, the latitude in which the brig had encountered the ice in such quantity. This news was followed by the fog; and no "Scotch mist" which you have ever witnessed, not even the densest "eastern *haar*" which ever visited Edinburgh from the northern ocean, can be compared with the fog upon the banks of Newfoundland. On it came like a great stream of dense palpable cloud, rushing over us. It was no thin vapour, which vanished before your immediate presence. It met your face, and blew into your eyes. Standing at the stern of the vessel it was impossible to see her bow. The ship became dim at the funnel, and was invisible at the bowsprit. It was anything but a pleasant prospect to go plunging on, at full speed, with the darkness of night, added to the darkness of day, through an ocean strewed with icebergs. It was like sailing

at midnight through an Archipelago of rocks, without a chart. To come in contact with the one, would prove as certainly and as immediately fatal to us, as to come in contact with the other. I walked the deck alone, before descending to my berth for the night. Forward at the bow stood the watch on the look-out, peering through the darkness; and as the ship's bell tolled the passing hour, the ear caught their pleasant cry of "All's well!" In the engine-room the swinging lamps, and huge furnace fires, as their burning throats were opened to receive their supply of fuel, shed a lurid glare upon the wonderful machinery which impelled our vessel onward. Day and night, since we left Liverpool, and along a path of nearly three thousand miles, had those valves opened, and polished rods moved, and great levers worked, with unfailing accuracy, driving us, with resistless energy, against wind and waves. Sometimes, when a heavy sea struck the ship, the giant iron arms, which turned the immense paddles, seemed to pause for a second, as if to gather all their strength into one effort of indomitable power: and then would they calmly and majestically revolve, and force the gallant vessel, amidst mist and darkness, through the roaring sea. When even puny man is wondrous in his works, what is man's Maker! The quarter-deck was occupied by the captain and chief officer only. Under deck the helmsman all alone grasped his wheel, keeping his eye fixed on the compass, which shone brightly beneath the binnacle light. The huge monster, in spite of her 500 horse power, was mastered by his magic wheel; and strange, indeed, it seems, that "the ships, which, though they be great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the steersman chooseth." That same steersman is the very symbol of a Christian. He had nothing to do with how the wind blowed, or how the sea rolled, or whether it was light or darkness without; but to steer in the direction commanded him, and according to the compass before him, on which alone he had to fix his eye; just as the Christian is not to be guided by things as they *appear*,—by the roughness or smoothness—the darkness or clearness of his voyage. Enough for him if His Captain commands him; and God's Word, as his chart and compass, guides him in the way he should go. What has he to do but to trust both; and

"Argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, or bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up, and steer
Right onward!"

And thus, in the end, he will be safely and surely brought to his desired haven!

In passing the windows of the saloon, a striking contrast was presented between the scene without and within. Some of the passengers were playing cards. The few ladies present were knitting fancy work. All were listening to a foreigner who was singing various airs from the popular operas, which he accompanied with his guitar. One could not help feeling how soon and how suddenly all this might be changed for a scene of midnight desolation! Before retiring to rest, I naturally selected for my evening reading those portions of Scripture associated with "perils on the deep," the history of Jonah, the voyage of St. Paul, the 107th Psalm, and the like. How rich is Scripture in affording instruction and comfort suited to every occasion and circumstance of life. Verses and passages which, perhaps, at one time, we almost passed over without any interest in them, become, at another period, of our history, so full of meaning, so precious to us, that we wonder why we never saw their rich beauty before. God indeed gives us "our meat in due season," and "*liberally*" supplies our wants. I lay down to rest, repeating the 23d Psalm; but while preserved *from* all slavish fear, I *confess*, that never was my mind more solemnized. Nor did I wish to banish the idea of danger; but rather to receive the *good* which the realizing of it might bring. I have been more than once in similar circumstances; and who has been so, without noticing how vividly one's whole life comes before them,—how faithfully memory and conscience do their work,—how, then, if at any time, we weigh things in just bal-

ances,—how false, how empty every action and state of being are felt to be, which have not been according to God's will, and have not fulfilled His purpose; and how blessed a thing it is, and, above all other blessings, to know God as our Father, and as the rest, and peace, and satisfaction of our soul, when we feel ourselves so entirely in His hands, and may, in a moment, be called into His presence! The wished-for morning at length broke. Most welcome were the sun rays streaming into our cabin, which announced another and a brighter day. The first object which caught my eye on reaching the deck, was what proved to be the last of the icebergs. We were sailing towards it, and soon passed within a few hundred yards of it. It seemed to have about an acre of surface. In the windward side, it rose about thirty feet, and sloped down gradually to leeward. The beating sea had scooped out a series of hollow caves in its precipices,—and nothing could exceed the exquisite beauty of the waves, as they rushed into these icy caverns, catching from their transparent walls an intense emerald green, which mingled with the pure snowy whiteness of their own crested heads.

* * * We sighted land upon Sabbath morning,—but passed it at a considerable distance. It was Cape Pine in Newfoundland. We had divine service on board, as on the former Sabbath. Those services are attended by the passengers, and also by the officers and crew. In the absence of a clergyman, the captain reads the service of the Church of England. After preaching, we found, as on the preceding Sabbath, a great disposition on the part of several of the passengers, to enter into frank and kindly conversation upon the truths expounded. As the subject of one of the discourses was the divinity of Christ, and the inseparable connection between this fact, and our love and obedience to Christ as our Saviour, one or two who had hitherto been Unitarians, discussed with much earnestness the views advanced, and with apparent sincere desire of knowing the truth. I hope those Sabbaths were not without their fruit.

* * * The captain tells us, that he hopes to enter Halifax before morning. We have bid farewell to our American friends, who will have continued their voyage southward, before we can again meet. The passengers drank our healths with many kind words after dinner to-day. We have received cordial invitations from several to visit them if we go to the States. The Bishop and Professor joined in the same friendly expressions of good will. There was on board a tall Kentuckian. He wore large boots, great-coat, and broad-brimmed hat. He seldom or ever spoke,—but walked the deck in silence, chewing tobacco all day long. He was never absent from meals,—and the only change which ever marked his countenance, was the smile which lasted during the hour after dinner, when the Yankees crowded into the covered place on deck, near the funnel, to sing Old Dan Tucker, and other "Nigger songs" in hearty chorus. I was not a little surprised, when this specimen of the west came up to me, asking, "'Spect to visit Kentuck, Sir? 'Cause if you do, I shall give you three days as fine *coon* shooting as ever mortal enjoyed!" Though I had no hope of joining him in his sport, I was touched by his kindness.

* * * Amidst heavy rain, we ran up this morning, about five o'clock, to the wooden wharf of Halifax. The ship was discharging her cargo when we came up on deck. At that early hour we were met by friends who then began an acquaintance, which I hope will never end in this world or the next. In a short time we had bade farewell to that splendid steamer,—thankful for our short, but pleasant voyage,—and landed on the shores of a new world, with new duties, new cares, new hopes and fears before us: but also new friends, and new labours of love, and an ever-present God as our hope and stay!

THE TEMPEST.

We were cruyzed in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the Mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour,
When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES F. FOLTON.

For the Afflicted.

FAITH IN JESUS.

On Jesus may our affections fix. On Him, the Healer, the Restorer of humanity, may our hearts learn to lean the secret burden of their being; and this not in words only, in which we are all ready enough to do so, but in very deed, and in truth.

If earthly trouble is upon us, let us fly to Him; let us beware of all those who would cheer us without Him; let us be always sure that the poison of the asp is hidden under their softest and most enticing words. Do they profess to put away from us our heavy thoughts? Let us beware, lest, instead of this, they rob us of the very reality of our lives. False friends, indeed, are all such; for they would keep us from the only source of true peace: they would mock our thirsty spirits, as we cross, parched and weary, the burning sands of this desert world, with the lying promise of unreal water. From all such comforters, then, let us turn away. Let us beware of everything which, under any promise, would take us out of ourselves, and separate us from God. At such seasons, let us even keep ourselves as free as may be from necessary business; let us strive to hush our spirits into silence, that there may be nothing to intercept that voice which will speak to us if we wait for it; let us fear lest we be led to seek for any other shelter of our spirits short of Him, their Lord, that so we may find ourselves to be alone with Him; that He may frame and fashion us—may mould our hearts as He will may purify and enlighten, and soften and strengthen, and deepen them, by His presence in the cloud and mystery of sorrow. Let us remember always the love which is smiting us, and dare to look at our griefs, but in the light of His presence, lest looking at them alone, we be soured by their sharpness, or become fretful, or dull, or even desperate, and so reprobate. Let us cast ourselves upon the assurance of His love, even though it bear the semblance of the flame-breath of the furnace, and walk humbly with Him, lest we mar or hinder the blessed purpose of His mercy towards us.—*S. Weatherley.*

AGAINST MURMURING.

Consider this, Christians, that of all men in the world you have the least cause, yea, no cause to be murmuring and muttering under any dispensations you may meet with in this world. Is not God thy portion? (Lam. iii. 24. Eph. iii. 8; 1 Pet. i. 3. Chrysostom propounds this question,—Was Job miserable when he had lost all at once? And gives this answer. No, he had still that God who had given him all. Is not Christ thy treasure? and not Heaven thine inheritance? and wilt thou murmur? Hast thou not Christ in hand, and more in hope? hast thou not much in possession, but much more in reversion? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given thee a changed heart, a renewed nature, and a sanctified soul? and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God given unto Him that is to satisfy thee, His Son to save thee, His Spirit to lead thee, His grace to adorn thee, His covenant to assure thee, His mercy to pardon thee, His righteousness to clothe thee?—and wilt thou murmur? Hath He not made thee a friend, a brother, a son, a bride, an heir?—and wilt thou murmur? Hath not God often turned thy water into wine, thy brass into silver, thy silver into gold?—and wilt thou murmur? When thou wast dead, did not He quicken thee? and when thou was lost, did not He seek thee? and when thou was wounded, did He not heal thee? and when thou wert falling, did not He support thee? and when thou wert down, did He not raise thee? and when thou wert staggering, did not He establish thee? and when thou wert erring, did not He reduce thee? and when thou wert tempted, did not He succour thee? and when thou wert in danger, did not He deliver thee?—and wilt thou murmur? What! thou that art so highly advanced, and exalted above many thousands in the world! Murmuring is a black garment, and it becomes none so ill as saints.—*Brooks.*

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE ON THE LITERATURE OF BRITAIN.

Part II.

II. Let me shew, in the *second* place, the influence of the English translation of the Scriptures on the extent and diffusion of literature in Britain.

By inciting to the study of the ancient languages, and by rendering the passion for it necessary and general, the translation of the Scriptures contributed to the cultivation of elegant literature, and the revival of good taste. The Classic works of antiquity—those great models of composition—were made generally known, and their influence felt, in the reposing tone of sentiment and language of the classes of society who were instructed in them. But let these beautiful languages have been ever so eagerly studied by a certain class of devoted admirers, who explored their treasures, and knew their value, of what avail would it have been to the nation at large, if all the stores of knowledge, of history, eloquence, and poetry, had been locked up in the repositories of an unknown tongue? How could we expect to see a national literature springing up and flourishing in the midst of us, without a common language—without a literary public—without a people to understand and enjoy the beauties and advantages of literature? Of the production of taste and imagination, it belongs to every one to judge. The audience of an orator, the readers of a poet, cannot be confined to people who speak an unknown tongue. They require all classes, and ages, and sexes. They must speak a universal language—the language of courts and camps—of the town and the country—of the palace and the cottage. They have to deal with all minds, and with all hearts; and, therefore, to enable this country to have a literature of its own, it was necessary to write it in its own language, and that all classes of the people should be taught to read. Some great and powerful cause was necessary to produce this favourable state of society, under the influence of which, and which only, authors would be found who would write for the people, and people who would read what authors wrote. And what cause, in the history of Britain, could have led to this happy effect, but the translation of the Bible? Had this Sacred Volume been locked up in the secrets of an unknown tongue, the number of readers would, of necessity, have been confined to a small, or inconsiderable class. And the reformers, unaware of this new power—for in every country they translated the Scriptures—made their appeal to the people, and found, through that medium, a way to their understandings and their hearts. And in no country in Europe have the beneficial results been so visibly and widely displayed as in our own; where, from the first moment of the Scriptures being given to them in their vernacular tongue, the people have been going forward in uninterrupted progress, acquiring and asserting their claims to the character of an intellectual people. At the first translation of the Bible by Tyndale, he durst venture on issuing no more than an edition of 500 copies, for distribution throughout the whole country. In the course of fifteen years, another translation was published, to the extent of 1500 copies. The translation of Cranmer, as well as the Bishop's Bible, was, by the influence of their authors, deposited—a copy of them—in every church. But immense multitudes had never learnt to read; and to afford them the benefit of the Sacred Volume, readers were licensed and hired to read publicly. When the present translation was published, a knowledge of letters was still more widely diffused, insomuch that a Scottish historian, who describes the state of the country towards the close of the 17th, and beginning of the 18th century, assures us, that a copy of the Scriptures was in the possession of *every house*: and even after every deduction is made from the poetical license, or the fond patriotism of this historian, there is reason to believe, that a copy of the

translated Bible was then very widely diffused. But that is nothing to the extraordinary circulation of this version at the present day; of which a living writer mentions the extraordinary fact, that the copies of it are now far more than double the population of the Empire! And while the primary and the most important effect of this must be a great accession to the number of God's people, and an increasing attention to the one thing needful, what effect can it produce otherwise, than most favourable to the cause of general literature? It is a matter of common observation, that an acquaintance with the truth, and a relish for the spirit of the Bible, is always accompanied with a disposition to read, and a thirst for knowledge. And what effect can result from the Bible, from being brought into contact with so many minds, but to elevate the standard, and extend the range of intelligence?

In short, it is from the Bible, and the institutions derived from the Bible, that a little reflection will lead us to trace everything in general literature which modern times can boast,—the institution of schools for instructing the doctrines of Christianity. And when the Bible is the first and principal book taught, it is that venerable book that first wakes the germ of thought. And it is neither a random nor unfounded assertion, that it was the Bible that gave a Shakespeare and a Milton to England—a Scott and a Burns to Scotland. It is the Bible that is the true source of popular eloquence in Britain. The great preachers of our country have occupied amongst us the place of a Demosthenes and a Cicero among the Greeks and Romans; but with more power and commanding influence than those celebrated orators of antiquity; for the subjects that engage the eloquence of the preacher, are of far deeper and more wide-spread interest than the fate of a city, or the fate of a state. Nay, the sermons of a Hall, produce an immeasurably deeper impression than the pleadings of a Chatham; and the discourses of a Chalmers, than the splendid declamations of a Burke.

Gleanings.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

What do I love when I love Thee?—Not beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light, so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and ointments, and spices; not manna and honey, not embracements of flesh;—none of these I love when I love my God. And yet I love a kind of light, and melody, and fragrance, and meat, and embracement, when I love my God;—the light, melody, fragrance, meat, embracement of my inner man; where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not. This is it which I love when I love my God.—*Augustine.*

Every man who does not trust, love, and obey God, is an Atheist, no matter what he may call himself.

POPERY A TYRANNICAL CONSCIENCE.

There is no man so wicked, but at sometimes his conscience will wring him with thoughts of another world, and the peril of his soul; the trouble and melancholy which he conceives of true repentance and amendment he endures not, but inclines rather to some carnal superstition, which may pacify and lull his conscience with some more pleasing doctrine. None more ready and officious to offer herself than the Romish, and opens wide her office, with all her faculties, to receive him; easy confession, easy absolution, pardons, indulgences, masses for him both quick and dead, *Agnus Dei*, relics, and the like; and he, instead of "working out his salvation with fear and trembling," straight thanks in his heart (like another kind of fool than he in the Psalms, to bribe God as a corrupt judge), and by his proctor, some priest or friar, to buy out his peace with money which he cannot with his repentance. —*Milton.*

Notices of Books.

Recollections of a Visit to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. By the Rev. Messrs. Grandpierre *and* Boucher, *Delegates of the Central Protestant Society of France.* 6*d.* (Profits appropriated to the Society.) Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

The above pamphlet is a translation of a paper which appeared in the columns of the *Esperance*. Appended to it are the speeches delivered by the reverend gentlemen in the General Assembly. Those who had the privilege of being present upon the day when those respected and beloved brethren appeared before that venerable body, will never, we are sure, forget the power and the pathos with which they pled the cause of Continental Protestantism, and the interests of the Central Society of the National Protestant Church of France. Could those brethren excite in our Church any additional interest in themselves, or in their mission, their kind and generous recollections of us would not fail to do so. If they themselves are the first delegates from any Foreign Church or Society who have "fraternized" with our Church at home, they are the first, also, who have done any justice to our Church abroad upon the Continent. They came to us openly and frankly as brethren; as such, and with a kindred spirit, they were received. They saw and judged for themselves. They have recorded their opinion of us. We are gratified by the results. But let us not be surprised if many respected brethren in the Lord abroad, should keep aloof from us; as if we cared little as a Church for advancing the cause of Christian truth upon the Continent. What have we done to manifest our love and zeal, if such existed? We may have lacked opportunity. There may not have been any organization abroad which, as a Church, we were fully justified in countenancing or aiding. This is possible. But if so, an opportunity is now afforded us. The General Assembly have ordered a general collection to be made in aid of the French Central Society. The Foreign Correspondence Committee have arranged, that, in the country districts, at least, it shall take place early in August. We earnestly hope it may be liberal. Every other Church in Scotland,—the Free, United Presbyterian, and Reformed Presbyterian,—all give liberally to various Continental Societies, while they are obliged to support their own clergy at home; and other schemes of Christian usefulness besides. The churches in England and America do the same. Are we alone, of all the Protestant churches in the world, to refuse to assist our brethren in the great European battle against Infidelity, Socialism, and Popery; and in favour of pure and undefiled religion? Shall the Church of Scotland, like a wounded and disabled soldier, retire from the field; or rather, like a cowardly and heartless deserter, in health and strength, refuse to enter or abandon the field, to indulge in inglorious sloth at home? Or shall we occupy the station assigned to us in Providence, and discharge our high duties as a national witness for the truth, both at home and abroad, doing good unto all as we have an opportunity, and especially to the household of faith! Deeds alone will give satisfactory replies to those questions. We wait the issue in filial hope, yet not without filial fears. In the meantime, we cordially recommend this pamphlet, and the speeches which accompany it, to the careful perusal of our readers. We have room for one or two extracts only:—

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

"Many of the details connected with the meeting of the General Assembly at Edinburgh, forcibly remind those who are acquainted with French-Switzerland, and especially with the Church of Geneva, that the reformer of Scotland, John Knox, was the disciple of Calvin, and that the Church of Scotland is the daughter of the Church founded by that great man at Geneva. The name 'Moderator,' which distinguishes the President of the Assembly—the hymns which are sung in public worship, viz., the Psalms of David—the robe of the minister in the pulpit, and even the costume of the Moderator when not presiding in the Assembly—the three-

cornered hat, the bands, the collar, and shape of his coat, the knee-breeches, the black silk stockings, and the large shoe-buckles—all seem to have been imported by Knox from Geneva to Scotland. But, above all, the orthodox, Christian, Gospel doctrine of Knox's Master, has been transplanted, and immovably rooted in the Established Church of Scotland. To preserve the forms of the Church may, in many cases, be a good work: but to keep by the foundation, to maintain inviolate the precious deposit of the Gospel of Christ, is a far worthier and nobler thing. Thanks be to God, this the Church of Scotland has done."

"We shall not here enter on the examination of the various questions and cases which occupied the attention of the General Assembly during a session of ten days. We shall only remark, that the reports of the various Committees, appointed for the management of the different Educational and Missionary Schemes, in which the activity and life of the Church are at once produced and manifested, as they passed successively in review, were discussed with that solemnity and earnestness which their importance demanded. In general, we were much struck with the dignity which never ceased to prevail in all the deliberations, which appeared to be always in harmony with the solemn prayer and praise, and reading of God's Word, with which the proceedings of every day commenced. This venerable body, upwards of 300 in number, representing more than a thousand churches, (exclusive of chapels connected with them,) continually reminded us, by their grave deportment, their sustained attention, and the dignified tone of their language, that they were deeply sensible that they were charged with the interests of the Church of the Lord. The public are permitted to be present at their deliberations; and the galleries, and other parts of the house not occupied by the deputies of the Church, are filled with spectators; but it was quite obvious, that this circumstance had not the smallest influence on the Assembly in creating any undue excitement. Had the debates been carried on with closed doors, they could not have been more calm, dignified, and peaceable.

"We entered the Assembly Hall in broad day on the 4th, and as in Scotland the nights in the month of June are short, we departed in daylight on the 5th. Then was poured forth that living tide into the silent streets of the beautiful and slumbering city, wondering to behold, at such an hour, visitors so unlike to those whom the awakening of a large town usually surprises in the public thoroughfares,—venerable pastors, grave and thoughtful elders, and even ladies, who had been enchained to the last moment by their own Christian interest in the imposing solemnities of the high court of their beloved Church."

A SCENE IN THE ASSEMBLY.

"The second delegate of the Central Society—to whom, in consequence of being somewhat more familiar with the English tongue, had been entrusted the task of more fully developing the object of their mission—next addressed the Assembly. For the space of an hour and a-half, in the midst of the most encouraging silence and sympathizing attention, he explained the position of French Protestantism in general, and of the Central Society in particular. He spoke a language which was not his own, but he spoke of a common faith; and, besides this, the feelings of the Assembly had become so identified with those of the speaker, that very idea expressed, every fact recounted, seemed to find instant admission to every heart. But the general emotion became profound, irrepressible, indescribable, when the speaker, having alluded to the 'Confession of Sin,' associated that beautiful portion of the worship of the Reformed French Church with [illegible] feelings, and the circumstances of the moment, 'Venerable fathers, and beloved brethren in Christ,' he cried, 'permit me, for the joy of my own heart, for the good of my own soul, permit me to make the walls of this Scottish Assembly re-echo the words which, in all the Protestant Churches of France, express the feelings of the believing worshippers.' First, slowly in French, then immediately after in English, he repeated that magnificent prayer which begins our services. At that moment, as if by one consent, the whole audience rose simultaneously—the Lord Commissioner and his suite, the Assembly, and the public,—all that vast concourse yielded to one common impulse, the irresistible initiative of which sprung up spontaneously in each individual heart. It was no longer a deliberative Assembly,—it was a worship, an adoration. Thus that prayer of Theodore Bèza, which, at the Conference of Poissy, expressed the fervent feelings of the noblest and best in the State and Church of France, now, after the lapse of three hundred years, stirred the deep emotions of the Church of Scotland, by breathing upon the same feelings of Gospel piety which, on that solemn occasion, had originally given it birth, from the lips of the friend, the colleague of the great Calvin.

We refer our readers to the close, succinct, and comprehensive statement of the admirable Grandpierre, for an account of the Central Society; and the longer, but no less able and deeply interesting address of M. Boucher, for a view of the present state and prospects of the National Protestant Church. As we understand that these speeches are to appear in the *Record*, we hope they will be carefully perused. We must, however, extract from the last address. It is

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"He was a Parisian by birth, and he had reached the age of twenty, without any outward form of religion, without any inward real concern for his soul. The providence of God brought him into contact with a true Christian minister, a pastor of the Reformed Church, who, on his first visit to him, engaged in prayer. Sir, prayer in the French language he had never uttered himself, and he had never heard from the lips of a living man! The very act of kneeling was a novelty to him! So moved was he by this striking, although but very partial exhibition of Divine life, that he attached himself, as it were, to the individual through whom his soul had, for the first time, caught a glimpse of the invisible world; and on the same day, after hasty preparations, he was travelling with his new friend to spend some time under his roof, to whom the silent language of his inmost soul would already be enabled to say:—'Thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people.' On the following Sunday he entered, for the first time, a Protestant place of worship; for the first time he listened to the beautiful prayer which, throughout all the Established Church, ascends up from every pulpit without exception, and from thousands and tens of thousands of hearts, united at the same hour in the same expression of their sentiments. Allow me, Sir, and you, fathers and brethren, allow me, for the joy and good of my own soul, to make the walls of this hall of the Scotch Church to echo with the very words which your French brethren repeat in their native land;—

"'Eternal and Almighty God, our Lord and Father, we recognize and confess before thy Holy Majesty, that we are poor sinners, conceived and born in sin, inclined to evil, incapable, of ourselves, of doing any good thing, and who daily transgress in a thousand ways thy holy commandments; having thus brought upon us, by thy just judgment, condemnation and death. Nevertheless, O Lord, we deeply deplore having offended thee, and we condemn both ourselves and our faults with a serious repentance, trusting humbly to thy grace, and supplicating thee to remedy our misery. Have mercy upon us, most gracious Lord, Father of mercy, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ; and, in pardoning our sins, grant to us, and increase in us, from day to day, the graces of thy Holy Spirit; so that seeing more and more our faults, and dying to sin, we may apply ourselves with our whole heart to bring forth fruits of righteousness and holiness, pleasing in thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord.'

"And now, what were the consequences of the prayer, the preaching, the service—in short, of the breaking in of light upon the young Parisian's mind? The consequences?—Let some of them be mentioned here to the glory of God's grace, and in due justice to that part of the Saviour's inheritance,—the French Reformed Church. The first consequence was his conversion to God, and his joining the Protestant Church. Not only so, but he was enabled to carry into effect his earnest desire to make known to his countrymen the glad tidings of salvation; and his labours were accompanied by signal tokens of his Master's blessing. Led, soon afterwards, by the providence of God, to a neighbouring nation, (Belgium,) he was enabled to plant in the very centre of the country, in the metropolis, an evangelical church. Upwards of 180 Roman Catholics, converted under his ministry, were but the first fruits of a harvest which is now daily increasing in that benighted land, where Protestantism had been entirely uprooted for two centuries. In a few years he was permitted to see some of these, his spiritual children, engaged in the holy work of the ministry. Believing that the literary occupation which he had pursued previous to his conversion, might be turned to good purpose, under a now quite different impulse, he began to write against Popery and infidelity, and also on more general Christian topics. Many of his books and tracts have been honoured, by being adopted and published by the tract societies of the evangelical world. He then proceeded to learn English, for the purpose of pleading, before the great Protestant nations which speak that language, the cause which he thought too much neglected by them,—the evangelization of the Continent. For this purpose he travelled thousands of leagues, and ten thousands of miles in America and in Europe. And now, Sir, he has come over to plead the same ever-beloved

cause before the people of Scotland,—before the General Assembly of their Church! For I need hardly say, that the Parisian convert of whom I have been speaking, is the humble individual who is now addressing you; and however I might be ashamed to engross so much of your attention with the personal history of one so undeserving of such notice, yet I will hazard exposing myself for the sake of the truth, to suspicions of vanity; and I am willing to appear even deficient in a sense of propriety, if in this way I may be able to shew that my noble Church is not deficient in the desire and power of doing good, nor my dear country in a share of God's spiritual mercies."

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG ABOUT ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUOR, TOBACCO, AND OPIUM.

*(Monthly Paper supplied by the Edinburgh Branch of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, for which the Editor is not responsible.—*Ed. Ch. Mag.)

Letter II.

Dear Young Friends,—In the first letter we sent you about abstinence from intoxicating liquor, tobacco, and opium, we told you a good many things; and for the sake of enabling you to remember them, we numbered them. There were ten different things; try now and not forget what these ten things were, and to encourage you to remember them, we will tell you a little story.

There was a little girl of the name of Margaret, who used to attend our Sabbath School. She was a very quiet and attentive little girl, somewhat pale and sickly looking; and her clothes, though very poor, were clean. She had no Bible when she came to the school, and so she had to look on with the little girls in her class; she was a good reader, and knew the Bible fully as well as most of the girls in her class. The want of a Bible was a great hindrance to her getting through the exercises of the class pleasantly, and we purchased a Bible for her, and gave it to her, expressing a hope that she would make it her companion.

For some time after she got the Bible, we observed a very great improvement in Margaret's preparation of her exercises in the class; and, pleased with her conduct altogether, we interested a lady so much in Margaret's behalf, as to procure for her some clothing, of a plain, but useful kind, to preserve her from the cold of winter. Margaret was very thankful, and very grateful for this attention to her needs: and by her kindness to her class companions, and to other children whom she brought to the Sabbath School, she became a favourite among all the scholars.

Margaret's father and mother were both living; she had one brother, a little boy, whom she used to bring with her to the school, though he could not read, he used to be very quiet, and when a new little simple story was told about Jesus and His wonderful love for little boys and girls, little Johnny would often cry, "Me love Jesus, Him love me. Tell me about Jesus more."

One Sabbath evening, both Margaret and her little brother Johnny were absent from the school; none of the scholars knew the reason. On calling at their house the same evening we were surprised to hear that Margaret was dying,—her mother was wringing her hands, and tearing her hair, and throwing herself upon the floor of her dwelling, in the greatest agony and suffering, while the father, and two medical men, were by the side of Margaret, who seemed to be already dead,—the sight we shall never forget, and the impression which it made upon our mind is now as fresh, as the moment when we heard the melancholy statement that she had been poisoned.

Poisoned! why, how was that? She had been sent to the apothecaries for laudanum that morning; her mother was in the habit of using it for a disease under which she

laboured,—the little girl had often heard her mother say, it was the only thing she got which relieved the pain. Margaret had been complaining of a pain that day too,—her father, and mother, and little brother had gone out, and left Margaret at home. When they came home, they found their little girl stretched on the floor, the laudanum bottle nearly empty, and, alas! in the course of the same evening, she was a lifeless corpse!

Often we have thought of little Margaret and the laudanum bottle, and lamented, that this dear child should have been cut of by this deadly poison; and often we have thought, how careful parents should be not to leave poison in their children's way,—and how careful children should be not to touch things which are not for them and things which are poisonous.

Perhaps Margaret did not think it was a poison,—though her mother may have told her it was,—perhaps she thought it would relieve her pain as it had done her mother's. Dear young friends, you must not do everything your parents do, nor partake of everything your parents partake of. You must remember Margaret, and the laudanum bottle, and we will tell you the reason why very soon.—I am, dear young friends, yours truly,

A FRIEND.

THE MISSIONARY ENTERPRIZES OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

BESIDES prosecuting her own direct function as an instrument, under God, for imparting and confirming the knowledge of His blessed Gospel among those already within her pale, the Church of Scotland has engaged herself in various efforts to contribute to the performance of her Saviour's farewell command to His disciples, to "go and teach all nations." These efforts have four great objects,—viz., 1. Those at home, who are yet strangers to the knowledge and privileges of the Gospel; 2. Our expatriated countrymen in the British Colonies; 3. The Heathen; and, 4. The Jew.

The means which the Church possesses for the prosecution of these objects, consist of the free-will offerings of her people, given either in church collections or by individual contributions. Each department or Scheme is directed and superintended by a committee of members of the Church, presided over by a Convener. The purpose of this paper is to present a brief account of the nature and extent of the work accomplished by the Schemes.

The Missionary enterprize at home is prosecuted in two distinct branches,—one of which is devoted to the Christian education of the young, while the other provides the ordinances of a preached Gospel to those who are not accommodated by the existing means of worship. The first of these branches is—

I. THE EDUCATION SCHEME.

It is well known, that every parish in Scotland possesses either a Grammar School, or a Parochial School. The inestimable benefits conferred by these institutions, are generally known and appreciated. The circumstances of the country, however, have changed greatly since these schools were established by an Act of the Scottish Parliament in 1696; and even since the enactment of 1803, which contained a provision, but slenderly efficient, for erecting additional schools in parishes where one was insufficient from the great population, or intersection by arms of the sea. The rapid increase of population, its concentration in towns and manufactories, and, apart from these considerations, the discovery made by the advancing light of education of its own deficiencies even in landward parishes of vast extent, —these, and other circumstances, demonstrated the utter inadequacy of the legalized means to furnish instruction to the whole people. By an inquiry made about thirty years since, more than 80,000 children of school-going age were found uneducated, and without the opportunity of education in the simplest elements of religion, or secular knowledge. There is

no reason to suppose, considering the uninterrupted advance of the population, that the number in this lamentable condition has yet been materially diminished.

The Education Scheme endeavours to remedy this evil, by encouraging the erection of new schools. A schoolhouse being erected, and certain accommodations to the teacher provided by the heritors or others interested in the locality, this Scheme, by furnishing a small annual endowment, secures the services of a schoolmaster, far more highly qualified than a needy district could obtain if left dependent on the means of its inhabitants.

The qualifications of the teacher, his moral and religious character, his attainments in knowledge, and his ability to communicate his knowledge to others,—these are evidently vital points: and the Committee, therefore, directs its special care and active exertions to the *Training of Teachers*. This is accomplished in the Normal Schools of Edinburgh and Glasgow, under teachers of high accomplishment and long experience. By examination of candidates, those worthy of training are selected; board, if necessary, is provided for them, and they are required to spend such a period in the seminary—which contains a model-school of children for the practical exercise of the art of teaching—as to ensure knowledge and skill in the use of the best methods.

The high importance of the Normal Seminaries, is too obvious to require illustration. Trained here, the new teacher enters his school with the confidence of one who has learned his craft. Above all, the Church has here the means of inclining the minds of her teachers to the love and exposition of Scriptural truth: so that from this fountain-head the waters of life may be carried to cheer the remotest corners of the land, enrich its most inhospitable wastes, and gladden the lowliest abodes in the poorest lanes of its teeming cities.

The Normal Schools train female teachers as well as schoolmasters, and impart to them not only divine and secular knowledge, but skill, also, in the pursuits of domestic usefulness and household economy, accompanied by pious and orderly habits; thus communicating both moral elevation and attractive grace to the character and habits of the poor.

After a vacancy of several years in the Rectorship of the Glasgow Normal School, a suitable person has, at last, been found for that office; and this seminary will now have its arrangements completed.

The Edinburgh Normal School has, during the last year, afforded professional training, for greater or less periods, to 132 teachers.

The number of schools supported by the Education Scheme, is at present—

In the Highlands and Islands, the greater number being in the counties of Argyle, Caithness, Inverness, and Sutherland, and in Orkney and Shetland, . .	156
In the Lowlands, . .	28
	184
And through the medium of the Church of Scotland Ladies' Gaelic School Society, there are supported other Schools, . .	93
In all, .	277

Returns received from 172 of these schools this year, show 15,080 pupils in attendance. Assuming the same ratio for all, the number of children educated in connection with this Scheme, is 18,148.

The amount of the Committee's ordinary expenditure last year in maintaining the Normal Schools, and providing endowments to 184 teachers, was L.2,655, 16s. 8d. The Ladies' Gaelic School Society expended L.578, 17s. 9d.

II.—Home Mission.

Although there is truly no more important work of a Home Mission than the Christian education of the young, the name is specially appropriated in the Church of Scotland to that Scheme of which the object is to provide a preached Gospel to those who have it not. This noble undertaking was advanced to a high point of success, by the zeal and energy of the lamented Dr. Chalmers. Since he left the Church, it has been prosecuted under four subordinate heads:—

1. *Church Extension.*

This branch of the procedure is to en-

courage and facilitate the erection of Churches in destitute localities. The ardour and ability with which it was conducted by the eminent man already named, are well known. Since 1843, it has been felt by the Committee, that, considering the number of Churches already erected, it was less incumbent upon them to add to that number, than to provide for the maintenance of a living ministry in the places of worship which already exist. Allowances for building, therefore, are granted only in cases of great exigency—and these in supplement of local exertion. Upon these principles, grants were awarded, during last year, in aid of two erections,—one in the parish of Drainie, Morayshire, and the other at the fishing village of Inverallochy, Aberdeenshire.

The main exertions of the Committee are put forth in the two next branches of the Scheme, viz.—

2. *Aiding Unendowed Churches; and*

3. *Employing Probationers as Missionaries.*

In order to appreciate justly the benefits conferred by this Scheme, it is necessary to attend to what is recognized as constituting a claim to assistance under either of these heads. The relevancy of the claim consists in the *spiritual destitution* of the locality for which it is made. If besides being destitute of religious ordinances, the people are poor, and unable from their own resources to provide them, that greatly strengthens the application. But although, on the other hand, they be not in abject poverty, yet if they are heedless of the Gospel message, then their very regardlessness is justly considered a powerful argument for pressing the invitations of the Gospel upon them, that they may "be compelled to come in." "It is interesting to observe the effect of the Committee's aid in strengthening Congregations, and enabling them, after a few years' help, to hold on their course, independently of extraneous support. Thus, two Congregations, in the course of last year, have become self-sustaining,—viz., Maryhill, Barony parish, Glasgow, and Broughty Ferry, in the parish of Monifieth. The funds formerly given to these are thus set free for districts where, from depression in the mining and manufacturing interests, the demand for assistance has become more urgent.

During last year, grants varying from L.20 to L.50, have been voted in aid of 52 Unendowed Churches, and 59 Missionary Stations. The privileges of the Gospel are thus extended to more than 40,000 worshippers, who, failing the aid of this Scheme, would be left without religious ordinances.

The progress of the congregations under the Committee's fostering hand, is most encouraging; the last report particularizes 24 cases in which there is a marked increase of worshippers and members during the year. Every follower of Christ, of whatever denomination, must rejoice, that more souls are thus drawn within the sound of the message of salvation.

These facts, as well as the claims of fifteen places of worship in Glasgow, just restored to the Established Church, present an impressive claim upon the liberality and prayers of her members.

The last branch of this Scheme consists in—

4. *Encouraging Young Men to the Ministry.*

Hopeful students, whom chill penury might otherwise repress, are, upon proper examination and certificates, provided with such pecuniary aid as enables them to prosecute their labours preparatory to the work of the ministry. Eight young men have received such assistance last year.

The expenditure of the Home Mission during the past year, for the purposes now explained, was—

1. Towards completion of two churches	L.232	10 0
2 In aid of 42 unendowed churches	1725	0 0
3. Towards support of Missionaries at 40 stations . . .	1495	0 0
4. Grants to Students . . .	77	0 0
	L.3527	10 0

The Church has recently added to her Schemes an undertaking which falls to be classified with the Home Mission, being

III. For the Endowment of Chapels of Ease.

This Scheme is yet only in its infancy.

Its object is to complete the work begun by the Home Mission; and after congregations have struggled into existence by missionary exertions, and been sustained, for a time, by grants added to voluntary contribution, to assist them in attaining a condition of independence by the provision of a permanent endowment. Before the General Assembly of 1848, such contributions had been made, as, in addition to other means, enabled the Committee to prepare six congregations to apply for erection under Sir James Graham's Act, which extends the parochial status to churches, when a permanent stipend is provided of L.120, or L.100, if there be a manse.

The Committee now proposes to raise contributions upon an extended scale, suggested by Sir James Campbell, and to which he has subscribed L.1000, being at the rate of L.20 for each of the fifty churches, which, by local exertion, added to the Committee's grant, shall first be ready to obtain establishment under the Act.

The restoration of the chapels in Glasgow, has led to a liberal subscription in that city towards the endowment of these places of worship,—the amount being already above L.10,000.

Thus the Home Mission, in its true and extended sense, is composed of these three enterprizes,—viz., *first*, the Christian education of the young; *secondly*, the provision of religious ordinances among the abodes of spiritual desolation; and *thirdly*, a permanent security for these ordinances, rendering them independent of temporary casualties or discouragement. It is evident, that in proportion as the third design shall be attained, and endowed churches settled with schools, which never fail to accompany them, the two first branches of the mission will be enabled to betake themselves to the regions of more extreme destitution, lying beyond those which have yet been occupied.

IV.—Colonial Scheme.

There is not in profane literature, perhaps, a truer appeal to the heart and conscience, than when the poet represents the robber as arrested by the sound of the evening bell, which in childhood used to call him to prayer. If this law (which unfolds the depths of Divine mercy) asserts its power even when virtue has departed, how can those who seek in other climes wider room and a more fruitful soil, while they drag at each remove a lengthened chain of attachment to the land of their birth, forget the lessons of a mother's piety,—their school instructions—the rebukes, exhortations, and soul-stirring appeals—the settings forth of the blood of expiation, and attractions of the Cross, which, in the house of God, as long as they tarried in their native land, weaned their minds every Sabbath from sordid thoughts, and constrained their hearts to the contemplation and love of holiness and truth? An immortal spirit which has once tasted a draught so satisfying, will not willingly lose or forget it. It is not matter of wonder, then, that amid the Canadian forests—upon the vast plains of New Holland—and in the luxuriant islands and continents of the South, rich in the abundance of nature's wealth and charms—how infinitely more rich and lovely to the eye of faith when their rude possessors receive the treasures and adorning of Divine grace!—that here, surrounded by superstition, or idolatry, or ignorance, or indifference, the expatriated Scot should remember the truth with a tender and awful delight, and earnestly pant for a renewal of the ordinances by which its sacred impressions shall be renewed and confirmed.

Nor can the friends he has left be unmindful of the wants of his soul. In proportion to the strength of their faith, love is also strong, and the Church, with spiritual affection, adopts the language of Ruth, and says to her departing child, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

This tender and sanctified regard is the foundation of the Colonial Scheme, which employs itself in providing ministers, missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters, for our brethren settled in all the varied and boundless regions embraced in the British Colonies. When a suitable person is found, his passage-money is

paid, and, if necessary, an annual grant made for a few years, until the congregation shall have gathered strength. Grants are also made in aid of building churches, and occasionally, also, to supplement stipends, depressed by temporary emergencies.

During the past year, the Committee has sent to the Colonies six ministers, two missionaries, and two schoolmasters. They have paid the passage-money of two ministers, one missionary, and one schoolmaster, to different parts of *Canada*, and engaged to give temporary aid in supporting one of the ministers for three years, and the missionary during one year. They have made a grant to one congregation; another in support of a French mission; and a third, for the employment of catechists, besides four subsidies in aid of the erection of churches, all in the same province. They have also continued this year a grant of L.300, made annually, during some time past, towards the endowment of Queen's College, at Kingston, in Canada, which embraces chairs for the training of Presbyterian ministers.

During the year, the Committee has defrayed the expenses of the passage of a minister to St. John's, New Brunswick, and a missionary to Picton, and they have voted grants of L.50 each to four ministers in *New Brunswick and Nova Scotia*.

A minister has been sent to Charlotte Town, *Prince Edward's Island*, his passage-money defrayed, and a salary provided for three years.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has appointed to St. Andrews, Paramatta, *New South Wales*, a minister recommended by the Committee, who have engaged to supplement his stipend for two years.

A grant has been made for the support of a schoolmaster in *Vancouver's Island*.

Besides the countries already named, the Committee maintain a connection and correspondence with many other Colonies, and are at present engaged in anxious inquiry for ministers and missionaries to be sent to *Halifax, Newfoundland, Jamaica, British Guiana, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope*, as well as for various places yet unsupplied in Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island.

The sum expended in accomplishing these purposes, during the year just elapsed, was L.2787, 9s. 10d.

In entering upon the duty of sending the Gospel to the heathen, the attention of the Church was naturally directed, in the first place, to those with whom, in the course of Providence, this country had been brought into immediate contact and political relation. For many years, Hindostan has formed a source of wealth and aggrandizement to Great Britain; and there are few families in Scotland that have not, through some of their members, derived from it temporal advantage, many of them affluence, with distinction, and high position. No reflecting mind, however, can revert to the origin of our connection with India, and follow the train of events by which, as by an advancing tide, that vast continent has been covered by the British presence and power, without deep anxiety, as regards both the moral history of the influence so acquired, and the responsibility which such an ascendancy imposes; nor can any expectation, limited to temporal interests, satisfy the Christian heart which ponders and faithfully meets the question here raised. Are we to contemplate our national conduct in the light of human responsibility, or of Providential instrumentality? Looking at the history of British conquest with reference to human action merely, it yields profound consolation to the anxious spirit, searching in vain for a ground of righteous vindication, to contemplate the unspeakable advantage which the myriads of immortal souls, breathing upon those sunny plains, will derive from their invaders, if, in exchange for the wealth and luxury conceded to British arms, they shall owe to the British missionary the imperishable treasures of grace. But coming events begin to shew more openly what the mind of faith never doubted—that all has been ordained by Sovereign power, making the wrath of man to praise Him who useth all things, even oppression, injustice, carnage, and rapine, as instruments to work out "His

great intent,"—*to cover the fields of strife with the fruits of never-ending peace.*

India, then, is the chosen scene of the Church of Scotland's evangelical labours among the heathen, which are prosecuted by the Committee of

V.—FOREIGN MISSIONS.

This mission was projected, and its basis of principles founded, by the sagacious and enlightened mind of the Rev. Dr. Inglis, the first convener. Its characteristic features are, the communication of Divine truth to the Hindu child, while his mind is ductile, and not preoccupied by superstition, and the employment in this work of missionaries, whose talents and attainments qualify them to cope with the inherent and acquired power and subtlety of the native mind. It is well known, that this mission owed its first great success to the able and indefatigable exertions of Dr. Duff, whose praise is in all the churches. Since the loss of his services, in 1843, by the lamentable breach in our Zion, it is matter of heartfelt gratitude to the God of missions, that even in that depth of apparently irremediable abandonment, He heard the secret prayer of His children who long for the inbringing of the heathen; and that, in a manner and measure unlooked for, and which the Church had no visible reason to expect, men of evangelical disposition, and apostolic spirit, with minds well stored, and suitable intellectual preparation, have been raised up to carry on the work.

The mission is in operation at each of the Presidencies.

1. *Calcutta.*—The Institution—a great educational seminary—is conducted by *three* missionaries, all licentiates of the Church of Scotland, aided by twenty-six teachers, most of whom are natives. Secular knowledge, advancing to a high point of attainment in literature and science, is communicated in connection with the knowledge of Divine truth, which is taught openly and avowedly. Scholarships have been instituted by friends of the mission, to enable promising pupils to continue their attendance, in the hope that they may become attached to the Institution, and trained as catechists and preachers. The average number of pupils receiving instruction last year, was 912, and this year there is the prospect of an increase.

Some promising pupils have embraced the medical profession, which implies the renunciation of Hindu prejudices, identifies them with Europeans, and opens up a sphere peculiarly favourable to the diffusion of Gospel truth.

2. *Madras.*—A similar institution is carried on here by four missionaries,—one an ordained minister, two of them experienced schoolmasters from Scotland, and the fourth, a native, trained at the Normal Seminary of Edinburgh. Before the arrival of the two teachers, the labour of the mission, as well as other onerous duties, were carried on with exemplary zeal and devotion by the Rev. Mr. Grant. The attendance last year, was sometimes 430; at the examination, 382.

3. *Bombay.* The missionaries here are two ordained Germans, and an experienced teacher from Scotland. The number of pupils on the roll is 370.

Ghoosery, in the Presidency of Bengal, is a mission conducted by native converts, at the exclusive expense of the congregation of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, at an expense last year of £150. The attendance in 1847-48, consisted of 50 pupils.

The expenditure last year amounts to £5688, 19s. 2d.

Auxiliary to the Foreign Missions, is *The Scottish Ladies' Association for the advancement of Female Education in India*, which supports the following Seminaries, viz.:—

At *Calcutta*, an Orphan Refuge, in a commodious building, the property of the Association, conducted by a lady superintendent, a matron, and an assistant native teacher; and seven day schools conducted by nine teachers. By these a Christian education is imparted to 188 Hindu girls.

At *Madras*, a Hindu Girls' School, conducted by an experienced teacher from Scotland, as general superintendent, and fifteen native assistants. Number of pupils present at examination, 264.

At *Bombay*, a School for Indo-British and Portuguese orphans, conducted by

an experienced female teacher from Scotland, and four schools for Hindu girls, containing, in all, 98 pupils.

In Ceylon, four Schools, with a fifth receiving aid, conducted by seven Teachers, and four local superintendents, all under the general superintendence of Dr. and Mrs. M'Vicar. The number of pupils is 208. By Dr. M'Vicar's management, these schools diffuse extensive good at a comparatively small expense.

The expenditure of the Ladies' Association last year, was L.1492, 11s. 9d.

Conversions in connection with the India Mission are, as yet, rare. But here it is *open* conversion only that is meant. God alone knows the heart. In this matter the missionaries exercise a sound and praiseworthy discretion. The formidable obstacles to an avowal of Christianity, opposed by caste and native prejudice, are well known. The profession of the Gospel by a native, implies his permanent alienation from his family and friends. But if reference is allowed to indications of inward conviction, there is ground of hope. Hindoo rites are in some parts abandoned; and in their communications with government, the natives speak rather as worshippers of the true God, than as idolaters. Generally, the symptoms are manifest, that idolatry is being undermined, and beginning to totter and crumble; and the friends of missions have good cause to exercise the faith of the husbandman, who casts his seed into the ground, and waits with undoubting confidence for the harvest.

The Committee anxiously contemplates the extension of the mission, so as to embrace stated preaching of the Gospel, in order that the lessons of the school may not be lost by the want of means to establish and confirm in the adult the impressions of the pupil.

The schemes hitherto described are designed to carry the message of salvation to all in different spheres who, though not after the flesh, are yet children of Abraham, and heirs of the promise according to faith. In tardy compliance with the Saviour's injunction, that the missionary effort should have its "beginning at Jerusalem," it was not until the fields already mentioned had been occupied, that the Church of Scotland instituted her scheme for

VI.—Conversion of the Jews.

The others have all, more or less, their scenes territorially defined; but there can be no geographical limit in a mission to those who, for eighteen centuries, have been scattered upon the face of the earth, and have no common earthly home but the grave. This Committee, therefore, sends its Missionaries wherever there appears to be, in Providence, a hopeful opening for tendering God's message of reconciliation to His ancient people. Hitherto, three principal stations have been opened,—one of which the Committee has just been forced to abandon, when the fruits of the mission were beginning to appear.

Tunis.—This station was entered upon in 1844, the sphere being important; inasmuch as there are about 100,000 Jews in Barbary. The work was prosecuted by the distribution of Bibles, and by intercourse between the Missionary and his Jewish brethren, leading to serious inquiry. He had also obtained a position of acceptability and usefulness among the Protestant inhabitants, almost all of whom attended public worship, conducted by him on the Lord's day. The direct fruits of the Mission appeared in the baptism of four converted Jews, and the readiness of seven others to receive that symbol of their faith in Christ. Latterly, however, for causes which do not appear, the Mission was not viewed with a favourable eye by the British Chief Consul at Tunis; and a fierce persecution having arisen against the converts, the Missionary, who is himself a converted Jew, found that he could not obtain protection for them, and left Tunis, in order to remove any irritation arising from his presence. The Committee has the impression, that a very slight exercise of the influence of the British Consul would have prevented this calamitous termination of their efforts. They have made full communication of their sentiments to Lord Palmerston, and invited the strictest investigation of their Missionary's conduct. This has been withheld; and the Foreign Secretary appears to have yielded himself entirely to the influence of charges made by the Consul in strong but *general* terms; and which, in so far as the Committee can discover, are such as would be caused by the success of any missionary labours in the same field. It is with great regret, on account of the Missionary cause generally, and more especially for the sake of the Protestant population and Jewish converts in Tunis, that the Committee has yielded to a necessity which they deplore, in resolving that their Missionary shall not return to Tunis.

London.—A Missionary to the Jews is employed in this wide field. He preaches on Sabbath to a mixed congregation, including a considerable number of Jewish

inquirers and converts, and gives instruction on Sabbath evening to a class of Jewish youths and children. He holds a week-day service in his own chapel, and a weekly meeting also in Bishopsgate Street, where many Jews reside; and he is also constantly seeking intercourse with Jews in Hospitals, in places of public resort, and in their own houses.

Here, besides other Jewish converts, the rite of baptism has recently been administered to a native of Hungary, whose piety and zeal, accompanied by meekness and firmness, afford hope of his future usefulness, in bringing many of his brethren to a knowledge of the Saviour.

Karlsruhe.—Here a zealous and devoted Missionary is labouring, full of hope. In several adjoining villages, the Jews assemble in considerable numbers to hear the Word of Life, and though few openly profess Christ, many are becoming gradually convinced that he is indeed the promised Saviour. One young Jewess has received baptism; and an interesting and intelligent youth, having been brought to a knowledge of the truth, desired to become a Christian; but his father has removed him, and burnt his New Testament.

A place of worship will be opened at Karlsruhe when suitable accommodation can be found.

Cochin.—The work is carried on by a Missionary, through the instrumentality of schools and preaching. It has lately been obstructed by the prohibition of the Synagogue, alarmed by the Missionary having begun to preach in Malayalim. The Jews, in consequence, disappeared from worship, and the children ceased to read the Gospel; the schools in the country, however, have not suffered from these fulminations; and the children there are making progress in the knowledge of the Word of Life. Many black Jews are inquiring, and most of the Protestant residents attend the Sabbath services. The Committee has made a grant towards the erection of a chapel. The Malayalim congregation meets every Sabbath afternoon, numbering nearly 100 persons, of whom 20 are children.

The expenditure during last year, was L.2611, 14s. 4d.

The labours of this Committee are aided by *the Ladies' Association for the benefit of Jewish Females*, which employs a female Agent at Cochin, and had a similar Agent at Tunis, until the Mission there was suspended by the circumstances already mentioned.

FUNDS *Collected during the year ending 15th April*, 1849.

The *first* column contains Church Collections, and other Contributions, and bequests; the *second* contains interest, dividends, government grant for Normal School, &c.

Education Scheme,		L.3247 1 2	L.1715 3 1
Ladies' Gaelic School Society,		740 11 3	12 4 9
India Mission, Ordinary,	L.3554 4 8		
Do., Extraordinary			
Collection,	1595 10 6		
Do., for Building Fund	1315 11 8		
	6465 5 10	43 9 4	
St. Stephen's Congregation, for Ghuzipara,	15 0 0	0 0 0	
Ladies' Association for Female Education in India,	1720 3 0	40 18 5	
Do., for Buildings at Madras,	598 9 3	6 7 11	
Home Mission,	2510 11 10	283 0 0	
Colonial Churches	2068 9 0	154 2 0	
Jews' Conversion,	2042 8 4	194 3 1	
Ladies' Association for Jewish Females,	455 1 1	0 0 0	
Lay Association,	2114 12 11	17 18 5	
Total,	L.23,153 2 8	L.2467 4 9	L.29,620 7 5

Such is a rapid sketch of the missionary enterprizes of the Church of Scotland. While her members ought to be grateful that she has received grace to give herself in any measure to such labours, no one who has a right conception of the missionary work, and of the duty which it imposes upon every true Christian, can look at the picture just drawn, without being deeply humbled. Insignificant, indeed, are these contributions, when contrasted with the magnificent revenues of other bodies,—the Church of England Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, and the Societies of the Wesleyan Methodists, and Baptists;—how immeasurably deficient, when tried by a juster measure, the value of immortal souls, each one of which is more precious than a world! We would not contemn the day of small things, but how feeble must be the faith from which efforts so feeble proceed? Let every friend of the Church pray that her faith, and the faith of her children, may be strengthened.

Reader! Are you a Christian? Have you a Bible? Can you read it? Do you pray? Have you Gospel privileges? Think on God's mercy in these blessings,—and think also of those who have them not, and to whom the disciples of Christ are bound to communicate them by their Saviour's command.

TABULAR VIEW of the results of modern Missionary labours among the heathen in connection with seven principal Societies. The second column under each Society exhibits the number of Souls now under Christian instruction, including Communicants, Baptized Adults and Children, and the Catechumens who have renounced Idolatry.

SCENE OF LABOUR.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts		Church Missionary Society.		Moravian Missionary Society.		Wesleyan Missionary Society.		Baptist Missionary Society.		London Missionary Society.		American Board of Commissioners.	
	Communicants.	Converts.	Communicants	Converts.	Communicants	Converts	Communicants.	Converts.	Communicants	Converts.	Communicants.	Converts.	Communicants.	Converts.
India: Bengal, &c.,	684	2921	1123	6716					1477	5500	1200	1400		
South,	2826	19,999	3552	26.960			377	808	99	636		18,000	248	2900
Western,	no returns		29	200									107	900
Ceylon,	no returns		306	5000			1496	6909	451	3864			333	500
Africa: West,			2070	16,000			5525	12.296	110	500				
South,					1743	6741	3535	46,800			4000	30,500		
New Zealand,			2612	45.000			4076	11.696						
South-Sea Islands,							8896	12.480			5000	99,000	23,597	45,000
North-American Indians,	no returns		464	3000	1302	3611	1297	2400					1489	6226
West Indies,	no returns		770	3670	17.280	53.719	52.086	107,267	32.743	100,000	5000	13,000		
China,												400		
Mediterranean and Western Asia,			26	250									166	1000
	3510	22,840	13,252	106,796	20.325	64,071	77,288	200,656	34,880	110,500	15,200	162,300	25,940	56,526

*** This Table has been compiled with much care from authorized documents, information having been obtained from the Secretaries of the several Societies, except in the case of America. It must be remembered, that the labours of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, are chiefly directed to the Colonies of Great Britain and the British inhabitants of those parts.—*(Appended to a Sermon preached in May by Rev. H. Venn, Secretary of Church Missionary Society.)*

HOME EDUCATION.

PART I.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—PROV. XXII. 6.

WHAT is meant by *training* up a child? *Training* is not *teaching* merely, in the common acceptation of that word. There may be much wise *teaching* of the child as to its duties; and, at the same time, very unwise *training*, in order to its right performance of them. I have seen a greedy child, for instance, who never saw anything which could gratify its tastes within its reach, without, at once, desiring to possess it; and while the mother taught the child in words, how selfish and how wrong this disposition was, yet no sooner did it become peevish, and discontented, and cry, because its self-indulgence was checked, than the mother gave what it sought, as a bribe to dry its tears, and save herself trouble. Thus the child was, perhaps, very wisely *taught* the lesson of self-control, and self-denial, but was, at the same time, *trained* to act upon the principle, that it was only necessary to weep, in order to gain its point—to disobey its mother's lessons, in order to obtain a mother's reward. In like manner, have you never heard children told to be obedient to their parents, cleanly in their persons, attentive to their lessons, punctual in their time; while those who so wisely taught them in words, as unwisely trained them, by their own sloth and negligence, want of affection and firmness, to form, with impunity, the very opposite habits of disobedience, carelessness, and idleness?

The Apostle Paul (1 Cor. ix. 25) compares the earnest striving of the Christian to obtain an "incorruptible" crown, to the striving of the runners in the Grecian Games, who sought to obtain a corruptible one. And the training of the young, who are "to run the race set before them in the Gospel," may be illustrated by the severe training of those who had to compete for the honours which were awarded to the successful competitors in those famous games. The Apostle says, they were "temperate in all things." To quote the language of an able writer upon this point,—"They exerted an habitual self-command—they kept in check every desire—they denied themselves every indulgence—they abstained from every employment—they rejected every luxury, which might tend to enervate their vigour, or clog their agility, or tame their courage; they observed a stated regimen—they trained themselves by laborious exercise—they used a thousand painful and distasteful arts to brace their nerves, sharpen their perceptions, and mature their skill, they kept their bodies under, and brought them into subjection; they parted with their freedom for a time, and resigned themselves as slaves to the direction and control of some master of athletic arts, under whose iron discipline they had many things to do, and many things to endure, to become patient of cold, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, and watching, and painfulness, and weariness, and all but intolerable hardships. *To a training, thus toilsome and intense, the children of the noblest commonwealths of Greece, the kings and princes of her hundred colonies, were wont to submit themselves without repining*, with all the activeness and alacrity of a voluntary choice. Yet all this was but the prelude, and the preparation for the race which was to gain a "corruptible crown!" Now, although each child is called by God to run a race far more serious than this, and for a "crown which fadeth not away," yet I do not mean to say that its early upbringing and training is to be necessarily as severe, but one thing, at least, is common to the bodily training and the spiritual training,—the formation, namely, of those *habits* which are absolutely necessary for the competitors in either race, if they would "*so* run" as "to obtain."

God has given the parent authority over the child. This is unlimited while it is exercised for the child's good; and for the exercise of it, he is responsible to God. This *power* must therefore be used as well as *precept*, in training up the child to the attainment of that *character* which constitutes the *Christian*, "the man of God, thoroughly furnished unto good works." It is not enough, then, to *teach* a child to be obedient and respectful to parents and superiors; kind, considerate, unselfish, just, truthful, and honest, in his dealings with others; persevering, patient, diligent, and self-denying in his every-day work; reverential, prayerful, loving, conscientious, towards his God and Saviour; but, at the same time, to *train* him up so as to *be* all this, more or less, perfectly "a *doer*, as well as a *hearer* of the Word." The *means* God has appointed, and the *encouragements* He has given for the right discharge of this duty, we shall afterwards consider. What I wish you, at present, to see, is the inadequate view those parents have of domestic education, and of their duty towards their family, who say, as I have often heard them say, in reference to an ill-behaved child, "If he has gone wrong, I am sure it is not from want of *telling* him what was right!" This is possible; but it is just as possible, that there was nothing done for him but the "telling;" or, may be, with good "telling," there was joined very bad training. The child *heard*, perhaps, what was right, but was always allowed to *do* what was wrong. Are you astonished, then, that *his* daily wrong-*doing* should form his future character, more than *your* daily right-*speaking*?

But consider, further,—*For what end should a child be trained up?* The nature of the end to be attained, must regulate the nature of the means to be adopted for its attainment. As far as our comfort is concerned, the chief end for which a fruit tree was created, is to bring forth fruit; and we train it up, accordingly, to fulfil this purpose in the best possible manner; by selecting for it the soil and situation, and giving to it the culture and nourishment, best suited to make it fruitful. But if, instead of fruit, we desired foliage, timber, or beauty of form, we would adopt a different mode of cultivation. And so is it in the education of children. *How* we train them up, will be determined by *what* we train them up for. Are they created for the purpose only of spending a few years on earth; here to labour at some worldly calling; to become rich and powerful, or to drudge and die? If so, we shall train them up with reference to this world, and this world only. But you remember the first question and answer in our Shorter Catechism?—"What is the chief end of man?"—"*Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him for ever!*" This is true; and if so, your children are destined for something greater and higher than to be mere earthly drudges, or to live for mere selfish ends and purposes. They are born for greater honours, and higher rank, than this earth can afford; for glory that is unsearchable—for joy that is unspeakable, and endureth for ever! Let this never be forgotten by you. Those children are created *by* God, and *for* Him. See that you rob not God of His treasure; but use the precious talent for His glory. As the daughter of Pharaoh said of the child Moses to his mother, so does God say to you parents of each child in your family, "Take this child, and nurse it for *me*." In all your plans of home education,—in the lessons you teach—the rebukes you administer to your children—the trade or profession you select for them—the tastes you foster in them—and the objects of ambition you present to them,—never overlook, but always keep the eye of faith fixed upon, the chief end of their being, that they may "glorify God and enjoy Him for ever." Low and unworthy aims produce low and unworthy labours. Hence the mere worldly, careless, prayerless, godless, education, which is so common, arises from parents recognizing the child as born only for time, and not for eternity; as destined to glorify and enjoy self, rather than to glorify and enjoy God.

But you tell me, as if it were an objection to this view, that your child must live in this world—that he must acquire a trade or a profession—that re-

ligion will not feed him or clothe him—and that you must train him up to be a useful member of society, to support himself and others. And, if so, what then? Has God so made the world, that those who do His will in it, are unfit to live and labour in it? Is the godly tradesman less industrious, or frugal, or successful, than his godless fellow-workman? Is he a worse father, husband, son, brother, neighbour? Is he more "slothful in business," because more "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord?" Will a man not attend to his business or succeed in it, because he has been trained up to serve and love God? It was wisely said by that wise man, John Newton, that if a Christian were a shoeblack, he should glorify God by blacking shoes to the best of his ability; and by doing the work, whatever it was, assigned to Him in Providence, faithfully and conscientiously.

But in reference to this godless notion, that training a child to glorify God, is somehow or other at variance with his best worldly interests—let me ask a few questions, which, I think, I may undertake to answer for you. Is *the* way along which a godly man pursues, a truthful way?—Yes. A sober way?—Yes. An honest way?—Yes. An industrious way?—Yes. A righteous way?—Yes. A holy way?—Yes. A peaceful way?—Yes. Does God "bless him in His basket and store?"—Yes. Has God promised "never to leave him nor forsake him, so that he may boldly say, the Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man can do to me?"—Yes. Will "all things work together" for his good?—Yes. Has "godliness a promise of this life, as well as that which is to come?"—Yes. And is his whole way "a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace?"—Yes. And, if so, can you train him up in any other way, even as far as this life is concerned, better than *the* way in which he should go?

You thus perceive how the wisest self-interest and godliness, though they start *from* different points, lead *to* the same point; so that while you may train up your child for this world only, without training him for God; *you cannot train him for God, without thereby training him for this world.* He cannot be a good citizen of heaven, without being a good citizen of earth. He cannot love God, without loving all that is loveable in earth and heaven. His well-being and well-doing for time and eternity are inseparably connected. He is only truly prosperous here, when "he glorifies God in soul and body which are His;" when "he eats and drinks, and does *all* to His glory." This alone is life and joy. They who speak of religion as a thing for the next world, but not for this; or if for this world, more fit for a bed of death than for a life of business; or if to be attended to in health, as only for Sabbath-days and not for week-days; or if to be introduced into the week, yet then only for morning and evening worship, and not for mid-day employments; such persons really know not what religion is. God has to do with everything He has made. He has a purpose to serve in all that man is capable of doing, enjoying, or suffering. Not on the most trivial act of life, is any man entitled to write the inscription, "this belongs not to God." It would be atheism to do so. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." In as far as anything done by man, or any profession, trade, worldly calling, or enjoyment, pursued by him, is separated from God's will and purpose, and turned to any other end whatever, inconsistent with God's glory,—which is ever in harmony with our individual good,—so far is that act or thing brought into the kingdom of Satan, and out of the dominion and kingdom of God. It is no longer "of the Father," but "of the world." God's will, as light, should shine through every act and state of humanity! How false—how sinful, then, are all those views of education, which would seek to train up a child in *a* way different from *the* way which God designs him to go; and which would satisfy itself with securing any end less than the *chief* end for which the child has been created—that of glorifying God in order to enjoy Him for ever!

I cannot conclude this portion of my

subject, without reminding you of the example of Jesus Christ. He was a child: and, as such, He glorified and enjoyed God; because, as a child, He did God's will. "He was subject" to His parents --" He increased in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour with God and man." He was also a working-man and member of society: and, as such, He glorified and enjoyed God. For thirty years He wrought no miracle, preached no sermon; and His countrymen and fellow-townsmen, could only say of Him, "Is not this *the Carpenter*, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda and Simon? and are not His sisters with us?" Yet all this time, while He did no works of wonder, He was still "the Wonderful!" Wonderful to angels and devils. For He was Wonderful in His *holiness*, and perfect purity. He glorified and enjoyed God in the unnoticed walk and ordinary business of every-day life. As a son, brother, neighbour, friend, and artizan, He shewed how God wished every man to live "in this *present* world. He has thus baptized common life with His own spirit—teaching us how sublime it may become— how "the life of God" may be manifested in all its employments, and how God may be glorified and enjoyed on earth as in heaven, by each man meekly doing His will, and walking along *the* way he should go!" "He hath left us an example, that we should follow His steps!" Parents! train up your children to be like Jesus Christ!

EDUCATION.

A Babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure a messenger of peace and love:
A resting-place for innocence on earth: a link between angels and men.
Yet is it a talent of trust; a loan to be rendered back with interest;
A delight but redolent of care; honey sweet but lacking not the bitter;
For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding;
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy.
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked bark will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil.
For disposition is builded up by the fashionings of first impressions—
Wherefore, tho' the voice of instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education.
Patience is the first great lesson—he may learn it at the breast;
And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on his mind in the cradle.
Hold the little hands in prayer—teach the weak knees their kneeling—
Let him see thee speaking to thy God—he will not forget it afterward.
When old and grey, will he fleetingly remember a mother's tender piety;
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin

Tupper.

PARENTS' NEGLECT OF CHILDREN'S EDUCATION.

Satan doth what he can to hinder parents and masters from doing their part in the instructing and admonishing of children and servants: and in dealing wisely and zealously with them for their salvation. Either he will keep parents and masters ignorant and unable; or he will make them wicked and unwilling, and perhaps engage them to oppose their children in all that is good; or he will make them, like Eli, remiss and negligent, indifferent, formal, cold, and dull, and so keep them from saving their children's, or servants' souls.—*Baxter.*

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

A pious mother had a prodigal son. He was about to leave her and go to sea. As a last resource, she placed a Bible in his chest, with a prayer to God for His blessing upon it. Year after year passed away, and nothing was heard of the wanderer. But the eye of his mother's God was upon him. A long time after, a clergyman was called to visit a dying sailor. He found him penitent and prepared to die. He had in his possession a Bible, which, he said, was given him by a dying shipmate, who, expiring in the hope of the glory of God, gave it to him with his parting blessing. On the blank leaf was found written the name of John Marshall, the pious mother's prodigal son. He was the brother of Miss Isabella Graham, whose interesting memoirs have profited every reader!

THE JEWS.

When the fair year
Of your Deliverer comes,
And that long frost which now benumbs
Your hearts shall thaw, when angels here
Shall yet to man appear,
And familiarly confer
Beneath the oak and juniper;
When the bright dove
Which now these many, many springs
Hath kept above,
Shall, with spread wings,
Descend, and bring waters thro'
To make dry dust and dead trees grow;

Oh! then, that I
Might live and see the olive bear
Her proper branches! Which now lie
Scattered each where;
And, without root and sap, decay
Cast by the husbandman away.
And sure it is not far!
For, as your fast and foul decays,
Forerunning the bright Morning Star,
Did sadly note, his healing rays
Would shine elsewhere since you were fled,
And would be cross when God was kind.

So by all signs
Our fullness, too, is now come in,
And the same sun which here declines
And sets, will, few hours hence, begin
To rise on you again, and look
Towards old Mamre and Ez'kiel's brook.
For surely He
Who lov'd the world so as to give
His only Son to make it live;
Whose Spirit, too, doth mourn and grieve
To see man lost, will, for our love,
From your dark hearts this veil remove.

Faith supposed first on earth in you
You were the dear and chosen stock,
The seed of God, Abrahm and true,
Was here received to be your Rock.

You were the vine of myrrh, and when
Your stem the Lord's decreed love,
The young and tender branches then
Were chos'n by you to grow to me.

Thus righteous Father! dost thou deal
With nations, men that refuse counsel
But mass'd up only under sin
The Jew only by the newly freed.

H. VAUGHAN, &c. &c.

A STORY OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

(From the Life of the Rev. C. Simeon.)

"It was in July, 1788. I was waiting in Horsley-down churchyard for a corpse, which I was engaged to bury, and was, for my amusement, reading the epitaphs upon the tombstones. Having read very many which would have been as suitable for Jews or heathens, as for the persons concerning whom they were written, I, at last, came to one that characterized a Christian,—

> 'When from the dust of death I rise,
> To claim my mansion in the skies,
> E'en then shall this be all my plea—
> "Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."'

Struck with the sentiment conveyed in the two last lines, I looked around to see if there were any one to whom God might render it the means of spiritual instruction. At a little distance I saw a young woman reading an epitaph. I called her to me, and addressed her nearly in these words:—'You are reading epitaphs, mistress. Read that: when you can say the same from your heart, you will be happy, indeed; but till then, you will enjoy no real happiness in this world or the next.' She read them without any apparent emotion, and then told me, that a churchyard was a very proper place for her, for that she was much distressed. On my inquiring into the nature of her distress, she told me that she had an aged mother and two children; that she had ruined her health in labouring for them, and was now unable to support them. I immediately turned to some passages in my Bible, such as, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all needful things shall be added unto you;' and endeavoured to turn her eyes to Him who gives rest to heavy-laden souls. After having conversed with her about half-an-hour, the corpse arrived, and at my request, she gave me her address. The next evening, about seven o'clock, I went to see her, and found the aged mother very ill of an asthma, the two little babes lying in bed, and the young woman sitting very disconsolate. Though I was no stranger to scenes of distress, at this sight I was overcome in a very unusual manner. I told them, that I was unable to say anything that might administer comfort, and desired that they would join me in applying to the Father of Mercies, and God of all consolation. We fell upon our knees,

and in a moment were bathed in tears. I could scarce utter my words through heaviness of heart, and the abundance of tears which flowed down my cheeks; and to almost every petition I offered, 'Amen, amen, amen. God grant it may. Amen, amen,'—was the language both of their hearts and lips. I was too much affected to be able to converse with them; I therefore referred them to two or three passages of Scripture, and left them. The next evening again, about the same time, I visited them, and, as before, we wrestled in prayer, with strong cries and floods of tears. Nor was I better able to converse with them than before, so deplorable did their situation appear, and to such a degree were all our hearts overwhelmed with sorrow. As before, I left a few Scriptures for their consideration, that they might plead in prayer with our promise-keeping God, and returned the third evening about the same hour. Then I began with some conversation, and afterwards went to prayer; but though we were earnest, our whole souls were not drawn out as on the two preceding evenings. When we had risen from prayer, I sat down to talk with them; and after I had spoken a little time, the young woman addressed me to this effect, and, as nearly as I can recollect, in these words, 'Now, sir, I will tell you what the Lord has done for me: When you called me in the churchyard, (which was nearly two miles off her house,) I had been there five hours. I went to my sister, who lives close by, to tell her my distress; but she, instead of assisting me at all, or even pitying my situation, sent me away with reproaches. I thought God had utterly forsaken me, and left me and my children to starve, and it did not signify what became of me. I found my misery insupportable, and therefore was determined to put an end to it; and at the instant you spoke to me, *I was going to drown myself*; thus I should, in one moment, have left my aged mother and my little helpless children without a friend in the world, and have plunged my own soul into irretrievable ruin! And now, Sir, instead of despairing of bread to eat, I am enabled to see that God, who is the Father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow, is my friend; that Christ Jesus has washed me from all sin in the fountain of His own blood, and that it is my privilege to be careful for nothing; and, blessed be God, I am enabled to cast *all* my care on Him who careth for me. I have hitherto laboured on the Lord's Day to support my family, and I now see how little I can do without the blessing of God. Henceforward, by grace, I never will work again on the Sabbath, but devote it *entirely* to the service of God, the concerns of my soul, and the instruction of my children.' This was the last time of my seeing her during my stay in town; but on my return to town, about a year afterwards, I made inquiries of a gentleman who lived very near her, and whom I desired to watch over her conduct, and found that it had been perfectly consistent with the professions she had made to me of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; that she was, in every respect, sober and discreet, and at all times regular in her attendance on the means of grace. Having heard this character of her as to the external conduct, I was very desirous of seeing whether the life of godliness also were in her soul, and went to visit her. At my entering into the house, she caught hold of my hand, utterly unable to speak, and I was apprehensive she would have gone off into a fit, through excess of surprise and joy. When she was composed, I asked her where her mother was? She told me, that she had died about three months before; and that her departing words were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, I am ready, if Thou art willing: Come, Lord Jesus:' and then addressing the young woman, 'May God bless you, my dear daughter,' she expired without a groan. Such was the end of her who had been for years, I believe, a close walker with God. In the course of conversation, the young woman told me, that she had herself, in the winter, been at the point of death, and that she was enabled to commit her children into the hands of her heavenly Father, without a doubt of His taking good care of them, and that she desired to depart and to be with Christ; in short, her whole conversation then, and at several times since when I have seen her, as well as her general character from those who live near her, have fully convinced me that her soul is quite alive to God; and I pray God that it may continue so to the end.

"We may observe from hence, how mistaken those physicians and apothecaries are, who imagine that religious conversation with patients has a tendency to impede their cure. Here is a case where the woman was very ill in body, as well as distressed in mind, whom all the drugs in their dispensary could not have cured. When she had found Christ Jesus, that great physician, healing her soul with the balm of Gilead, her troubles immediately subsided, and her health was quickly re-established; for her subsequent illness, in the winter, was of a very different nature."

So strong an impression did this event make on the mind of Mr. Simeon, that when alluding to it just thirty years after, he says, "If my whole life had been spent without any other compensation than this, my labours had been richly recompensed."

MATERNAL GRIEF.

Departed child! I could forget thee once,
Though at my bosom nursed. This woeful gain
Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul
Is present, and perpetually abides,
A shadow never, never to be displaced
By the returning substance, seen or touched,
Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace.
Absence and death, how differ they? and how
Shall I admit that nothing can restore
What one short life too easily removed?
Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,
Oh! teach me calm submission to thy will!
* * * The mother does not miss
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn rite
Of pious faith the vanities of grief;
For such by pitying angels and by spirits
Transferred to regions upon which the clouds
Of our weak nature rest not, must be deem
Those willing tears and unforbidden sighs,
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow,
Which, soothed and sweetened by the gra
heaven,
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart
Immortal as the love that gave it being.

W. Wordsworth

THE WALDENSES.

A TOUR IN THE PROTESTANT VALLEYS OF DAUPHINE AND PIEDMONT.

No. III.

We had not proceeded many paces after crossing the boundary line of France and Sardinia, when the valleys of the Waldenses, sleeping in their own loveliness amid the glories of an Italian sky, burst upon our view. The setting sun was, at the moment, gilding the summits of the Cottian Alps; the projecting cliffs were casting their deep shadows upon the valleys beneath; the tinklings of the distant sheep-folds broke, with their pleasing melody, the stillness of the scene; and a hundred rivulets, bounding from the rocks, wound their way to swell the torrent below.

Descending the rocky sides of the Col de la Croix, we came to a few scattered huts at Pras; thence, skirting the banks of the rapid stream which waters the valley of Lucerna, masses of rock, of enormous size, obstruct its waters; and a continued succession of cataracts are formed nearly the whole way to Bobi. We had now exchanged the steeps of the mountain for the thickets of the valley; and evening having set in, the lofty trees which overshadowed the footpath, effectually screened out what light was still remaining,—with the exception of those artificial lights which form so remarkable a feature in the Italian nightly landscape—myriads of fire-flies fluttering around. We were compelled thus to sacrifice much noble scenery; but there was no help for it: and another hour's walk found us seated in the midst of a circle of Protestants in the little inn of Bobi. Next morning, we called for M. Muston, the respected pastor of the Commune, and were received with much kindness. He conducted us to the interior of his church, an old-fashioned fabric capable of containing 500 people. Its construction was similar to those in our own land—a pulpit, a precentor, or reader's desk—the communion-table below—and no altar. They employ a liturgy, recently imported (as its title-page indicated) from the printing-presses of our fellow-townsman, "Andrew Shortrede, Edinburgh." M. Muston informed us, that they have office-bearers corresponding to our elders (*anciens*),—individuals advanced in years and piety, whose office is to visit the sick, and minister to the temporal, as well as spiritual interests of the flock. At the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, these lay elders assist; but take no part in the distribution of the elements. They generally amount to eight or ten in num-

ber in each parish, and, along with the clergyman, compose the "Consistory." Three festivals are observed—Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost; on each of which occasions the Sacrament is dispensed, and the ceremony of confirmation takes place. There are two sets of churches in the valleys—the one embracing the mountainous districts, where the population is scattered, and the work consequently more arduous. These are supplied by the younger and more active pastors. The other set include the lower and more accessible, as well as more fertile valleys, and are reserved for the older and more infirm. Their pastors thus ascend, or, rather, *descend*, by a regular gradation—the last ordained being presented to the remotest parish, and from this obtaining promotion as the aged ministers die out. This rule is perhaps not invariably, but generally, followed, unless there be some special disqualification. The period of study for probationers is fifteen years, seven of which are spent at their native college at La Tour, for literature and belles-lettres, and the remainder at Lausanne, for theology and philosophy.

This and other information we obtained from M. Muston, who left us in the afternoon to prosecute the route to La Tour, through the valley of Lucerna. No spot in Switzerland combines more of the grand and beautiful than this. In the back-ground are mountains whose top is lost amid the clouds; nearer, rocky hills clothed with wood to the summit, while the valley below is studded with gigantic chesnut trees,—its gentle slopes covered with vines, hanging in graceful festoons over the soil. The banks of the river are clothed with pasturage of the brightest emerald green, or occasionally enlivened with patches of yellow corn, amid which the reaper was then busied with his sickle. The whole scene forcibly brought to mind that verse in the noblest of pastorals:—

> "With flocks the pastures clothed be,
> The vales with corn are clad;
> And now they shout and sing to Thee,
> For Thou hast made them glad."

Passing the night at La Tour, we proceeded, next morning, to wait on M. Revel, Professor in Trinity College, an Institution which owes its existence to the devoted efforts of Dr. Gilly, to prevent the necessity of the Vaudois students leaving their native valleys to prepare for the work of the ministry. Till within a recent period, Geneva or Lausanne were the only schools for their training; and the consequence was, that many of them returned contaminated with the rationalism and socinianism of Switzerland.

We inspected, in the neighbourhood, a large manufactory for the winding of silk. Upwards of sixty women were employed in hanking the exquisitely slender fibres from the cacoons of the silk-worm. The manager was kind enough to permit us to inspect the whole works, and to explain the process. The cacoons are, first of all, placed in large baskets, in a small room, heated to a very high temperature by means of steam, which, in the course of two or three days, causes the death of the worm. After this, they are taken to a room and picked,—the good ones being ascertained by their sound when shaken. If no sound is produced, it shews that part of the thread is still attached to the worm, and is, consequently, of little or no value. Those of a yellow hue are then separated from the white, which is the prevailing colour, and put into the hands of the sixty women referred to, to undergo their last process of *winding*. This is done by first steeping them in a small vat, into which there is a continual influx of boiling water, and by the repeated appliance of a coarse brush, the glutinous substance is removed, and the end of the thread obtained. Five or six of these are wound simultaneously; and great expertness is displayed in attaching new threads, when any of these happen to break, or to be finished.

On Sabbath, our kind friend, M. Revel, conducted us to the morning service in the Church of St. Giovanni, the richest commune in Piedmont, embosomed in vineyards and oliveyards. On entering, the aspect of the congregation was novel and imposing. Immediately in front of the pulpit, sat the male part of the audience; behind them the women, who were neatly arrayed in a uniform *costume*,—a

black gown and plain muslin cap. The reader was busy with the service, which was commenced by singing or chaunting a metre version of the Psalms, reading a chapter from a Swiss Bible, with reflections, and a short liturgy, in which were contained the Lord's prayer, and the commandments. M. Bonjour, the pastor, then ascended the pulpit; and before commencing sermon, performed the ceremony of baptism. The father was attended by the godfather and godmother. The godfather occupied the centre of the group with the child in his arms, which was concealed with a high covering of rich crimson silk, ornamented with lace and tassels, which hung from the neck of the young man who presented it. During the time of prayer, while the rest of the congregation stood, these knocked in front of the pulpit. At the conclusion of the prayer, the clergyman descended, receiving the name of the child from the father, and a small phial filled with water from the godmother, with which the ordinance was administered. M. Bonjour preached an impressive sermon, commencing with, "Christians, my brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ our Lord." He concluded by singing and reading a short liturgy, which embraced the Lord's Prayer and the Creed.

Before service was completed, the thunder of cannon, within a few paces of the place of worship, announced the amount of toleration extended by Sardinian Catholics to their Protestant brethren! There was no misinterpreting the object of this noisy ceremonial, nor was it a solitary instance of their hostility to these inoffending worshippers. A few years before, a lofty barricade was erected in front of the Protestant Church; and though the efforts of time and weather had so far accomplished its demolition, its place had been supplied by a large screen in the interior of the "Temple," to prevent any part of the Protestant worship being heard outside. Often have the Vaudois clergy patiently to pause in the middle of divine worship until this artillery is discharged.

After service, we accompanied M. Bonjour to his lovely residence, part of which forms the winter abode of Col. B——, a veteran English soldier, who has left a monument of his Christian philanthrophy in every commune of the valleys, in the substantial shape of a village school, and whose name and virtues are much revered by the grateful peasantry. We arranged to start with M. Revel the following morning on an extensive tour through the more distant valleys; but this we must reserve for a future paper.

HUNGARY.

The eyes of Europe are, at this moment, attracted to Hungary. It is impossible for Protestants to be indifferent to a contest carried on by a nation who number upwards of 2000 Protestant ministers, and 2,000,000 of people professing the same faith. Of those, about a million and a-quarter (Magyars) are Calvinists, and are represented by thirty-four Synods. We extract the following brief sketch of the origin of the Hungarian nation:—

"The lands which constitute the present kingdom of Hungary, were known to the Romans under the name of Dacia and Pannonia; they were conquered by the Emperor Trajan, and colonized by him and his successors, with settlers from different parts of the Roman empire. This colonization must have been very numerous, and such as to give an entirely Roman character to the inhabitants of the country, because their descendants have, notwithstanding the lapse of ages, and the many foreign invasions to which they have been exposed, retained even now the Roman name and language. They speak a kind of corrupted Latin, and they call themselves *Romoon*, i. e., Romans, although they are generally known under the name of Wallachians. They inhabit chiefly the eastern parts of Hungary and Transylvania, and form the bulk of the populations of the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. During the 5th and 6th centuries, the Slavonians came from beyond the Carpathian mountains, and established their dominion over the

western part of that country. These two nations were conquered by the Magyars, or Hungarians Proper, who, having arrived from Asia, founded the kingdom of Hungary about the beginning of the tenth century. The Hungarian state was thus composed of a population belonging to three different races, entirely distinct from each other by origin and language,—viz., the Magyar, or Hungarian Proper, the Wallachian, and the Slavonic,—which is the largest of all; its number having been increased by the addition of the kingdom of Croatia, inhabited by that race, and which, after the extinction of its native dynasty at the beginning of the 12th century, chose for its monarch Coloman, first King of Hungary; and, at a later period, by emigration from Servia, to these three races were gradually added a considerable number of Germans, who settled in Hungary at different periods, but particularly under the Austrian dominion."

Note.—Any one desirous of becoming acquainted with the causes of the present troubles in Austria, may do so by consulting a work, entitled "*Panslavism and Germanism*" by Count Valerian Kradinski, and published (small 8vo.) by W. Newby, London. Count Krasinski has also published (in 2 vols. 8vo.) the best work extant upon the history of the Protestant Church in Poland. We cordially recommend both works to the perusal of our readers. Last winter, a series of lectures were delivered in Edinburgh by the Count, at the desire of several clergymen and laymen. Those who attended his lectures have requested him to publish them in a cheap form. He has consented to do so. From the high character and learning of the author, we confidently expect that his volume will give such information regarding the religious history of the Slavonic nations, as will excite in this country a warm interest in their behalf. We give the following extract from the prospectus:—

"No one can have watched with any care the progress of events in Eastern Europe during the last few years, without having become strongly impressed with the conviction, that the Slavonic nations are called by Providence to enact, at a no distant period, a prominent part on the stage of the world; and the great drama which has now begun in that quarter of the world goes far to confirm this opinion. These nations constitute the most numerous race of Europe; they occupy the largest portion of its territory; and extend their dominion over the whole of the north of Asia. The population belonging to this race amounts to eighty millions of souls, living under the rule of Russia, Austria, the Ottoman Porte, Prussia, and Saxony.* A strong intellectual movement animates all the branches of the Slavonic family; and their literature has produced, during this last quarter of a century, a great number of superior works in every branch of human knowledge. This intellectual movement is attended by a growing tendency towards a union of all these branches amongst themselves, as well as their separation from nations of a different origin, with whom many Slavonians are now politically united. This tendency, which is designated by the name of Panslavism, has been already, for several years, exciting a strong sensation in Germany, and it is generally considered as one of the causes which have brought about the present war in Hungary. The intervention of Russia in the above-mentioned war, has now given an immense importance to the Slavonic nations in the affairs of Europe, because it depends upon the issue of this war, whether these nations will develop themselves under the influence of religious and political liberty, or, falling under the despotic sway of the northern colossus, assume a hostile attitude towards Western Europe, and become dangerous to its liberty and civilization. It is, therefore, believed, that a rapid sketch of the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations, preceded by a short notice of their present political and intellectual condition, will be found not uninteresting to the British public, seeing that such a sketch is best calculated to give a correct idea of the national character of the immense Slavonic race, and to shew what Europe may have to hope or fear from that race which is now advancing with a fearful rapidity towards the predominant mission which seems to be assigned to it, by the number of its population, and the extent of its territory."

We heartily wish Count Krasinski success in his undertaking, and have only to add, that as the volume is publishing by subscription, (price 2s. 6d.,) we shall be most happy to receive the names of subscribers, and their subscriptions, and to make arrangements for the transmission of the volume to them.

* According to Szafarik's Slavonic Ethnography, the number of the Slavonians, in 1842, was as follows:—Under the dominion of Russia, 55,502,000; of Austria, 16,791,000; of Turkey, 6,100,000; of Prussia, 2,168,000; of Cracow, now united with Austria, 130,000; of Saxony 60,000; total, 78,691,000.

POPISH INNOVATIONS.

Dates of the Adoption of the New Doctrines by the Church of Rome.

	ABOUT A.D.
Invocation of Saints	700
Worship of Images	787
Infallibility of the Church	1076
Transubstantiation	1215
Supremacy of the Pope	1215
Witholding the cup from the Laity	1415
Purgatory	1438
Seven Sacraments	1547
Apocryphal Books	1547
Priestly intention	1547
Venial Sins	1563
Sacrifice of the Mass	1563
Sale of Indulgences	1563
Creed of Pope Pius IV. in which twelve new articles were added to the Nicene Creed, composed	1564 A.D. 325.

ON THE THREE KINGDOMS, OR VOICES OF GOD, AND OF THE SEEMING DIFFERENCES AND ALLEGED DISCREPANCIES BETWEEN THEM.

PART II.

"1*st*, How different are the character and effect of the Scripture notices of the structure and course of the physical world, from those which philosophers deliver! I postpone, for the present, the question of how far they are reconcilable. But when we have deduced what we can deduce by our observation and reason, from visible nature, and then read what is written in the inspired Word, this is the feeling it ought to excite in our minds,—not an impatience to do what is clearly beyond our power, to perfectly balance, reconcile, and arbitrate, between these two voices of the *one*, only God; but a sense of the utter nothingness of worms of the dust, such as we are, of our plain and absolute incapacity to know *things as they really are*, —a sense of our emptiness before the great vision and working of *God*; of our "comeliness being turned into corruption, and our retaining no strength," in *His* presence; that all put before us, or known to us, is but an intimation useful for present *practical* faith and expectation, "till the day-break and the shadows flee away,"—useful in such a way, as that the one or other representation of things may, at once, and humbly, be recognized as languages, speaking of, or used as two separate approximations towards the awful unknown truth, *as seen of God alone*—and such, as thus used, will not mislead us in their respective provinces.

Thus, while we use the language of science and art, and without jealousy, for their own purposes, we must confine it to these, and repel and reprove their boastful upholders, should they attempt to exalt and stretch their explanations beyond their province and measure. In their own limited place and round, they have their proper and most important use; nay, in wise and pious hands, they may fulfil a higher ministry, and stand as proselytes under the shadow of the true temple, "waiting at the posts of wisdom's doors;" but they must not dare, in their *own* strength or right, to profane the inner court, in which the ladder of angels (as Jacob saw) is fixed for ever, reaching even to the throne of God, and "Jesus standing at the right hand of God!"* And, accordingly, what a poor exchange and miserable mistake we make in knowing a little more of the details of things, if we are thereby drawn or kept away from thinking of, knowing, or worshipping *God!* What a higher knowledge, and higher state of being is *his*, who merely knows, because taught in his Bible, and practically feels, that "God gives rain and fruitful seasons," so "filling men's hearts with food and gladness;" than is his, who may know all the physical properties of rain and the soil, and the laws even (were that attained or possible) that regulate the seasons; but knows not, fears not, gives not glory to God! What a mockery did it offer to the God of Heaven, and to His counsel and work of incarnate love, for subduing, reconciling, and gathering men into one, when, but a few years since, it was asserted and heard with acclamations by a vast, self-applauding assemblage of baptized, and some even ordained men, in our western metropolis, (and the same boast almost, for substance, has been repeated elsewhere, every autumn since,) that the diffusion of *this* kind of knowledge, and the growing strength of this bond of union, would yet reconcile and unite all men and nations, in peace and brotherhood!—as if it could be believed, (the blasphemy!) while the peace made by the blood of the cross, and the natural enmity of man to his God, and between man and his fellows, were forgotten or denied. No. Though "the heavens *do* declare the glory of

* As a specimen of this homage, the most beautiful I know of, since the sublime conclusion of the immortal Newton in his "Principia," you will find in the closing reflections on Astronomy, in Professor Robinson's "Mechanical Philosophy."

God," and though "the invisible things of Him *should be* clearly seen by the things that are made;" yet "the world by wisdom (*its own*) knew not God," and it "pleased," and still pleases, "God, by the foolishness of preaching," *i. e.*, by declaring His name, and truth, and love, "to save them that believe." Yes. The world, in part, is again shewing symptoms of mustering against Him, or contriving to do without Him. But that word endureth. "Let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds of the earth; but woe unto him that striveth with his Maker!" For when we see and hear man, with impious lips, selecting the holiest words which describe the glorious results of Messiah's, God incarnate's triumph over all evil, and applying them to what lifted up worms of the dust think *they* are achieving "by the might of their own hands, and by their wisdom, for they are prudent," we see but the harbinger of Him and His day, who, "sitting in the temple of God, shall say of Himself, that *He is God!*" Men are just busied again in pulling down God's ordinances and work, and seeking, instead, to erect a great Babel, (city of confusion,) by their own wisdom and appliances; but the word is, "Take away her battlements; they are not *the Lord's!*" In this view, and as a needed lesson, while I would look to God, and be thankful to God, for any remedies, the earliest which science may discover, for that disease, which for seasons has tainted, and, in many cases, even destroyed, the produce of our fields; and that loss of the animal creation, which has, in other cases, made almost "no herd to be in the stall;" and more cryingly needed still, for that "pestilence walking in darkness, and wasting, as a destroyer, our human life at noon-day;" it does not altogether pain me, that man's wit, for a season, is baffled in finding the remedies; if so be it teach us, as a nation, dependence, and "humble us," in these awful times, "under the mighty hand of God!"

But 2*dly*, There is more than *diversity*, —there is alleged actual *discrepancy* (disagreement) in the kingdoms or voices of God.

The first instance I would notice, was a subject of much anxiety and debate in my own younger days, and which then often clouded and pained many a young unfortified spirit. The subject was first brought before Europe by "Bailly," a French astronomer, who flourished during the first Revolution. It was alleged, and even ostentatiously and unblushingly paraded, (especially in a certain celebrated journal, the *Edinburgh Review*,) that the then recently discovered observations of the Hindoo astronomy, shewed a historic antiquity, far exceeding that assigned in Scripture to the human race. Now, I suppose it is known to most of you, that astronomy, though its objects be the most remote—in fact, immeasurably remote from man's *handling*, is based upon accurate observation and mathematical calculations, and consequently the most *exact* of the sciences. We know, also, that though there be an irregularity in the system of the Heavens, discovered and demonstrated by Newton, yet that this also has its *limit*, as was predicted and verified by his greatest successor, La Place; from which limit it returns, and so is balanced again; so that, apart from the same *Divine* will that called it into being, and prescribed its laws, these being continued, the system of the universe is fitted for eternal duration! It is not from itself, but from His voice in another kingdom of God, we learn that it has its period of change, and in a sense even of dissolution, *fixed*. Now, it is also known to every one familiar with even the elements of astronomy, and mathematical calculations applied to it, that have given us the position of the heavenly bodies, and the laws which their movements observe, at any one place, at any given moment, we can calculate *exactly*, what must have been their position and aspects (aye, including not only the occurrence of eclipses, but even the appearance and disappearance of comets) at that or any other place, at any supposed time, however remote,—yea, though the earth, *in its present state*, if only of equal density, did not then exist. Thus vanished the phantom of infidelity, conjured up from the fictitious observations of the Hindoo astronomy,—a monu-

ment, now, only of the lying vanity of that people!

2. Again, astonishing results—though, from their nature, grounded only on fainter analogies, and on observations far less demonstrably *certain* than in astronomy—have been come to, as to the inner structure of our globe; and deductions have been hastily drawn and asserted from *facts*, (often as unwisely contradicted,) indicating a period and a history to our globe *apparently* inconsistent with those given in the opening of Genesis.

3. Yet, again, more recently still, it is familiar to our minds from numerous popular treatises, and is yet ringing in our ears from some eager public discussions, that most startling difficulties, tending to the soul withering doctrines of materialism, have arisen from what is known by the name of the "nebular hypothesis," telling us *how*, out of masses and concentric circles of luminous white matter, like "the milky way," in the heavens, by certain inferred laws, and in supposed long periods, *worlds* may have been gradually consolidated—formed—nay, even by more forced analogies still, passing unwarrantably from the insentient to the sentient, that organized beings may have been *developed* (*not created*, observe, but *developed*: for that is the all-explaining phrase in the new philosophy, as in the new theology) to inhabit them! But this "nebular theory," as might, indeed, have been anticipated, has been already dispelled before further and more accurate observations by more powerful instruments, (I allude to Lord Rosse's telescope,) resolving these luminous masses also (overwhelming thought) into clusters of additional stars, or worlds, moving all according to fixed laws in our stupendous system!

Now, without going here into geological facts, with which, in their detail, I am not familiar, I much prefer placing on your minds another answer; because a way of meeting not only these two last stated difficulties, but *all*, indeed, of the kind, that can ever possibly arise. It is founded on a principle in the mind of man, as constituted of God, without which man would not be man—the being he is. It is founded more especially on that word of Scripture, "By *faith* we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, *so that things which are seen, were not made of things that do appear*,"—more literally, (as to the meaning,) "By faith we understand, that the dispensations,' their periods, their objects, their close, "were appointed," as upheld, and to be judged "by the *Word of God*," now born, or which all creation hates. * "Does *the Book*, then, which declares *this*, reveal also the otherwise unknown, fathomless, *Name of God*—as *thy* portion, *thine*, *our*? O man? Does it yield nourishment for the otherwise unnourished Divine life of man? Has it yielded such to thy own soul. Then hast thou *within* thee something, though of a different kind, as certain as any proposition of pure numbers—something as indestructible—as inseparable from thee as thy own being; then be sure God's Word will come as clean and clear out of *all present and future*, as out of all *past* difficulties. Here, too, (I use still and onward the words of another,) that word is good, 'He that believeth, shall not make haste;' he will be content to *wait*. For what weakness does it manifest, what inner mistrust of 'the things we have believed;' how feebly must we hold them—how little can they have blest us, when we raise a cry of fear at any new or startling results, which science may have come to, or only *seem* to have come to. These, too, will be presently shewn what they are,—if *true*, will fall into their own place, a place of *subjection* to revealed truth—if *false*, however noisy now, however threatening to carry the world before them, will vanish away in a little while. But to dread *anything*—to wish that any discovery that has been patiently sought, or honestly won, should be *ignored*, or kept back, betrays an extreme weakness and unwisdom. Christ has not laid His hand on us with *power*, or we should not be so easily persuaded to believe His cause tottering, or His truth endangered. And, indeed, to conclude, the past may well give us confidence. One and another adversary has risen up; for what has the world not beheld of this kind! 'Essays

* Trench.

on the Miracles,' (to subvert them—to shew them impossible,) by our own Hume—'Ages of Reason,' (to set aside revelation,) by England's filthy Paine—'Lives of Jesus,' (to degrade and disown Him,) by Germany's insidious Strauss—'Vestiges of Creation,' (to virtually exclude a Creator;) and, again, our own ambitious, but poorly-furnished ——. And then, in the first flush of a momentary success, oftentimes the cry has gone forth, It is finished! And the fortress of faith is held to be so fatally breached, as to be henceforth untenable, and its defenders to have nothing more to do, but lay down their arms, and surrender at discretion. And already 'those that dwell upon the earth,' (caring for no heaven,) 'begin to make merry over the slain witnesses,'—and already the new Diocletians (the name of an ancient infidel Emperor) rear their trophies and stamp their medals, the memorials of an extinguished faith—they themselves being about to perish for ever, and that faith to go forward to new and greater victories. For, anon, the floods retreat, and temple and tower of God, round whose bases these impotent waters raged, foamed, and fretted, for an instant, stand calmly and strongly as ever! Aye, the unstable are perplexed, and the wavercrs fall off; and seeds of doubt, to be reaped in a harvest of weakness, are sown in many minds. But let us, then, have a sanctuary to flee to, 'till such tyranny is overpast, as overpast it surely and shortly will. Let us have but the immediate syllogism of 'the heart right with God,' against which no argument is good. Let us be able to say, This voice of God I have *found* to give forth words of healing—words of eternal life; this kingdom of God, 'which can never be moved,' is already *within me*. This, believe me, is our sole security always—to have 'tasted the good Word'—to have known 'the powers of a world to come.' And then, what if we may not, on the instant, be able to solve every difficulty, yet faith will not, therefore, abandon one jot or tittle of what she holds; for she has it on another and a surer tenure than man's opinion—she holds it *directly* from God!"

One word more; only in the *way of meek* obedience shall we enter into the hidden riches of that Word—that kingdom; for that truth only which we love and *live*, we *know*. No book, much less the highest, yields its secrets, reveals its wonders, to any but the reverend, the loving, the *humble*. To other than those, the door of higher understanding is closed! "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

W.

MISSIONARY MEETING IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

(*Communicated to the Editor.*)

It may be interesting to your readers, many of whom have not wandered across the Tweed, to be made acquainted with a few particulars of the anniversary meeting of a parish branch of the Church of England Missionary Society, held in a small village in the neighbourhood of one of England's famed universities.

We had offered a visit to a dignitary of one of its colleges, who proposed that we would accompany him after the hall-dinner, to witness the sight, and take part in the proceedings. I declined to speak; but my friend who accompanied me, replied that he could not refuse any opportunity of raising his voice for his heavenly Master.

The day had been very wet; but as we drove towards the pretty village, through hedge-rows, and orchards rich in the varied colouring and perfume of fruit-tree blossom, the clouds began to *dissipate* before the light of a setting sun, which was tinging all the surrounding objects with its golden rays; and before the meeting was over, was pouring its full

effulgence, through the gothic windows, in streams of dazzling, yet softened light, along the naive and aisles of the time-worn, and time-honoured church.

The vicarage is close to the church; one of those nice old quiet buildings, so peculiar to peaceful, happy England, which speak of domestic love and joy. The garden is immediately around it, and a wider circle embraces the churchyard and meadow-ground, with the picturesque cottages buried in ivy and honey-suckle circling around the house of their God, and the resting-place of what is mortal of the dear departed. It was a beautiful sight to see the rooms and garden of the vicarage crowded with happy faces, many of them of the better orders, from the neighbouring town, and the old vicar walking about among them, speaking a word of affection and welcome to each. Years have told upon him; but he has been an honoured servant of his master; and, I daresay, he is looking forward to a speedy translation to the glory which is the certain inheritance of the saints.

We formed a goodly procession as we quietly wended our way along the narrow path which leads from the vicarage to the church. The proceedings commenced by prayer, after which the good old vicar explained the object of the meeting in a few words. It was the anniversary of an association which had been formed for some time among them,—a little daughter of the Great Parent Institution which was being abundantly blessed of God among the heathen in the distant parts of the earth. A veteran soldier was the next speaker. He proved, by his few and urgent words, that he was not ashamed to be a soldier of the Cross, or to serve his Redeemer, while he laboured faithfully for his earthly sovereign. There were several other speakers, all devoted, earnest men, whose sole object was evidently to advocate the holy cause which they had undertaken, and not to exalt themselves. Our friend who spoke last enlarged upon the operations of the society in various parts of the world, in which I will not follow him, as the publications of the society are open to your readers, and have been noticed in your pages.

The labouring people had been thronging into the church very rapidly; after the work of the day was over; and before we broke up, the large church—capable of containing about 2000 people—was pretty well filled, and I have rarely witnessed a large audience more earnestly attentive to the proceedings of a meeting. Surely we may look for the blessing of God on meetings such as this.

We may hope that many may be induced to think of the blessedness of a participation in the covenant-mercies of God; and having themselves tasted that God is gracious, they may be stirred up to remember the poor heathen, and to join themselves to the people of God, to strive, by prayer and sanctified gold and silver, against the mighty adversary of mankind.

I know one parish in Scotland where such an association is admirably worked; perhaps there are many others; but I hear continually the voice of lamentation sounded by many whom I know as bright stars of the poor Old Established Church of Scotland, that the spirit of missionary exertion seems to have died down among its people into a mere lifeless, heartless spark. May God send His Spirit to fan the flame; to raise up associations in every parish through the length and breadth of the land, that the blessings of a missionary church may be abundantly poured upon her!

THIRD ANNUAL PLEASURE EXCURSION OF THE BRITISH LEAGUE OF JUVENILE ABSTAINERS.

(Monthly Paper supplied by the Edinburgh Branch of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, for which the Editor is not responsible.—Ed. Ch. Mag.)

ANOTHER of the interesting and improving Juvenile Pleasure Excursions of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, took place on Saturday, the 11th

August. The numbers present on this occasion far exceeded the numbers at any of the previous excursions; and the arrangements, altogether, were of an extent and of a nature almost incredible, as the offspring of the benevolence and liberality of one individual,—viz., John Hope, Esq., 31 Moray Place, Edinburgh.

By the kindness of the Countess of Hopetoun, and her son, the young Earl of Hopetoun, the whole of the magnificent deer-parks, pleasure-grounds, terraces, flower and fruit-gardens, conservatories, &c. &c., at Hopetoun House, the princely residence of the Earl of Hopetoun, had been unreservedly thrown open to receive the Members of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, and friends invited at the instance of Mr. Hope.

Arrangements had been made by which, while Edinburgh and Leith contributed the largest portion of the Members of the League, all the other places where branches of this institution are found, might contribute their fair proportion. Accordingly, when the day, anxiously looked forward to by thousands of young and happy children, had arrived, the following places sent in a number of their abstaining youth to share in the recreation, amusement, and instruction of the day,—viz.,

In addition to Edinburgh and Leith,

Dalkeith.	Ormiston.	Loanhead.
Portobello.	East Linton.	West Calder.
Musselburgh.	Tynninghame.	Leadhills.
Tranent.	Dunbar.	Wanlockhead.
Haddington.	Burdiehouse.	

Deputations of young people, either under the care of their teachers, or adult friends, were also invited from places where, as yet, no branch of the British League has been formed; but where, it is hoped, steps will immediately be taken for the opening of meetings, and the imparting of instruction to the young on the subject of intoxicants, according to the plans of the Institution which brought them together on Saturday, to see something of the rational and healthful enjoyments which a gracious Providence has placed within the reach of the humblest and the youngest, as well as the richest and the oldest; but which the habits of our past and present generations have neglected and despised, to yield themselves up to the degrading and sensual indulgences of the public-house, the tavern, the hotel, and the snuff and tobacco-shop.

The following are the names of the places where no branch of the British League has yet been formed; but where, long ere the Fourth Annual Excursion day returns, we hope to find large and flourishing branches, growing in fullest health and vigour, scattering blessings not only in the places themselves, but all around:—

Abercorn.	Currie.	Midcalder.
Armadale.	Dalmeny.	Newton.
Bathgate.	East Calder.	Philipston.
Bells Quarry.	Ecclesmachen.	Queensferry.
Blackburn.	Gorgie.	Ratho.
Blackness.	Juniper Green.	Slateford.
Bo'ness.	Kirkliston.	Torphichen.
Broxburn.	Kirknewton.	Uphall.
Colinton.	Linlithgow.	Winchburgh.
Corstorphine.	Livingston.	Whitburn.
Cramond.	Longridge.	Woodend.

To make the children of these places, and their friends, aware of what is doing in Edinburgh, and elsewhere—to change the minds of the rising generation in regard to the intoxicants used by the adult portion of the community—and to lead them to abstain from these intoxicants, was the object in view in inviting them to spend the day with the thousands of abstaining children and young people of the British League: and that the object will be attained, the past experience of the Institution seems to give the strongest reason to expect.

Early in the morning, many of the children and young people who had the greatest distance to come to the appointed place of meeting, began to assemble and get into the special conveyances provided for their journey: while, by half-past six o'clock, the first special train was on its way from Harburn, on the Caledonian Railway, with one party. By seven o'clock, the second special train was on its way from Dunbar, on the North British Railway, with another party; by eight o'clock, the third special train was on its way from Dalkeith, on the Hawick Railway, with another party; by twenty minutes after eight, the fourth special train was on its way from Linlithgow, on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway: and, by a few minutes after nine o'clock, the fifth special train was on its way from Edinburgh, consisting of eighty-seven carriages, propelled by three engines, and containing between three and four thousand children, young people, and their superintendents.

The morning had been gloomy and wet; but this had no effect in damping the ardour and enthusiasm which seemed to pervade every breast; and though previous to the starting of the train, and during the journey from Edinburgh to Winchburgh, the rain descended in torrents, and many of the children and

young people were exposed to it, without any kind of shelter, in open carriages, not a murmur was to be heard, or an expression of regret that they had come, dropped from a youthful lip, while the lively singing of the abstinence melodies, and the frequent and hearty cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, testified that all were happy and contented; and all gave decided and unequivocal testimony, by their conduct on this occasion, that the principle which had brought them together, is one to be followed, and one they are ready to follow, in rainy and cloudy days, and through stormy weather, as well as on days of sunshine and cloudless skies; and, certainly, their love of the special object they had in view, led us pleasingly to anticipate, that they were prepared to adhere not merely to the object of that day's pursuit—healthful recreation—but to sacred principle, in spite of difficulties which would have dismayed older persons.

Arrived at Winchburgh, the party proceeded along the road by Duntarvie Castle through the village of Woodend, to the entrance of Hopetoun House grounds, at Parkhead gate. Passing down the avenue into the deer-park, a beautiful herd of two or three hundred deer crossed the path from the west, and made for Stonehill Tower, on the east, amid the cheering of the youthful band, who were quite delighted with the noble appearance of the stately animals, as they careered past them with astonishing rapidity. The weather, from this moment, cleared up, and the procession passed down towards the forest, near the Blue Gate, where the young people rested for a short time—the cheering became general along the line, till, lost in the far distant woods, the echo died gently away on the breeze which sprung up, and served to dry the grass, while it bore away the loud acclaim of happy thousands.

The pleasure-grounds were entered by Mrs. Erskine's gate, and the party moved along the Lady's walk,—a lovely secluded avenue, enclosed with lofty trees, and thickly planted shrubbery,—to the garden gate at the head of the Loan, where Mr. Smith, the venerable gardener, who has been upwards of fifty years in the service of the noble family, was awaiting the party, and, with his son, who had kindly come from Crieff, to assist his father on this interesting occasion, conducted the procession through the winding walks, through the hothouses filled with the choicest flowers, and vineries covered with numberless clusters of grapes, in various stages of progress towards ripeness, with a large and beautifully arranged collection of peaches, pine apples, fig trees, and every variety of rare and delicious fruit, which the well-known skill of a successful cultivator could produce. The gardens occupy a space of about fifteen acres of ground, and the hothouses, which are very large, are arranged in two rows, on the north side, with a southern exposure; they are constructed upon the most approved principles, and presented one of the most interesting features of the day, for the study of the young people.

On passing through the gardens, the whole party moved round the outer walk, skirting the circular park, at the east end of the garden, and began to approach the house by the main avenue. The young women and girls occupied the south side of the avenue, and the young men and boys the north side, and moved forward in two columns abreast of each other. On reaching the semicircular lawn immediately in front of the house, the young Earl of Hopetoun, who had ordered a large piece of ordnance to be in readiness for the occasion, commenced firing a salute of twenty-two guns, in honour of the occasion; and as the party of young females approached the house on the south, and young males approached it on the north, and completely encompassed the view, the sight was truly magnificent. After a short time, the whole party were arranged in two divisions, when one simultaneous burst of applause burst forth from the multitude.

About two o'clock, the party, led by Mr. J. Palmer, sung part of the hundredth Psalm; after which, the Rev. Mr. Playfair, minister of the parish, offered up thanks for the repast provided for the party, in brief and appropriate terms. The superintendents then proceeded to distribute six thousand loaves of bread which had been provided by the liberality of the Earl of Hopetoun, being a loaf for each person invited to be present. In consequence of some having been admitted with the party who had not been invited, there was a slight deficiency: to remedy which, a cart load of bread was procured from Queensferry.

An abundant supply of fine spring water was distributed to the young people; and after they had rested a short time, the females commenced their merry sports on the lawn in front of the house, and the males retired to the park a little to the east, where they enjoyed themselves at foot-ball, cricket, bat and ball, flying dragons, races, &c. The scene in front of the house, at this time, was truly an enlivening one,—upwards of six thou-

sand young people, on a lovely day, playing themselves on one of the loveliest spots to be found in Scotland.

The Countess of Hopetoun throughout the day manifested the greatest interest in the whole of the proceedings, witnessing them from the windows and porticos of the noble mansion. Several of the clergy and gentry of the surrounding country were also present as spectators, and seemed much pleased with the conduct of the young people.

While the party were engaged with their games, the children and their attendants from Leadhills, the lead mines of the Earl of Hopetoun in Lanarkshire, and their companions from the adjoining village of Wanlockhead, the lead mines of the Duke of Buccleuch, in Dumfriesshire, all members of the British League, were invited into the house, and were received with the most marked kindness in the entrance hall by the Countess and the Earl, who conducted them in person over the public rooms and library, pointing out to the children the objects of interest.

From the playground, stretching far away till lost to sight, might be seen Rosyth Castle, Queensferry, Inchkeith, North Berwick Law, and the Bass Rock, with numberless steamers, ships, and fishing-boats, on the bosom of the Forth; and thus, when the interval of play took place, called forth the admiration of many a youthful heart.

After play, the party walked close past the front of Hopetoun House, saluting the noble party at the windows as they passed. They then proceeded along the beautiful terraces, which overlook the sea, from which many delightful views were obtained,—of Charleston Limekilns, Blackness Castle, the Ochills, and many other places of interest. Turning into the avenue, leading above Abercorn water, they passed down a long dark avenue of stately lime trees, to the west front of the house, where the party were formed on the beautiful green lawn, and served with fruit.

At the west end of this beautiful lawn, there is a circular pond, from the centre of which a jet of water rose into the air, some sixty or eighty feet. This formed an irresistible attraction to the young people; and around the banks of the pond, thousands were gamboling in youthful glee, when the unwelcome hour for assembling to prepare for leaving had arrived.

Previous to leaving this lovely spot, the company assembled at the west front of the house, and sung a number of their melodies, after which they sang, with good effect, the National Anthem. Mr. Sinclair then very briefly addressed the assemblage, and called upon them to return the Countess of Hopetoun and the Earl of Hopetoun, their warmest thanks for the happiness conferred upon the thousands who had that day assembled at Hopetoun House, to view the splendid mansion, gardens, and grounds, which they had that day been privileged to do. Three loud and long-protracted cheers for the Countess and the Earl of Hopetoun, followed this proposal. Mr. Sinclair further said, they had also one other person to whom they were deeply indebted for that day's enjoyment, and to whose munificence they were under the deepest obligations,—obligations which, he trusted, they would never forget. He referred to John Hope, Esq.; the mention of whose name was the signal for one universal burst of applause. After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Sinclair proposed three cheers for our beloved Queen, which having been cordially given, three cheers were given for Mr. Sinclair, and the party then proceeded to the ground in front of the house, where they were to be mustered for retiring.

The rolls having been called, and all reported right, the party began to move off from Hopetoun House about five o'clock, the young Earl firing a parting salute in front of the house.

The procession, in retiring, passed up the Loan to the deer park, along Parkhead Avenue, through the nursery-garden, by Niddry View, to the public road above Woodend, and about a mile from the station. Along the long avenue from Parkhead to Woodend, the Edinburgh party lined the woods, and cheered the parties from the country, as they were told off by Mr. Sinclair, in the order in which they were to be taken up by the trains,—the Edinburgh party remaining to the last, to see all their friends away.

The train from Winchburgh, reached Edinburgh about nine o'clock; and, about the same time, the friends for Dunbar, Haddington, Dalkeith, &c., had reached their homes.

It is with great pleasure we have learnt from the superintendents of the different parties present on this occasion, that notwithstanding the rain which fell in the morning and the evening, all the parties are well, and rejoicing in the happy day they spent at Hopetoun House. It must be a source of great gratification to those who had the responsibility of this undertaking, to learn, that not the slightest accident of any kind occurred; and that all the children and young people reached home in safety. In this they cannot be unmindful of that over-

ruling hand, which has guided such a vast number of very young persons out and in, and caused them to dwell in safety; and to Him be all the praise.

The kindness and attention of all the people on the Hopetoun Estate, merit the warmest approbation of the friends of the young; and we trust they will have their reward. And the labour, attention, and anxiety which the friends from the different parts of the country bestowed upon their various charges, on this occasion, we trust, will also have its reward.

A day like this is not soon to be forgotten,—its effects none can tell. We rejoice in it, as a practical attempt to train the young—to seek innocent, healthful, holy pleasures, in the enjoyment of nature, and the Book of God: and that it will have a blessed effect in turning their minds to the contemplation of things divine, we cannot doubt. That each year may see a growing increase in the numbers present, at the annual excursions of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, and that each year they may be improved and benefited by what they see and hear,—all right thinking persons must wish.

We cannot conclude this somewhat lengthened notice of the Juvenile fete, without adverting to the lively interest which the noble and youthful Earl of Hopetoun evinced, to contribute to the fullest extent, by his own personal effort to the joy and happiness of his numerous youthful visitors.

The spectacle of one of high birth and early years, entering so fully into the design of promoting the happiness of others, is certainly a delightful prestage of a life of eminent services to his countrymen and to his country—of a life every way worthy of the House of Hopetoun—of a life distinguished by the bright excellencies of piety and of sympathy with all that is noble and good; and that the Earl of Hopetoun may be spared largely to contribute to the welfare of the young people on his extensive estates of Leadhills, Ormiston, and Hopetoun—many of whom were present on this joyous occasion—and to the happiness of the thousands, from all parts, who also partook of his hospitality and kindness, is the fervent wish of those who appreciate the favours conferred upon the members and friends of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers at Hopetoun House, on this auspicious day.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GERMANY.

The Wittenburg Conference.—In the city of Wittenberg, there still stands unchanged the old church in which Martin Luther (the 31st October, 1517) published his famous ninety-five theses, which was the signal for the glorious Reformation. In its pulpit, he and Melancthon preached the doctrines of salvation by free grace—justification by faith alone. Within its walls, listening crowds, 330 years ago, have been turned from darkness to light—from serving Romish idols to serving the living and true God. It was in this church that 500 clergymen met in September, 1848, for the purpose of lifting up a testimony in favour of the same life-giving truths, and for beginning a new Reformation among the infidel masses of Germany. There were present at this conference, representatives of the four great branches of the German Protestant Church,—viz., the Lutheran, Reformed, United Prussian, and Moravian. Men most distinguished, at once for their learning, piety, and influence, took a leading part in the deliberations of the meeting. The names of many of those men are familiar to some of our readers; such as *Hengstenberg*, *Julius Müller*, *Nitzsch*, and *Krummacher*, brother of Elijah the Tishbite, with others equally well known abroad, as profound scholars, and faithful pastors. The conference lasted for three days. There was the freest discussion of the important and often perplexing questions which successively presented themselves for their decision; but the greatest harmony and brotherly love, with an ardent, devotional spirit, prevailed. An alliance was formed between the Churches, and not between individuals only, as in the Evangelical Alliance of our own country. The following are the principal objects of this alliance:—

1. To show the fundamental unity of the Protestant Church.

2. To bear a common testimony against the different adversaries of the Gospel.

3. To give mutual aid and advice.

4. To act as arbiter, or mediator, if difficulties arise between the Churches that are members of the league.

5. To maintain and defend all the rights and privileges secured to the Evan-

gelical Church, either by the fundamental laws of the empire, or by the various state constitutions.

6. To give advice to isolated evangelical Churches, both in and out of Germany.

7. To form and maintain energetically the bond of union with all the evangelical Churches of Europe, and the world.

8. To prosecute all works of Christian charity; and particularly that of home missions, for the evangelization of the nominally Christian world. The following resolutions were also unanimously adopted, after a full discussion:—

1. "The German Evangelical Churches shall form an Evangelical Alliance, which shall not be a fusion of different confessions, but only a confederation, embracing all the churches founded on the doctrines of the Reformation; that is to say, the Lutheran, Reformed, United, and Moravian Churches."

2. "Every Evangelical Communion which shall join this Confederation, shall preserve its position relative to the state, and its integral organization, confession, and ritual, without any interference of the confederation on the subject."

3. "Each Member of the future Assembly shall be bound to declare, that his faith is in accordance with the confession of his own particular church, and that his acts in the Assembly shall be in conformity with this confession."

Our readers will be able, from those facts, to form a judgment for themselves as to the nature and objects of this league. For ourselves, we attach the greatest possible importance to it. The religious state of Germany is calculated to rouse the energies, and call forth the united prayers of every minister and layman in it, who has the interests of his country and of Christianity at heart. Hundreds of the clergy are blind leaders of the blind. Under the garb of heralds of the Gospel, and assuming the name of "Friends of Light," they are the greatest enemies to the light and life of Christian faith and practice. Pantheism and socialism, accompanied by unparallelled profligacy and blasphemy, are deluging the land, and loosening all the bonds of social order. A mock charity, which confounds all right and wrong, truth and error, has enervated the exertions of professing friends of evangelical truth.

Speaking of the state of the German congregations, the excellent Mr. Kuntze of Berlin exclaimed, at the Conference "We, alas! have no congregations rooted and grounded in the faith to call for aid. *Ninty-nine hundredths of our people have either fallen away from us, or gone over to the enemy!*" In the same strain the illustrious Dr. Tholuck of Berlin writes. "The absence of all true religion in our people is enormous, and truly frightful. You can form no conception of the deplorable influence, in this respect, which political movements have exercised upon them. In Halle, all the churches, with the exception of the small chapel of M. Aufield, are every Sabbath almost deserted. My own congregation is considerably diminished. In the great city of Magdebourg, you will scarcely find a single church, during morning service, having more than twenty, or twenty-five hearers!" We do not wonder that, in these deplorable circumstances, the conference, before breaking up, should have resolved immediately to commence a *Home Mission*. The proposition was made by Mr. Wichern. This reverend gentleman is well known as having, for the last sixteen years, superintended, with indefatigable perseverance, and extraordinary success, the famous "Rauhe Haus," near Hamburg, —a "Redemption Institution," which he himself originated, for the reformation of vicious children. Having ourselves visited this singular establishment, and seen how admirably it has been managed, we shall, in some future number, give an account of it. No man was certainly, in Germany, more able, from his own observation and experience, to prove the necessity, and to conduct the scheme of a Home Mission, than Mr. Wichern. Accordingly, when he made the proposition, —in a speech of immense power and eloquence, giving a deplorable account of the state of the lower orders in Germany, —the whole assembly rose, and unanimously resolved to begin this great work everywhere, and in every place; to preach the Gospel in the streets and in the fields, if necessary! Since then, Mr. Wichern has left the "Rauhe Haus," and devoted himself, with great success, to the organization and work of the Home Mission. *A conference is again to be held on the 11th and 12th of this month, (September,) in Wittenberg;* and we cannot but express the desire and hope, that every reader who prays "thy kingdom come," will, on the mornings of the 11th and 12th, remember those brethren at a throne of grace, and ask for them the Spirit of wisdom, faith, love, and "sound mind;" and that they may be made instrumental for reviving God's work in Germany.

FRANCE.

RELIGIOUS ANNIVERSARIES IN PARIS.

1. *The Religious Tract Society* have issued, during the last year, 605,000

tracts. Some of them are eminently tracts for the times, such as "Letters of a working man to his companions;" "Discourse on Communism;" "True maternity; or, one must love the Father to love the brethren," &c. The income of the Society, with the aid of the London Tract Society, was about L.17,000.

2. *The Protestant Bible Society.*—Never was there a period in the history of France, when the labours of such a Society were more required. Not Catholics only, but many professing Protestants also, have not a copy of the Word of God. Thousands of Romanists in the better walks of life, even never *saw* one in their lives! Last year the Paris Bible Society distributed 4078 Bibles, and 7146 New Testaments. *The French and Foreign Bible Society* have also distributed 14,124 Bibles, and 38,429 New Testaments.

3. *Penny Protestant Society.*—Its object is to collect penny subscriptions from the working-classes, to aid the various Religious Societies. The receipts last year amounted to L.360.

4. *French Evangelical Society.*—Its aim is to preach the Gospel in France. It is not connected with any particular Church. It employs 27 ministers, 6 Evangelists, 31 male and female teachers. It has expended, last year, in the work of Evangelization, about L.4600.

6. *Foreign Missionary Society.* Its operations are confined to South Africa. God has greatly blessed its labours. *It has gathered about 2000 Bechuanas into regular church fellowship.* There were 181 baptisms last year. *One small African church, consisting of* 110 *communicants, solely collected* L.48 *for the Society.* Another congregation built a church for themselves, costing L.320! The Society was but very low the year before last from want of funds. But by the exertions of the brothers F. and A. Monod, in Britain and France, and by the exertions of the friends of missions in various parts of the world, upwards of L.3000 have been raised to meet the expenses of the present year.

7. *Central Protestant Society.* Its design is to labour in connection with the National Church. It has presented an interesting report. Its receipts amount to only L.760.

We trust the collection appointed by the General Assembly will more than make up the deficit in its exchequer.

Notices of Books.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.*—First Notice.

Well do we remember the mysterious feeling that crept over us, when we first made our acquaintance with these legends, that ancient travellers, such as Mandeville and Maundrell, had propagated in regard to the Dead Sea. The Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain, and of the fate of their inhabitants, upon whom God rained fire and brimstone out of heaven, was itself sufficient to fill the mind with awe. But this was not all. The traditions of the Arabs who live on its shores, and the stories told by credulous travellers, had added wonder to wonder. They spoke with terror of its salt and bitter waters, as well as of the death-like silence that prevailed along the shore. They told of the apples that grew on its banks, fair without, but within full of dust and bitterness—of the exhalations that arose from its surface, so noxious, that no bird could fly over, no sailor navigate its waters—of the smoke, like "the smoke of a furnace," that ascended from the cities still burning beneath its waves—of the ruins of these submerged cities, as still visible when the Lake was low—of the doleful sounds that were at times heard issuing from its depths—and of the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was changed, and which they affirmed to be still in existence. Looking upon the lake as a memorial to all generations of God's infinite justice, and of the infliction of the Divine wrath on a guilty people, such reports could not but add to the awful interest with which it was invested. Several unsuccessful attempts to explore its terrors, to which we shall presently refer, served to deepen our curiosity; and it was, therefore, with no little interest that we heard last year, that an American party had succeeded in making a complete survey, both of the lake itself, and of the surrounding country. We waited with no little anxiety for the publication of the narrative of the voyage, which we

* Narrative of the United States' Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, by W. F. Lynch, Commander of the Expedition; with map and numerous illustrations

now have in Lieutenant Lynch's handsome volume,—a short account of the contents of which we now propose to give our readers.

The Dead Sea, the Bahr Lût (Sea of Lot) of the Arabs—the Asphaltic, or Bitumen Lake, of the Romans—the Salt Sea, Sea of the Plain, and East Sea of the Old Testament—is not mentioned at all in the New. From its nearness to Jerusalem, being, in fact, visible from the Mount of Olives, few travellers in Palestine have omitted to visit it. Apart altogether, too, from its Scriptural interest, its peculiar physical features have attracted much attention. Its surface was known to be somewhat below the sea-level; but how far, was not known, until, in 1840, Lieutenant Symonds of the Engineers, by a series of triangulations carried from the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea through Palestine to the Mediterranean, determined that it was 1312·2 feet, and the Lake of Tiberias 328·98 feet below the level of that sea. These measurements, however, were not undisputed. Giving 983·22 feet as the difference between the levels of the two lakes, while the direct distance between them was not more than about sixty miles, they inferred a degree of rapidity in the Jordan above that of any known river. Indeed, the most distinguished general, and the most celebrated Biblical geographers of the age, (Professors Ritter of Berlin, and Robinson of New York,) concurred in thinking, that there had been some error in the calculations; "For," said Dr. Robinson, "the Jordan, so far as known, has neither cataracts nor rapids, yet in its descent there is room for three cataracts, each equal in height to Niagara; and there is still left an average fall equal to the swiftest portion of the Rhine." But Lieutenant Lynch's labours have confirmed the "skill and extraordinary accuracy of Lieutenant Symond's calculations." The river has proved to be full of cataracts, no less than twenty-seven of considerable size having been passed, besides many long reaches, in which the river was little else than a continued rapid. Its course, too, was, as we shall see, exceedingly winding; so much so, indeed, that though the direct distance between the two lakes is but sixty miles, the length of the river is fully 200 miles.

Before proceeding, however, to give an account of Lieutenant Lynch's labours, we consider it but an act of justice to mention the names of two British travellers, who, though not spared to lay before the world the results of their toils, both anticipated him in sailing down the Jordan, and in launching their boats on the Dead Sea. The first of these was Mr. Costigan, an Irish gentleman, who, in 1835, had, in spite of many difficulties, succeeded in carrying a boat from Beyrut to Tiberias, and launching it on the Sea of Galilee. After exploring this lake, he entered the Jordan, and followed it down for a considerable way, until the difficulty of proceeding among the rapids without assistance, which the Arabs refused to give him, made him relinquish this part of his project, and proceed by land to the Dead Sea. There he embarked with his servant, a Maltese sailor. They spent, Mr. Stephens tells us—who was fortunate enough to meet the sailor at Beyrut the following year—eight days on the lake, crossing and recrossing it several times, and frequently sounding as they sailed along. But the heat and the want of water proved too much for Mr. Costigan's strength. When they arrived near Jericho on the eighth day, he was utterly exhausted, and was found by the Arabs on the shore in a dying state. He was carried to Jerusalem, where he lived two days; but he never once alluded to his disastrous voyage. "Unfortunately," remarks Mr. Stephen, "he had always been in the habit of trusting greatly to his memory, and, after his death, the missionaries in Jerusalem found no regular diary or journal, but merely brief notes, written on the margins of books, so irregular and confused that they could make nothing of them." The second who launched his boat on this sea, was Lieutenant Molyneux of H.M.S. Spartan, who, in August, 1847, transported a small boat from the Bay of Acre to Tiberias; and though attacked and robbed by the Arabs, succeeded in sailing down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, where he spent two days and two nights on its bosom, surveying its shores and sounding its depths. Had this gallant and energetic officer been spared, we should have been sooner in possession of accurate information; but the fatal fever that carried off Costigan, did not spare him. Scarcely had he rejoined his ship, when he was attacked; and by his death, after a few days' illness, the world was deprived of the results of his labours also.

It was very soon after the death of Lieutenant Molyneux, that Lieutenant Lynch of the United States' Navy, solicited and obtained permission to undertake the survey of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Undeterred by the fate of those who had preceded him, and animated by an insatiable yearning to explore their mysteries, and to determine

the configuration and depression of that mysterious lake, he was not turned aside from his purpose by the ominous forebodings of his friends.* The main objects of his mission were scientific. These, as described by himself, in a letter to Dr. Anderson, the medical officer of the expedition, were the following:—

"To examine the geological structure and physical phenomena of the shores of the Dead Sea, and the terraces of the Jordan—to investigate the volcanic phenomena of the Dead Sea—to obtain mineralogical specimens, with the view of ascertaining if the surrounding regions be volcanic—to ascertain whether birds live on its shores, or fish in its depths—and, generally, to make a thorough survey of the lake, determining its extent, configuration, and depression, and sounding it through its whole extent."—(p. 147-9.)

In the accomplishment of these scientific objects, Lieutenant Lynch has been completely successful. He is evidently a bold and energetic sailor; and it is no more than justice to attribute the success of the expedition to his indomitable perseverance and skill, as well as to the tact he displayed in all his intercourse with the Arabs he encountered. But here our commendations must cease. In many important respects, he is lamentably deficient. We do not allude merely to the gross errors by which his volume is disfigured. Some of these—though many are of a kind that would disgrace even a Sabbath School scholar—may, perhaps, be accounted for by the unfortunate haste with which, from certain circumstances, he found it necessary to *write* and publish the narrative of his expedition. But this is not all. He is evidently destitute of those literary acquirements, and of that peculiar species of learning, which it is absolutely necessary that the traveller in Palestine should have. It will be a lasting subject of regret, that some properly qualified person, like Dr. Robinson of New York, the Author of the Biblical Researches, or even Mr. Smith of Beyrut, was not attached to the expedition. Had this been the case, we might have expected, that not merely the physical, but also the ancient geography of the valley of the Jordan, would have been determined, and that many new illustrations of the Scriptures would have been added to those we already possess. But it is not our purpose to write a criticism of Lieutenant Lynch's volume. We shall therefore proceed, at once, to give our readers an account of the labours of the expedition,—doing so, as much as possible, in the author's own words.

Having made all the necessary preparations, and having with him a selected party of ten able-bodied seamen, and three officers, Lieutenant Lynch left New York on the 26th November, 1847. In addition to the articles commonly provided for expeditions like that on which he was entering, he had constructed two metallic boats, one of copper, and one of galvanized iron, which it was thought would be more easily carried, and from their combining great strength with great buoyancy, would be better fitted for descending the rapids the party expected to encounter. This, in truth, proved to be the case. Indeed, a wooden boat, which they purchased at Tiberias, had to be abandoned on the second day of their voyage down the Jordan. After a prosperous voyage, with the details of which, however, we may remark in passing, far too much space is occupied, they arrived in the bay of Acre on the 28th March, 1848, where they succeeded in landing their boats and stores. Considerable difficulties were encountered in transporting them across the Plain of Galilee to Tiberias; but by placing them on trucks to which camels were harnessed, these were, at last, overcome, and the sea of Galilee was reached.

"Like a mirror, it lay embosomed in its rounded and fantastic hills. How different to the Dead Sea are the associations of that lake! The lake of the New Testament! Blessed beyond the nature of its element! It has been the Sea of God upon its surface. Its cliffs first echoed the glad notes of salvation, and from its eclipses the first of the apostles were gathered to the multitude. Its placid water and its shelving beach, the ruined cities once crowded with men, and the everlasting hills, the handiwork of God,—all identify and attest the wonderful miracles that were here performed—miracles, the least of which was a crowning act of mercy of an incarnate God towards His sinful and erring creatures.

"The roadside and the uncultivated slopes of the hills were full of flowers, and abounded with singing birds; and there lay the holy lake, consecrated by the presence of the Redeemer! How could travellers describe the scenery of this lake as tame and uninteresting? It far exceeded my most sanguine expectations, and I could not but feel grateful to the Almighty for permitting me to see it."—(p. 203.)

The party remained on the shores of the lake for a week, during which they made a complete survey of it, and ascertained its depth in various places. On returning to the beach, after a short sail, they found that the Arabs had stolen two of their oars, and had left in their room a pair of miserable paddles, which they had fabricated for the occasion. Application was made to the chief of the tribe, who promised to restore the oars, but failed to do so. Lieutenant Lynch, therefore, resolved to proceed without them, and to make the paddles serve his purpose. Having done so, they left the lake, and proceeded down the river Jordan.

"The river, from the lake to the Dead Sea, is a succession of rapids, with deep pools between them. The current is very strong, and the channel is filled with rocks, against which the boats are dashed with violence. Our progress was, therefore, slow and laborious. Sometimes we were obliged to drag the boats over the rocks, and sometimes to let them down with ropes. Frequently we were compelled to unload them entirely, and carry the stores and provisions by land. Our paddles, which were made of the wood of the willow, were soon broken, and we were obliged to substitute for them pieces of plank, which we found on the banks of the river. Our progress was, therefore, very slow, and we were frequently detained for hours in the same place. The banks of the river are covered with a dense growth of willows, tamarisks, and reeds, which, in many places, completely conceal the water from view. The stream is very rapid, and the water is of a dirty yellow colour. The banks are steep, and in many places are composed of a soft, crumbling clay, which is easily washed away by the current. The river is very crooked, and we were frequently obliged to row for miles in order to gain a few hundred yards in a straight line. The scenery is wild and desolate, and the hills on either side are bare and rocky. We saw no trees or shrubs of any kind, except the willow and the tamarisk, which grow on the banks of the river. The weather was very hot, and we were glad to take refuge in the shade of the trees whenever we could find them. We saw no birds or animals, except a few wild ducks and geese, which we shot for food. The Arabs we met with were very friendly, and supplied us with milk and bread. They told us that the river was very dangerous, and that many boats had been lost in it. We found this to be true, for we passed the wreck of a boat which had been dashed to pieces on the rocks. We also saw the remains of a bridge which had been built by the Romans, but which had been destroyed by the current. The river is very deep in many places, and we could not find bottom with our oars. We saw no fish in the river, but we were told that there were many in the lake. We saw no signs of life on the banks of the river, except a few wild ducks and geese, which we shot for food. The Arabs we met with were very friendly, and supplied us with milk and bread. They told us that the river was very dangerous, and that many boats had been lost in it. We found this to be true, for we passed the wreck of a boat which had been dashed to pieces on the rocks. We also saw the remains of a bridge which had been built by the Romans, but which had been destroyed by the current. The river is very deep in many places, and we could not find bottom with our oars. We saw no fish in the river, but we were told that there were many in the lake.

* There is a tradition among the Arabs, that no one can venture on this sea and live. Lynch (p. 348.) tells us, that the Arabs of Kerak "call it accursed of God, and entertaining the most awful fears regarding it, looked upon the Americans as madmen for remaining on it so long, on returning to the beach, after a short sail, they found that the Arabs had stolen two of their oars, and had left in their room a pair of miserable paddles, to counteract the malaria they had imbibed.

tations, and I could scarce realize that I was there. Near by was the field where, according to tradition, the disciples plucked the ears of corn upon the Sabbath. Yet nearer was the spot where the Saviour fed the famishing multitude; and to the left the Mount of Beatitudes, where He preached His wonderful compend of wisdom and love. At its foot, as if to shew how little man regards the precepts of his Maker, was fought one of the most dreadful battles recorded on the page of history. I neither put implicit faith in, nor yet in a cavilling spirit question, the localities of these traditions. Unhappy is that man who, instead of being impressed with awe, or exultant with the thought that he is permitted to look upon such scenes, withholds his homage, and stifles every grateful aspiration with querulous questionings of exact identities. Away with such hard-hearted scepticism—so nearly allied to infidelity! What matters it, whether in this field, or an adjoining one—on this mount, or another more or less contiguous to it, the Saviour exhorted, blessed, or fed His followers? The very stones—each a sermon—cry shame upon such a captious spirit,—a spirit too often indulged: not in the sincerity of unbelief, but to parade historical or biblical lore.

"Not a tree! not a shrub! nothing but green grain, grass, and flowers; yet acres of bright verdure. Far up on a mountain-top stands conspicuous the 'holy city' of Safed, the ancient Japhet. Nearer is the well into which Joseph was put by his brethren. Beyond the lake and over the mountains, rise majestic, in the clear sky, the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon."

After incredible labour and anxiety, success at last crowned their efforts, and the "Two Fannies" (the boats were named Fanny Mason, and Fanny Skinner, after two little American girls) were at last launched on the lake. And here we must, from want of space, for the present leave them.

Gleanings.

THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

Behold! we stand alone in creation; earth, sea, and sky, can shew nothing so awful as *we are*. The rooted hills shall flee before the fiery glance of the Almighty judge; the mountains shall become dust, the ocean a vapour; the very stars of heaven shall fade and fall as the fig-tree casts her untimely fruit; yea, "heaven and earth shall pass away;" but the humblest, poorest, lowliest, among us is bound for undying life. Amid all the terrors of dissolving nature, the band of immortals shall stand before their judge. He has made you to be sharers of His own eternity; the most incomprehensible of His attributes is permitted, in its measure, to be yours. Alone in a world of weak and fading forms, with all perishable, even to the inmost folds of the fleshly garment that invests you,—with the very beauty of nature dependent on its revolutions, its order, the order of successive evanescence, its constancy, the constancy of change,—amid all this mournful scenery of death, you alone are deathless. In the lapse of millions of ages hence, for aught we can tell, it may be the purpose of God that all this outward visible universe shall gradually give place to some new creation; that other planets shall circle other suns; that unheard-of forms of animated existence shall crowd all the chambers of the sensitive universe with forms of life unlike all that we can dream; that in slow progression the immense cycle of our present system of nature shall at length expire;—but even then no decay shall dare to touch the universe of souls. Even then there shall be memories in Heaven that shall speak of their little speck of earthly existence as a well remembered history; yea, that shall anticipate millions of such cycles as this, as not consuming even the first glorious minute of the everlasting day! For these things ye are born; unto this heritage are ye redeemed. Live, then, as citizens of the immortal empire. Let the impress of the eternal country be on your foreheads. Let the angels see that you know yourselves their fellows. Speak, think, and act, as beseems your high ancestry; for your Father is in Heaven, and the first-born of your brethren is on the Throne of God. Oh! as you read and hear of these things, strain your eyes beyond the walls of this dim prison, and catch the unearthly light of that spiritual world where the perfected just are already awaiting your arrival.—*Professor W. A. Butler.*

HOME EDUCATION.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxii. 6.

PART II.

EVERY question affecting the "Family," is of immense importance. The Family is the nursery of the State, of the Church, and of Heaven. On its well-being, therefore, mainly depends the well-being of man, for time and for eternity. Were it in the power of a "Socialist" to put his hand among the stars, and arrest them in their course; to destroy their central suns, and reorganize the structure of the heavens;—he would not display such presumption and wickedness, or so mar the beauty, or disturb the joy of God's universe, than if he were to destroy on earth God's wise and loving appointment of the family! When Christ upon the cross was establishing the government of God, and the reign of holiness and peace on earth, we wonder not that His last command should have been, "Son, behold thy mother!" His reverence for the family relationship displayed in such an hour as this, is an impressive lesson to all who believe in Him.

It is with the earnest desire of purifying this well-spring of good, and of making this tree of life more fruitful, that I again submit to the kind consideration of parents chiefly, a few practical observations on Home Education. I have already endeavoured to explain what is implied in *training* a child; the end for which a child should be trained up,—that of glorifying God, that he might enjoy Him for ever; and how surely this end is one with his best earthly interests.

In my remarks upon *training*, I said, that its grand object was to form good *habits*. Allow me here briefly to specify some of those habits, the formation of which are of immense importance, because essential to the existence of a Christian character. These only I shall notice,—*Obedience, Self-Sacrifice, Industry and Perseverance, Truth and Honesty, and Reverence for God.*

1. *Obedience.*—By a rebellious self-will, an infant in the cradle gives the earliest signs of being a lineal descendant of fallen Adam. "My own way!" and not *the* way which we should go, is the motto upon man's treason banner. "Let me alone—give me my own way!" is the child's first petition to its parents, though only expressed by tears and fretfulness, when its self-will is thwarted. "My own way!" cries the rebellious young man, as in the pride of fancied independence, he spurns the control of all authority, and despises the laws of God and man. "My own way!" is the last prayer which rises from the heart of the hoary headed sinner, as he totters on the brink of eternity, to the very last the slave of his own lawless desires, and rebellious will. Self-will in childhood is the leprous spot, which, unless cured by the reception of "the Spirit of Life, which is in Christ Jesus," will surely spread itself over, and consume the whole body. It is the spark which, unless extinguished by the fire of Divine love, will kindle itself to "everlasting burning." It is the birth of a demon, who, unless destroyed by the birth of a new man in Christ Jesus, will live for ever an enemy to the loving God. For self-will is enmity to God. It desires to reign without Him, and would, if it could, hurl Him from His throne of supreme authority. It is hell begun! Parents! do not think lightly of, or trifle with, such evil as this. Earnestly contend against it. Pray God to master it. Let all the power of love and authority which He has given you be put forth to accomplish its destruction. Unless it is done in early, it cannot be done by you in riper years. If the tiger cannot be tamed or overcome when young, how shall you expect to subdue it when it has reached its strength? Habitually check, control, this wilful rebelliousness; and mould the infant mind

into obedient submission. Let the child be accustomed always to yield its will to yours—at first, if necessary, simply because it is *your* will, until it is able to recognize God's will in yours; so that, in after life, your children may be able to say, "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave *them* reverence, shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of our spirits, and live?" Would you know what God thinks of a rebellious son? Hear His commands regarding such, as they are recorded in the Old Testament:—"If a man have a *stubborn* and *rebellious* son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold upon him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place: and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die. So shalt thou put evil away from among you." (Deut. xxi. 18, 21.) Though God does not punish this evil now as He did then—a far worse punishment being in reserve—the evil is still the same in His sight. See, then, that it *is* evil—very evil itself,—and beware, lest, by your *own* disobedience to God's will, you bring upon yourselves such heavy punishments as He sent Eli, who, though God's High Priest, and, in the main, a religious man, nevertheless, through easiness of temper, permitted his children to have their own way; and while he trembled for the Ark of God, trembled not for the sins of his own household. "I have told him," said the Lord, "I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which *he knoweth*, because his sons made themselves vile, *and he restrained them not.*" (1 Sam. iii. 14.)

2. *Self-sacrifice.*—Obedience might be included under this head, inasmuch as it is the sacrifice of our own will to a higher will; but I prefer to treat it separately. By self-sacrifice, I here chiefly mean, the habit of giving up of self for the good and happiness of others; as opposed to that grasping, absorbing selfishness, which would sacrifice *to* self the good and happiness of all. How early in life does this selfish spirit manifest itself! How soon do children whom it governs, become the little tyrants of parents, brothers, sisters, and servants! Everybody and everything must minister to their amusement and pleasure; while they themselves, in their love of ease and slothful indulgence, "will not," as the phrase is, "put themselves about" to please others;—"they cannot be troubled;" "they have something of their own to attend to," &c. "What else can you expect from the child?" cries the indulgent parent, who feeds this selfishness by a compliance with every wish. But the child, as he becomes older, becomes the very pest of the household, and the petty tyrant of the play-ground. What say the parents now? "Oh! you cannot put old heads on young shoulders!" But childhood ripens to youth—the old evil exists, and shews itself in a thousand forms. The shoulders, which have not carried the yoke of self-sacrifice in youth, dislike the Cross of Christ in advanced age. And now the complaint is heard from father and mother, whose own happiness has, perhaps, been sacrificed by their children: "They are gone from our control altogether; and, indeed, for some years our words have been as idle tales. They have given us great pain and annoyance. But the young people would have their own way; and what can we do now?" *Now*, indeed, very little! but what might you *not have* done, but for your *own* selfishness!

Parents, be warned in time! Begin soon. This habit of self-sacrifice is the soul of all that is good and great,—of all that is loveable and heroic. It is the Spirit of Christianity; for it is the Spirit of Christ, "who pleased not Himself." Let your children be trained up to consider the feelings, the happiness, the good, the rights of others. Let this principle extend to their treatment of even the lower animals. These creatures belong to God. We dare not use them, except consistently with the will of their Maker and possessor; they have their *rights* as well as we, and they are secured to them by the sam

charter—God's will. He who "takes care of oxen," and who commanded that they should not be muzzled when treading out the corn,—He who designed the Sabbath as a day of rest for the labouring brute, as well as for the labouring man,—He who, in sparing Nineveh, considered the "much cattle" which were in it,—He who feeds the wild beasts of the desert, and hears the ravens when they cry, and marks the sparrow when it falls;—that loving God desires us to have a like mind with Himself, and to protect the weakest of His creatures with the arm of love, and not to sacrifice them to cruelty, or heartless selfishness. Cultivate in your children habits of kindness and self-sacrifice, even to these. The boy or girl who is habitually cruel to a fly, may end in being habitually cruel to a father. Truly says the poet,—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All creatures, great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

By your words and example; by anecdote and history: by your smiles and rewards; by your favour and chastisement: by the fruits of their own experience;—let them be taught to regard selfishness in every form as unworthy and sinful—and self-sacrifice in every form as beautiful and good. Let them be taught, that *such* sacrifice is the only real gain—that to give what is due to others, is to possess the richest inheritance ourselves—that to love ourselves, we must first love others—and that the more we *are* all this, the more shall we resemble the God of *Love*, who "spared not His own Son," but gave Him a sacrifice for sinners, in order to make them partakers of His own character and joy,—the more shall we resemble that Saviour who gave His own life for us; who possessed, in perfection, that "love which seeketh not her own." And let me add, that this self-sacrificing spirit has hourly opportunities, both of proving and improving itself, in the innumerable acts and varied scenes of household life. At the fireside, and in the so-called *trifles* which fill up daily life, may be cultivated the spirit, which is the very light and joy of earth and heaven!

3. *Industry and perseverance.*—The necessity of labour is a great blessing in our present state. It is good for fallen man, that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow. God has annexed labour to the possession of all that is really worth possessing. In temporal and in spiritual things it holds true, that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." The children of the poor need not have enforced upon them this necessity of labour: they know that idleness will be immediately punished by starvation and disgrace. The rich require the lesson, perhaps, more than others; for they have greater temptations to idleness: and with them, as with their poorer brethren, "idle days are the devil's busy ones;" for most of their vices and their misery arise out of their idleness. How many young men in the upper ranks of society, would be saved from the extravagancies and follies which have embittered their life, had they been trained up only to some trade or profession; or felt their responsibility to God for the use they made of these great talents, time, money, and influence! What blessings might such capital, if improved, bring to themselves and to society! What unspeakable enjoyment might they derive from the field of *duty!* Instead of seeking to "kill time," (which is all the while killing them!) they would redeem it, and gather treasures from it for life eternal. Let the rich, as well as the poor, then, train up their children to *habits of industry.* Let them be taught to improve their time; and not to labour merely to amuse themselves, but to amuse themselves in order to labour. I refer my readers for lessons upon industry, to the following passages from the book of Proverbs:—vi. 6-11; x. 4, 5; xii. 11, 24, 27; xiii. 4, 11, 22, 23; xiv. 23; xviii. 9; xix. 14, 15, 24; xx. 4, 21; xxi. 25, 26; xxii. 13, 29; xxiii. 21; xxiv. 30-34; xxvi. 13-16, xxvii. 23-27; xxviii. 19, 22; xxxi. 10-29.

But let me say a few words upon *Perseverance.*—This habit is an honouring of God's wisdom, for it honours those right means by which, according to His wise appointment, the right end can be alone attained. Men are prone to reach their

objects by *short cuts*. They would, if possible, by a single leap, attain the mountain-top; rather than pursue, step by step, the long and fatiguing upward journey. In other words, men are prone to despise God's method of attaining *all* good by patience and perseverance and would award to ignorance and sloth, what God will alone award to intelligence and perseverance. This disposition is the source of all that is termed *quackery*,—a common and a sore evil! The *medical* quack, promises to cure any disease without trouble or expense to the patient, and despises colleges and diplomas. The *speculating* quack promises a fortune to any man who is wearied of the slow routine of patient industry, and who wishes to get rich at once; if he will only invest his means in this new bubble, and purchase stock in this new railroad. The *teaching* quack professes to give a knowledge of any language in a few lessons, and by "short and easy methods," to make education a short and an easy process. The *preaching* quack professes to explain the Holy Scriptures much better, and much more *cheaply*, than "the college-bred," and without the aid of that learning and patient study, which "the regular clergy" find it necessary to devote themselves to. He professes, also, to lead souls by a far easier, and far simpler road to heaven; and to make temporary excitement, and fluent talk, do the work in a single day, which others are seeking to obtain by silent meditation, earnest prayer, diligent reading and hearing, and a careful walking with God. All such quackery is to the slothful a very California, in which riches are to be had without labour. But believe it not, that God has so made the world that fools shall be blessed when wise men fail; and that the slothful shall be rich, while the patient and diligent starve! If you parents would save your children in after years from a disposition which saps the foundation of all that is manly and Christian; which will make the life of godliness intolerable; and the patient, self-denying exercises—the fighting, and running, and striving—of the Christian life impossible: train them early to the habit of overcoming *difficulties*,—of never vainly seeking anything by a short cut of their own devising; but by the path, though long and steep, of God's planning;—of attending to the *details*, if they would grasp the results,—of being faithful in the *least*, in order to gain the much: in short, to use a familiar, but most expressive proverb, in everything as well as money, to "attend to the *pence*, and the *pounds* will take care of themselves." In so doing, they only honour the wisdom of God.

4. *Truth.*—It is unnecessary to dwell upon the importance of truth. Our Lord, speaking of the devil—"the deceiver"—says, (John viii. 44,) "he abode not in *the truth*, because there is *no truth* in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of *his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.*" Accordingly, among those who are excluded from the presence of God, we find mentioned, "whosoever maketh *a lie*," (Rev. xxii. 15:) while "*all liars* have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone," (Rev. xxi. 8.) A lie is therefore begotten of the devil. It is despised upon earth by all but the worthless. It never was heard, and never can be found, in heaven. It can find a dwelling-place only with its first parent, in outer darkness!

Yet this dreadful thing is among the first fruits which are brought forth by the natural "heart, which is *deceitful* above all things, and desperately wicked." How prone are children "to love, and to make a lie!" And let this disposition be left unchecked or unchanged in them, how early in life may they become brazen-faced, unblushing liars! until, as age advances, the habit of deceit so hardens the heart, and blinds the conscience, that, as it is often remarked of such, "they hardly know when they speak untruly;"—"they do not know they are deceiving;"—"they are so deceived themselves, that they believe the lie!" There are few vices more common than this—none which more effectually bars the heart against the God of truth, and separates from the fellowship of all that are "in Him who is true;" and so seals the soul up to a sure destruction. What

language strong enough can I use against this false disposition—this spirit of all cunning, hypocrisy, cheating, and dishonesty, and enemy of all that is lovely and of good report—this disturber of all peace—this destroyer of all the bonds of friendship—this pest of life—this curse of society? It is the very child of hell. It came from it, and will return to it! Parents! cultivate in your children a deep reverence for truth, and a deep abhorrence of everything like deceit. Trace out, should it take weeks to do so, and hunt down to the very death, should it be with pains and tears, the very shadow of a lie! All pretence, sham, or double-dealing,—all equivocation and concealment,—whatever pertains to falsehood, do not *tolerate*. Let your children understand that you consider *nothing more vile or base, nothing more criminal*, than lying. Let the entrance of a lie into the house be to the family as a sore affliction and disgrace. Whatever your children do or say, train them up, that they shall do it and say it *truly*. Do not praise any actions which are even in themselves apparently good, but which you have sufficient reason to believe, are falsely done, from a motive, and for an end, different from what is professed. Again and again, I would beseech you to labour earnestly in training your children to habits of simple unadorned truth, transparent dealing, and open candour, in all their words and actions; so that they may hate and fear a lie as they would the father of it; and love the truth as they would love God, of whom it is. Your children may have neither learning, genius, rank, or riches; but, oh! for the sake of all that is honourable, good, and lovely, in time and eternity—let them have, what is better than these, *the love of truth!* Let them know, that it is better far to tell the truth, and die in consequence of doing so; than to live for ages in a palace and on a throne, by telling one lie! Nor are those advices needed only for the working-classes. In every rank of life does this brood of Satan shew itself. There are lies which fashion licenses, as base in God's sight as their more vulgar relations: insincere professions, false excuses, hollow pretences, promises never intended to be fulfilled:—in many such ways may the lying spirit manifest itself, as really as in the grosser form of what is termed "cool and deliberate lying." The liar may never be detected in this world,—*though he is generally better known than he suspects himself to be*,—"but there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known. Therefore, whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness, shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets, shall be proclaimed on the house-tops." Then "all that speak lies shall not escape," but shall be cut off." Let our prayer be:—"Lord! Thou who desirest truth in the inward parts," who "hatest the false witness who speaketh lies," "lead us in truth," and "remove from us the way of lying!"

Inseparably connected with truth is *honesty*. They both stand and fall together. A false tongue will always have a false hand; and false words differ little from false coin. Parents are very apt to overlook little acts of dishonesty in their children; but let them remember, that it is not the value of what they may take from the press or from the parcel, which should concern them; but the value of their child's character. The dishonest clerk has generally learned his lessons as a dishonest child; and the faithless servant has often begun her faithlessness under her mother's roof. Parents of the working-classes! you can bestow unspeakable blessings upon society, by rearing up industrious, persevering, truthful, and honest servants! You alone can furnish such. Families, warehouses, counting-houses, railways, "ships, colonies, and commerce"—the highest interests of the country—depend upon you, more than the world thinks, for their prosperity. In your house, the well-being and happiness of the nation is decided, as much as in the House of Lords, or House of Commons. Fulfil your high calling, and send forth from your dwelling honest, conscientious men and women!

5. *Reverence for God.*—As far as the child can receive it, let him be familiar

ized, so to speak, with the reality of the presence everywhere, by day and night, of the Saviour. Let him be taught to recognize Him as the hearer of his words—the searcher of his thoughts—the giver of his mercies—the preserver of his life—and the loving brother, and friend, and Redeemer, of every good and obedient child,—"the rewarder of *all* who diligently seek Him," especially of those "who seek Him early." Habituate your children to reverence the voice of duty, whether speaking in their own consciences, or through you, as the voice of God himself, which must be heard, because it speaks what is *right*. Let not God be represented as the object of fear and terror, but of love and confidence; and sin in themselves, as the only thing in the universe which should terrify them. But not to dwell upon the nature and extent of the religious instruction which a parent should impart, (a subject to be considered in a subsequent paper,) it is sufficient to indicate here, the habit of mind, which it is of vital importance that a child should possess. There are other habits, however, inseparably connected with reverence, which are at once the effect and evidence of its existence, and the means of its continued growth.

Prayer is one of those. From their earliest years, children should be taught to bow the knee to God. A form of prayer may be given, suited to their capacity; but petitions and thanksgivings, in their own childish and simple words, and connected, as they naturally will be, with their daily mercies, shortcomings, duties, and desires in behalf of themselves and others, should be encouraged. The Apostle Paul could say, "When I was a child, I spake as a child." Let no one despise or treat lightly the lispings of these babes! Are our own prayers as pure and wise as theirs are, in the eyes of the holy angels? Train up your children, then, to regular habits of morning and evening prayer. Let the sins for which they have been checked during the day be confessed. Let God's assistance be asked by themselves, to enable them to perform those duties in the nature of which they have been instructed. Let the blessed habit be thus early formed, of recognizing their relationship to God—of realizing His constant presence—His authority over them—their consequent responsibility to *Him*—and their dependence upon Him for every earthly blessing they enjoy; and for mercy to pardon, and grace to help. So ought you also to make them *acknowledge God as the giver of their daily bread*; by never permitting them to begin their meal without thanking God for it. A short form of thanksgiving may be taught them.

Attendance upon God's house, is another duty connected with reverence for God.—Let not want of good clothes keep them or you away. It may not be God's will that you should have "a Sabbath dress," but it *is* His will that you should have a Sabbath spirit, and join with fellow-believers in the public worship of God. Duty is more than dress. Yet I know many parents who make it a rule never to bring their children to church, until they can obtain clothes from their own labour! Such children contract the idle and sinful habits of wandering all day in the fields, while their parents worship in, or at least visit, the sanctuary. The earlier your children acquire the *habit* of going to the House of God, the stronger will that habit become in after years. Jesus received praise from the children in the temple, when priests and scribes were silent. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He hath ordained praise." I knew a noble Christian lady, now no more, who said to me, "I have tried so to train up my children to habits of prayer and church attendance, that in after years, they should be unable to remember a time when they did not bow their knees to God, and join His people in the sanctuary."

Finally, train them up to reverence all that speaks of God—God's holy *Day*—God's holy *Book*—God's holy *Name*; and rest not till their obedience, self-sacrifice, truthfulness, and reverence, shall be real, and not apparent; inward, and not outward; because flowing from a higher source than your authority, even from the knowledge and the love of God in Christ Jesus, their Lord and yours!

WESLEY'S MOTHER ON HOME EDUCATION.

"In order to form the mind of children," observes this excellent mother and teacher, in a letter to her son, (Wesley,) in after years, explanatory of her method of procedure, "the first thing to be done, is to *conquer their will*. To inform the understanding, is the work of time, and must, with children, proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will, is a thing that must be done at once, and the *sooner the better*; for, by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call *cruel* parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. When the will of a child is subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of its parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and others reproved; but no *wilful* transgression ought to be forgiven children, without chastisement less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the *will* of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which, both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

"I cannot dismiss this subject yet. As *self-will* is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children, ensures their wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we consider that religion is nothing else than doing the *will* of *God*, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial of it unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone: so that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it, does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

"Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's Prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed time constantly; to which, as they grew older, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days. They were taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after meals, which they used to do by *signs*, before they could speak, or kneel. They were quickly made to understand that they should have nothing they *cried for*, and instructed to speak respectfully for what they wanted."

Sonnets.

SUBSTITUTION.

When some beloved voice, that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new,—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh
Not reason's subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew!
Not songs of poets; nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted; nor the angel's sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God!—Nay, none of these.
Speak Thou! Availing Christ! and fill this pause.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall and miss thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet;
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affections: thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood, for evermore
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

E. B. BARRETT.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

At its first announcement, the Gospel was received simply as a Divine remedy for human corruption. Like the still small voice to Elijah, after wind, and earthquake, and fire, the message of reconciliation fell upon the ears opened to hear it, with the assurance of God's presence and protection amid surrounding ruin and death. With the inhumanity and grossness of Pagan superstition on the one hand, and on the other, the empty hypocrisy of practical Judaism—the bewildered and despairing spirits in which God had still left a witness—found, in this marvellous provision of mercy, a solution to all their difficulties—a haven of peace and eternal rest. We need not wonder, therefore, at the singleness of spirit which the Gospel witnessed in its believing hearers, during the first ages of Christianity. Apart from the Divine influence, which continued for a time to assist its progress, every external force was so inimical, every worldly relation and hope so corrupt and unsatisfying to the awakened soul, that those who received the new faith, could have no thoughts with respect to it, but of its heavenly purity, and the completeness of its provisions,—no feeling towards each other, but the love which it enjoined, strengthened, and secured, by their common obnoxiousness to surrounding iniquity—their common reception of a sure salvation—their common participation in the certain hope of restoration to the image of God, and of an eternal union of love with Him.

It necessarily became different, however, when, long after the withdrawal of supernatural influences, and the removal of danger in the Christian profession, the heart had not the same preparation for welcoming the blessed truths and promises of the Gospel. Ceasing to be felt with great intensity, as a salvation from imminent awful hazard, it became the subject of familliar handling, curious scrutiny and speculation, difference, and consequent strife and schism.

This tendency of the depraved perceptions and faculties of men to draw the elements of division out of a Gospel of peace, is not disproved by the long and general ascendancy of the Church of Rome. In so far as unanimity may be alleged to have formed a characteristic of that power, it was not a unanimity founded upon the perception of a universal danger and remedy, or the knowledge of a Divine law of universal obligation; the unanimity referred to, was the fruit of a combination of vast temporal advantages and power in the ecclesiastics of a system, of which ignorance was an inherent condition. Thus it was a unanimity of authority, or subordination, and not of intelligence.

It was to be expected, therefore, that when the Papal yoke was thrown off, differences should arise among the minds liberated from it. At the same time that they protested against the Romish system, they asserted the right of private judgment in every believer; and we have already seen, that it is only under the highest spiritual influence, and under circumstances of singular and rare concurrence, that even the children of the truth are enabled to see eye to eye.

At the same time, it is perfectly clear, that the more nearly Christians approach to the standard of perfect knowledge and grace, the nearer will be their accordance in sentiment with each other, and the more slight and evanescent their separation: and it is equally evident, that it is their duty to aim at a perfect union in love, and in the obliteration of differences. This is manifest, not only from the grand design of the Gospel, as contained in the two tables of the law, but from the whole scope and tenor of its injunctions. Now, the purpose of THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE is to realize the duty and union now described; and it is our wish, not in an argumentative manner, but in a few plain remarks, to point out more particularly the Scriptural grounds upon which it is founded, and the objects at which it aims.

If, as already suggested, we look at the injunctions, and at the grand object of the Gospel, apart from the divisions in its

profession, it seems strange that there should need any argument to shew the consistency of Christians in associating themselves for the cultivation of brotherly love. The commandment of God is, "That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another;" and the end is, that "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us." Now, the declared object of the Evangelical Alliance, is to promote the union and the mutual love of the true disciples of Christ; and this object it prosecutes with a double intent,—*First*, That the world may be convinced: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another;" and, *secondly*, for our own assurance and comfort: "By this, *we know* that we have passed from death unto life, if we love the brethren." The design of the Alliance, therefore, is in accordance with the Divine will and precept; and the Christian mind which beholds the issues of the Christian life in the unspeakable magnitude of their importance and interest, recoils from the idea of a necessary separation from any joint-heir of the promises in the pursuit of their glorious hopes.

Have, then, Sectarian differences placed Christians under conditions, which preclude them from seeking together that spirit of love which they must find, and must partake of in common, if the end of their faith is to be accomplished? This is a conclusion, which he who regards his fellows with the remembrance of a common origin, and the joy of a common hope, will reluctantly admit. True, we have our separate creeds and symbols, and each clings with conscientious firmness to his own; but remembering and tenderly regarding the rights of private judgment, and remembering also how infinitely more precious is the crown, than any variety, however anxiously cherished, in the permitted means of attaining it, can we regard it as inconsistent? Is it not rather in the very spirit of our blessed faith, that we greet as brethren, and as objects of our dearest sympathies, all who, having set their faces Zionwards, are travelling thither with a devoted and earnest purpose? To the satisfactory indulgence of the feeling, it is no doubt necessary, that we be assured our fellow-travellers are truly in the right way; and a test of this the Alliance has provided in its basis of doctrine, which is to each member the guarantee that the others are animated by a true faith, embracing the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. This accordance, notwithstanding diversity, is prescribed by the Bible itself, when the Apostle enjoins the observance of charity and communion, notwithstanding such differences as are not subversive of what is fundamental; and declares, that we are not to despise or judge a brother on account of a diversity in Christian practice or opinion; but are to love him, because "God hath received him." And, again, when requiring us to believe that God will reconcile us by His revelation upon things in which we are otherwise or differently minded, He tells us in what we *are* agreed upon, to walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing.

But, if not in doctrinal variety, is there not an essential hindrance to Christian fellowship in the very relative position created by sectarian difference? And this is the difficulty really felt,—many minds being unable to perceive, how it is possible, that those who differ in creed, should truly and honestly love as brethren. It must be confessed, that the history of religious controversy affords too plausible a ground for the doubt. But although it has a historical foundation, it has none in duty or necessity. The spirit of division is not, in reality, stronger than the spirit of love, although it prevails against it too often by means of the weakness of faith, and the power of sin. When Zacharias, a man *righteous before God*, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, beheld the angel of the Lord, we read, that "he was troubled;"—the brightness of that heavenly presence reminding him of his own impurity. By a similar law, those who differ in holy things are troubled at each other's presence, whether it be by a secret monitor, unconsciously recalling the state of love from which they have fallen, and the sinfulness in which their

divisions originate; or whether it be, that their minds are carried forward to that glorious presence, in the light of which their secret thoughts and hidden feelings shall be revealed; and such is the virulence of our corrupt nature, that our alienation is widest from those to whom, by the laws of nature or of grace, we ought to be most closely attached,—"a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city." But this spirit of division finds its place only in the heart which is not entirely reconciled to God's will. Over him who has really and in truth made his own desires subordinate to the Divine pleasure, it can have no influence; for there the spirit of division is subject to a higher power, and it is paralyzed, and the trouble which it engenders is dissipated, when it encounters that love wherein he who dwelleth dwelleth in God, and God in him; and he thereby obtaineth boldness; and his love, thus perfected, casteth out fear.

To say, then, that the power of division is stronger in the followers of Christ, than that of love, is but to say, that their love is imperfect. We acknowledge that it is so; and it is with a sense of this infirmity, and with an earnest desire for its removal, that the members of the Alliance seek together the presence and the aid of Him who can alone make them to dwell in love, and so to dwell in Him, that, He also dwelling in them, their love may be perfected, and may have strength to cast out the fear and the power of division. It may be that they shall thus be made strong to withstand the Evil Spirit, which spake from Saul's mouth, when, striving against God's purpose, he reproached Jonathan, "Do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom." And we may, at the same time, by God's grace, obtain somewhat of the spirit, whereby Jonathan discerned in David, albeit the appointed possessor of his own inheritance, an excellence infinitely surpassing the richest earthly crown; and "his soul was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul; and Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle."

With regard to the uses, or beneficial influences of this Alliance, in relation to the differences between its members, we shall merely suggest one or two thoughts.

The most obvious influence, is that which, through individual instrumentality, may affect the bodies with which the members are severally connected. If the Alliance shall be blessed to yield the fruits which it is designed to produce, and if its members truly imbibe the spirit, and open their hearts to the feelings and influences to which it ought to give birth, then not only will they experience an increasing Christian charity towards each other, but they will grow also in the enjoyment of the love of God, and have an enlarged perception and estimate of the value of divine things,—sentiments of which the true Christian cannot taste the blessedness without desiring to impart them to others; and it is, therefore, reasonable to expect, that the gracious influences thus excited, may, from this common fountain, be diffused, so as to carry a blessing into the various families, neighbourhoods, and churches with which the members are related.

One very obvious effect of the Alliance, in kindly disposing to each other the hearts of members of different churches, will be, that whatever of excellence any one church possesses in sanctified intellectual gifts, in missionary zeal, or in any other part of the evangelical work, will become less and less confined to one sect in its beneficial influence, and more and more a common property for edifying and quickening all the churches; and thus will be provided, or widely extended, a powerful antidote to an evil, the danger of which, as well as this remedy for it, was early discerned by the sagacious mind of Mr. Wesley, when, in the year 1742, he thus expressed himself:—"The thing which I was greatly afraid of, and which I resolved to use every possible method of preventing, was a narrowness of spirit, a party zeal, a being strait-

ened in our own bowels; that miserable bigotry which makes many so unready to believe that there is any work of God but among themselves. I thought it might be a help against this, frequently to read the accounts I received from time to time, of the work which God is carrying on in the earth, both in our own and other countries,—not among us alone, but among those of various opinions and denominations. For this, I allotted one evening in every month, and I find no cause to repent my labour."

It is the concern of every member of the Alliance, that a catholic spirit and benefit should result from their union. If they became attached to particular churches, for the most part, by the blessed influences of education and religious example, it is by a movement altogether their own, that they enter the Evangelical Alliance; and if, in a profession so decided and serious, they are indeed sincere, and yield their minds and hearts to the enlarging influence of a genuine charity, its fruits cannot be limited to themselves, but will tell, however insensibly, upon every sphere in which they move; and it will indeed be a blessed result, if, in any measure, through influences emanating from this source, the churches shall be brought to the obedience of the law, which, as churches, they have hitherto certainly too little regarded, "Another commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

This, too, will be the best preparation for the time when it shall become necessary for those who hold the truth to oppose a common front to the progress of error. If, instead of keeping aloof from each other because of difference in circumstantials, we are united on the ground of agreement in what is vital, then may our divisions cease, in some degree, to be a source of weakness, by serving to prove that our faith is the result, not of a blind assentation, but of the conviction of discriminating individual judgments; and while each body maintains its own position and integrity, there may yet be a common organization for resistance to error which all oppose. "The locusts have no king; yet go they forth, all of them, by bands."

"Nowhere," says Mr. Bridges, "is concord so important as in the Church. Never can she prosper except she maintain the form of Jerusalem, 'a city compact together.' Begotten, as we are, by the same word, living on the same food, animated by the same life, ought we not, with all our lesser differences, to hold the unity of the Spirit? If ties so close cannot unite us, at least let our common welfare and common danger quench this unholy fire."

Note.—The British Branch of the Evangelical Alliance will hold its Annual Meeting this year in Glasgow, upon the second week of October. We value the Alliance chiefly as affording an opportunity to Christian brethren belonging to various denominations, of "assembling themselves together," becoming personally acquainted with each other,—thus "provoking each other to love, and to good works." We do not, for one moment, insinuate, that those brethren who do not, on conscientious principles, join the Evangelical Alliance, have not therefore the cause of Christian union at heart. We attach no blame whatever to them; but for ourselves, we may be permitted to say, without offence to any, that the happiest days we have ever spent on earth, have been spent in the Evangelical Alliance; that we believe the good effects upon the minds of thousands resulting from past meetings, will never be lost, and that we sincerely pray, that the Spirit of love, and of wisdom, and of a sound mind, may be poured down upon the meetings in Glasgow; that by them may be strengthened love to God and one another which is not only the source of all good, but is good itself, and very Heaven and peace.—ED. CH. MAG.

SCHISM.

Schism is an uncharitable distance, division, or alienation of affection, among those who are called Christians, and agree in the fundamentals of religion, occasioned by their different apprehensions about little things. . . . . If this be schism, then there may be schism when there is no separation of communion. . . . . If this be schism, then there may be separation of communion when there is no schism. For thus we all agree, that there may be a difference of apprehension, and yet no schism; provided it do not eat out Christian love, but be managed amicably. . . . By all this it is evident, that unity of affection is the thing to be laboured after, more than uniformity in modes and ceremonies. We have been long enough trying to root schism out of the Church, *vi et armis*. . . . . What if we should now try another method, and turn the

stream of our endeavours into another channel? Hitherto we have been, as it were, striving which should hate one another most; what if we should now strive which should love one another best, and be most ready to do all offices of true charity and kindness, and bury all our little feuds and animosities in that blessed grave of Christian love and charity?

What if we should, every one of us, of each party, (as we have been too often called,) set ourselves, by our preaching, to promote and propagate the Gospel of peace; and, by our prayers, to prevail with God for a more plentiful pouring out of the Spirit of peace, that the dividing names of Balaam may be taken out of our mouths; and that, however it goes with uniformity of ceremony, we may keep the unity of the Spirit? And then I doubt not but that we should soon see our English Jerusalem established a praise in the midst of the earth!

And yet I am afraid even saints will be men; there will be remainders even of those corruptions which are the seed of schism, in the best, till we all come to the perfect man.

And that is the comfort of my soul, that if we can but even get to heaven, we shall be for ever out of the noise and hurry of this quarrelsome, contentious, dividing world, and the Church triumphant shall be no more militant, but that happy world of everlasting light will be a world of everlasting love.—*Mathew Henry, (Sermon on Schism.)*

DUTY OF CHRISTIANS TO PROMOTE UNION.

We need not edicts of princes to be our warrant of this practice, loving one another, and cleaving with a more grounded love and faith to God and His Christ. Here is no place for scruple of conscience in this matter. And as to this mutual love, what if others will not do their part to make it so? What! shall we only love them that love us; and be fair to them that are fair to us; salute them that salute us? Do not even the publicans the same? What, then, do we more than others? . . . . . .

We shall carry truth and the knowledge of God to heaven with us; we shall carry purity thither, devotedness of soul to God and our Redeemer, Divine love and joy, if we have their beginnings here, with whatsoever else of real permanent excellency, that hath a settled, fixed seat and place in our souls now; and shall then have them in perfection. But do we think we shall carry strife to heaven? Shall we carry anger to heaven? envyings, heart-burnings, animosities, enmities, hatred of our brethren and fellow-Christians,—shall we carry them to heaven with us?

Let us labour to divest ourselves, and strike off from our spirits everything that shall not go with us to heaven, or is equally unsuitable to our end and way, that there may be nothing to obstruct and hinder our abundant entrance at length into the everlasting kingdom.—*John Howe.*

THE BROOKLET.*

Sweet brooklet! ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?

"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moorless wastes of snow,
Nor stop, nor stay.

"For I, by God's behest,
To a bright abode of rest,
In my parent ocean's breast,
Hasten away."

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble force must pass,
Yet, yet delay.

"Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep,
I may not stay

"For, oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest,
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away."

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours,
Of my winding way.

"But, ceaseless, still in quest
Of that everlasting rest,
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away."

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Ah! rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"Oh! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
May strike dismay

"But I know 'tis my parent's breast,
There held I must be blest,
And with joy to that promised rest,
I hasten away."

* Attributed to the late Sir R. Grant, and believed to have been hitherto unpublished.

Thoughts for the Afflicted.

Cleave to the will of God, and turn with it constantly, as the weather-cock does with the wind.

In pain, sickness, trouble, methinks I hear God say, Take this medicine, exactly suited to the case, prepared and weighed by my own hands, and consisting of the choicest drugs which heaven affords.

God does not offer me health, long life, plenty of worldly accommodations, respect, distinctions, principalities, universal empire; but, oh! unutterable grace!—Himself.

If chastisement is a token of God's love, why should I faint under it, or so much as desire release from it, till it has done its work? I *must* suffer and die, with the help of God, I *will* suffer and die.

If I am afflicted, or sick, or weak, or in pain, let me not comfort myself chiefly with thinking that it will be quickly over, or that I shall soon be well; but rather with thinking and knowing, that it is the appointment of Divine wisdom,—for reasons of infinite concernment to myself, and for the end which God has chiefly in view for His people, in all His inflictions,—viz., the glory of His name in their spiritual health and recovery; and a blessed support it will be to know and feel, that I do not so much desire ease and deliverance from present trouble, as grace and strength to undergo more and greater, and even death itself, quietly, obediently, in the spirit of faith, and with full acceptance of the will of God.

How can we complain, or think hardly of God for anything He does, or have the least doubt of His goodness, when He has given His Son to die for us?

O that sigh! Do happy people ever sigh? I find I want something which God will not suffer me to have; and till we are of the same mind, life can be nothing at bottom but one perpetual sigh.

Conquest of temptation, deliverance from the power of evil habits, and a ready compliance with the will of God, in answer to prayer, are much better proofs of His favourable presence than joyous feelings. The latter may be mistaken, but the former are as sure marks of the Divine operation and blessing, as that a plentiful crop of corn has had the benefit of rain and sunshine.

If I felt for the disorder and danger of my soul, as I do for my body in pain and sickness, I should look out every way for help; be a thousand times more anxious for its recovery than I am; submit to any method of cure, and say unfeignedly to God, "*Ure, flet, seca:*" that is, "Burn, strike, cut."

The experience and possession of divine pity is better than bodily ease, freedom from trouble, or the greatest worldly prosperity.

In affliction, see the necessity of it, and be humbled; see the use of it, and improve it; see the love there is in it, and be thankful. I know of no greater blessing than health, except pain and sickness.

It is easy to say, Blessed be God in everything; but where is the man that is always pleased with God?

Real heartfelt submission to the will of God, in pain, sickness, crosses, everything, never was the work of a man's own spirit; and when it comes from above, in answer to prayer, is full amends for all we can suffer.

God's design is to bring us happily to Himself in another world; and He will leave no means unessayed for this purpose. If we have the same end in view, and look up to Him as carrying it on steadily for us, we may be happy both here and hereafter: if we have not, the consequence must necessarily be despondency, vexation, and fretfulness, at the ways of Providence.

He who sends the storm, steers the vessel.

What is misfortune?—Whatever separates us from God. What a blessing?—Every means of approximation to Him.

Adam's Private Thoughts.

SABBATH SONNET *

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow paths, their way
Toward spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day!
* * *
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hundreds flow,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow.
Like a freed vernal stream: I may not tread
With them those pathways to the freewish bed
Of sickness bound, yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

* The last poem written by Mrs. Hemans.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG ABOUT ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUOR, TOBACCO, AND OPIUM.

Letter III.

(Monthly Paper supplied by the Edinburgh Branch of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, for which the Editor is not responsible.—Ed. Ch. Mag.)

Dear Young Friends,—I hope the little story I told you in my last letter, will lead you to abstain from laudanum; and not only so, but lead you to abstain from partaking of everything, the nature and effects of which you do not know. Many very sudden deaths take place every year, from people partaking of things, the nature of which they do not know, but which they *suppose* to be good, while they, in reality, are bad. It is a dangerous practice, which we hope the many fatal cases occurring, will lead you most watchfully and prayerfully to guard against, and so to abstain from everything you have any doubt about.

It is a dangerous thing laudanum, even when the bottle containing it has a label on it, telling that poison is within. It is not a safe thing to leave within the reach of the young; and if the label comes off, and the bottle be left exposed, it is still more dangerous; but if there be a wrong label on the bottle—if there be something recommending it as an excellent thing to give to friends when they call—to be taken after dinner, or at night—to be taken when merry, or sad—when buying or selling—before delivering an address, or after preaching a sermon—how much more dangerous and destructive would it be, and how awful would be the wickedness, of deceiving parties to partake of this deadly poison, by means of such false representations!

And is it not more awful to know, that millions of people are deceived and deluded by false representations, to partake of another poison that destroys many more persons than does laudanum; that for every one killed by laudanum, there is, at least, a thousand killed by another poison, which is sold, not without a label, indeed, but with one as utterly false and deceptive, as it is possible for men to invent?

There is scarcely a family in Great Britain that has not been bereaved of some beloved friend by this fearful poison, and yet, after all, the people are so in love with it, that it may be said, they nearly all thoroughly believe, that the false description of this poison is a true description of it; and although they cannot turn to the one side or the other, without finding a universal exposure of the fallacy and delusion, yet they are quite unwilling to use the means of preventing it doing any more harm; and they speak and act about this poison, as if it were a thing not desirable to be entirely and completely obliterated, by the simple process of shutting their mouths against it, and withholding their hands from it; and as if it were a thing rather to be rendered more respectable and becoming, by partaking of it in limited quantities, than to be got rid of altogether.

I do not know whether you have ever heard, that, at the present time, it is calculated, that there are more than six hundred thousand people so in love with this poison, that it is all but certain, in ten years they will all have perished by it. I do not mean simply that they will have killed themselves by it—that they will have gone down to the grave before they have seen half of the threescore and ten years which they might have lived—though that, certainly, in itself, might be sufficient to excite your sympathies in their behalf; but I mean to say, what is a far more serious consideration, that they will have died without hope—that they will have died with the declaration of the Bible, God's Holy Word, proclaimed over them, Not one of you shall inherit the kingdom of God. Oh! I think you will be ready and anxious to know, and to do something to rescue these from so fearful an end.

Would you not like, if you could, to prevent, at least, one of all the vast number who are hastening down to everlasting woe, from pursuing this mad career? Would you not like if you could persuade him that he is wrong, and lead him to cease from his poison, and come and see Jesus as He is exhibited in the Gospel? Would you not like to prevent one from believing the false descriptions that are

current in the country, in regard to the poison that tempts but to destroy? Ah! would you not like to be preserved yourself, and to preserve others, by speaking and acting, so as to convince them that they were wrong to believe the recommendations that are given of this poison, and so as to shew them that they ought to abstain from it?

Some people think, that the thing that I have been telling you kills sixty thousand people every year, or six hundred thousand in ten years, is not a poison after all; but these people are among those whom it has deceived, and that so successfully, that if one were to rise from the dead, they would not believe him, so long as they themselves partook of it. They cannot be judges in their own case; for they cannot give an unbiased opinion on the matter in which they are the parties to be tried.

Need I tell you, that the poison that I refer to, is Alcohol; that it is sold in almost every street and lane in the towns, and by the road-sides; or mountain-tops and valleys in the country; under the delusive title of good, excellent, superior, unparalleled, best, &c.; that it is used by all classes and conditions of the people; that friend gives it to friend, father to child, wife to daughter, brother to sister, and that sixty thousand persons die every year from partaking of it?

The thought is truly saddening, that those who claim to be imitators of the Son of God,—those who say they desire to follow in the footsteps of Him who laid down His life for sinners,—should refuse to lay down, not their lives, but their glass, and labour to get others to do so also, that that mighty barrier to the heart may be got away, and the door of the heart may be opened to receive the Gospel truth,—that God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but might have everlasting life.

Dear young friends, let me entreat you, whose hearts expand with emotion when you hear from the friends of Indian missions, of the poor children far across the seas being cast to the crocodiles, in obedience to blind superstition and heathen darkness,—let me entreat you to extend your sympathies, also, to the poor children in your immediate neighbourhood, whose parents are the victims of a far more cruel superstition than that which ever visited these distant countries;—a superstition which leads fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, to the number of sixty thousand a-year, to a drunkard's grave. Remember, though they did not live in heathen lands, they had greater privileges and greater responsibilities; and their punishment will be greater than that of the heathen, who never heard the glad sound of God in Christ reconciling the sinner to himself by the death of His dear Son.

What will you do to prevent this fearful loss of life—this fearful loss of souls? Will you partake of that which causes it? The responsibility be on your head of answering this question; and that you may be guided to such a decision as is consistent with the mind of God, as contained in His holy Word, is the earnest desire of, my dear young friends, your's truly,

A Friend.

Note.—The weekly abstinence meetings of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers (their Sabbath Schools, Sabbath morning and evening meetings for studying the Word of God and prayer, &c. have been resumed, after a month's rest, under the most encouraging prospects. Every information for promoting the objects of the League, may be obtained by addressing a letter to Mr. Joseph D. Wormald, the Secretary, at the British League Office, Ross Street, Edinburgh.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

CHINA.

There were many circumstances connected with the opening of the ports of China to the commerce of the world, in which we cannot but recognize the hand of Christ, who, as King of nations, overrules all things for the advancement of His own "kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and makes even the wrath of man to praise Him. Had China been opened to the nations of Europe at a much earlier period, the Protestant Church was too dead, and possessed neither the mis-

sionary zeal or *materiel*, to have taken any advantage of such an opportunity for advancing the Gospel. The Jesuits,* who had made such marvellous conquests in the country, before their expulsion from it, were alone capable of again invading it with any hopes of success.

But, providentially, the opening of the ports was contemporaneous with the period of greatest zeal in Britain and America for the spread of Christianity. Besides, the Protestant missionary nations were at peace, and enabled, consequently, to work harmoniously as allies, in the great battle against the kingdom of darkness. But while the ports of China were shut against foreign missionaries, as well as against foreign merchants, one man got over the wall, and he there prepared a key for the coming ambassadors of the Gospel, by which they could unlock the gates of every city, and thus gain admission for their great King. Dr. Morrison, during a long residence in the country, prepared a translation of the Word of God into the Chinese language. This was the key which every missionary found ready when he landed! And was not the good hand of God also seen in the selection of the nation which, by the prowess of her arms, was to have most influence in China? To Protestant Britain, and not to Jesuitized France or Spain;—to Britain, with her numerous fleets of merchant vessels, ever keeping up a communication between China and her empire in India, the Eastern Archipelago and Australia; and not to America, too distant to be so influential;—to Britain, sufficiently powerful to maintain her position, and to protect her subjects, and not to a weaker state;—to Britain, has God given the privilege of opening the ports of China to the blessings of the Gospel, as well as to the commerce of the world! And we confidently look for such triumphs of the Gospel in China, as the world has never yet seen! Various circumstances peculiar to the country make us cherish this expectation. There are, for instance, the absence of *caste*, which forms such a barrier to the advancement of the truth in India; and of those very debasing and cruel superstitions which have sunk and brutified the mind in Africa, and the South Seas. There is, again, the fact of one language being spoken by nearly three hundred millions; so that while India requires upwards of a dozen translations of the Scriptures, for her various "nations and tongues," one translation suffices for the whole Chinese Empire. The people, moreover, are singularly fond of reading; and education, to a considerable extent, has pervaded all ranks *of the people*. Add to all this, the national habits of industry and perseverance; and the perfect liberty given by the Government to the dissemination of Christian publications; and we think ourselves justified in expecting, by the blessing of God upon the teaching of faithful missionaries, such changes in China as will be a bright forerunner of the millennial day! Although the labours of the Protestant Church in China are but as yesterday, we believe that there is already a staff of nearly one hundred European and American Missionaries in the field. The following remarkable statement regarding China, was made by the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, Rector of Barton-le-street, at one of the May meetings in London. If correct—and we have no reason to doubt its accuracy—it may well strengthen our faith and hope, and kindle our zeal! †

"The meeting would, perhaps, be surprised, when he stated, that already there were banded together in China *one thousand eight hundred Chinese*, whose distinct object was the evangelization of their own country. These persons were not con-

* The Jesuit mission in China, though planned by Xavier, was commenced by Ricci in 1583. It made extraordinary progress in every part of China. Members of the order—Schall, Verbiest, &c.—became Mandarins of the first rank. In spite of their expulsion, a Suabian Jesuit (Hallerstein) was Mandarin and President of the Mathematical Tribunal of Pekin, as late as 1780. There is, we believe, still a Bishop of Su Tchuen, and a college, on the confines of the country. In 1828, the mission at Tong-King had 78,692 members.

† If this meets the eye of our unknown correspondent, (signing himself M. P.,) in reference to a China Mission, it would be obliging if he would communicate further with the Editor, giving his address.—Ed. Ch. Mag.

nected with any Missionary Society; but they were united together in the bonds of Christian love; and there was reason to believe, that they had in view but one object, namely, the diffusion of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' During the first six months of last year, the increase in the number of their converts was *above six hundred*; they had planted *little Christian Churches in eleven of the Chinese provinces*; they had made converts from all classes of society; they were now publishing and issuing fourteen or fifteen editions of Christian publications; they were, in fact, apparently engaged in the extensive diffusion of Gospel truth."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We had the happiness of making the acquaintance in America of a venerable man, Governor A——, who, for the greater period of his life, had taken an active part in the Board of Missions in Boston. On reading to him an account of a political constitution, based on Christian principles, which had been formed at the Sandwich Islands, and was that day reported in the American papers, he said, "This news to me is peculiarly interesting. I was chairman of the Mission Committee when it was resolved to begin a mission in the Sandwich Islands. From my house, twenty-five years ago, the first missionaries departed. I accompanied them to the wharf. We there met the captain of a ship, who assured us, that it was madness to attempt to christianize these savage islanders; that he had just come from a voyage to those quarters; and that, as soon as the missionaries landed, they would be destroyed, and their wives allocated to the chiefs! The missionaries replied, that all this, and much more, they had calmly considered; that they had resolved to go, trusting to the Most High God for protection; that if destroyed, others were ready to follow; but that in Christ's name they would possess the islands! And what was the result? Why, it so happened, that there was a sort of religious revolution in the islands, immediately before the Missionaries landed. The people had been unsuccessful in war, and they blamed their gods for their losses, and had resolved to cast them away! The Missionaries were received with open arms. Their success has hitherto been great. Idolatry is long ago banished; and now you see they have formed a constitution upon Christian principles. How wonderful are the ways of God! If we only trust Him, and do what is right, He will never put us to shame!"

The following account of the state of education in those islands, which we extract from the *Day Spring*, a weekly missionary newspaper of the Boston Board, we are sure will surprise and interest our readers, as the result of missionary labour since 1824. We may mention, that there are about 22,000 in regular church communion in the Sandwich Islands:—

COMMON SCHOOLS.

"These were commenced by the missionaries a few years ago, and, for some time, they were managed wholly by them, being paid for by Christians in this country. But now the Sandwich Islands' Government *pays the expense of all the common schools*, and they employ a man to superintend them,—the missionaries, however, doing all they can to help him.

"These schools now amount to about three hundred and fifty: and the number of scholars is more than *sixty thousand*. Indeed, nearly all the children on the islands, of a suitable age, go to school. Is not this a wonderful fact? A great many children in this country, have never beheld the inside of a schoolhouse. So we see, that the Sandwich Islanders are ahead of some parts of the United States in the matter of education.

"But this is not all. The missionaries tell us, *that a child over ten years of age, can rarely be found who cannot read more or less fluently*. Hardly a child over ten years can be found in the Sandwich Islands, who may not read God's holy Word! No wonder the missionaries write:—'The change is great, and we cannot contemplate it without admiring the power by which it has been wrought.'

Besides these, there are five boarding houses for native youth: one of them is a seminary for the rearing of teachers and preachers. It contains eighty pupils.

SWEDEN.

A great missionary movement has commenced in Sweden. Several able Swedish missionaries have, from time to time, laboured among the heathen, in connection with English and German Societies, but no missionary society has been formed

in Sweden until lately. The present one owes its origin to the Rev. P. Fjellstedt, who has laboured for the last nineteen years in Tinevelly, in connection with the Church Missionary Society. He is described in one of their publications as "one of the most accomplished missionaries now living, whose talent in acquiring languages is truly astonishing," so that "he is able to preach in about twelve different languages, and is acquainted with many more." Mr. Fjellstedt returned to Sweden in bad health. He was taken severely ill at the house of Dr. Wielgren, an evangelical minister in Westerstadt. During the time he remained his guest, he so imbued him with a love of the work of missions, that they resolved together to found an institution for training missionaries. Mr. Fjellstedt agreed to become its principal.* It was accordingly founded in 1846. Meetings have been held in various parts of Sweden. Clergy and people have been awakened. Persons of all ranks, including the King and Archbishop, have given in their adhesion. L.2000 have been subscribed, and two able clergymen, Messrs. Fast and Elgquist, sailed from London in the month of June last, to commence the first Christian mission in the Chinese city of Fow Chow! Thus has God overruled the life and the sickness of one man, for rousing the energies of another Protestant nation in the cause of missions! We look for greater things in future years from our Scandinavian Protestant allies. Bound to us by ancestral associations, may they be bound to us now by holier and more enduring bonds!

Notices of Books.

WORKING MEN'S PRIZE ESSAYS ON THE SABBATH.

It is not of yesterday that zealous Christians and patriots began to allocate pecuniary premiums for the upholding, or the expositing of the articles of our holy faith. Besides the regular endowment of universities, having these for their prominent end, we have many large mortifications of money, permanently to secure the powers and the attainments of the learned in strengthening the bulwarks of Zion, or in exhibiting all her beauty. Thus have we the lecture founded "By the Hon. Mr. Boyle, to prove the Christian Religion against notorious Infidels." Hence the direction in Bampton's last will and testament, to appropriate certain rents "to the endowment of Eight Divinity Sermons, to be established in the University of Oxford for ever." Nor have we to tell how every theological reservoir has been replenished by these and similar streams flowing from such sacred fountains.

Acting on this idea, all of us know how the Earl of Bridgewater secured, by his bequeathed munificence, intellectual treasures *more valuable far than* those of kings and the provinces. And, later still, it is fresh in our memories, what was done by the offer of money, in exposing the debasement of our covetousness—in bringing out the dignity of our passions—in warning our seamen of their perilous temptations, adding to our better literature, "Mammon," "The Great Commission," along with the "Jubilee of the World."

Aye, and deepening, at the same time expanding,—*parva componere magnis*—has our "Young Britain," with its cheap publications—its mechanics' institutes—its mutual improvement associations—its tract societies—and its Sabbath schools—has it extended such offers to those who erewhile were deemed incapable of reading, still less of writing, and less so still, of composing in the language of their country, or the learned. It was a felicitous thought—a wise, a holy suggestion, to hold out rewards to working men, for the best essays they might frame on the secular and social utilities of the Sabbath. It was well that this day, against utilitarians and deists, should be defended by

reverend champions—by them as a revealed precept; its eternal obligations maintained, as has been ably done; but we think it were almost better that the cause, though in one of its least important aspects, should be entrusted to the care of those who are most deeply concerned in its advocacy. At any rate, without comparison, assuredly both were best, as the results full clearly prove. Strange, indeed, is this new-born feature in this, of all ages, the strangest,—beauteous, indeed, this holy conjunction of parts in all its members, down to its very feet of the Christian Church, or Christ's mystical body. Talk of wonders! we are almost sure, that were the "Hon. Robert Boyle, Esq.," to learn that 1015 operative mechanics had written essays,—and these, too, bearing on the Sabbath,—he would be more surprised than at all the miracles of steam; and let the "Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury," be told, that by their writings on this hallowed subject, a journey man printer, and shoemaker, and machinist, had earned the admiration of queens, and dukes, and lords, and squires of high degree, methinks he would alter his will, and leave a codicil in favour of the noble enterprize. But as he cannot, nor ever dreamt of doing so, we trust others will, and make permanent for the intelligent and pious sons of labour, what one great philanthropist has begun.

Nor could we, as Christians, devise an object more befitting the times, because of surrounding perils,—not one more momentous, because of the interests it involves,—not one more benevolent, because of the happiness it entails,—nor an agency better suited to effect the pious design, because of its extent and variety. The plan of enlisting such soldiers, we need scarcely say, originated with John Henderson, Esq., of Park. By him three prizes were offered for the best essays written by working men on the temporal advantages of the Sabbath, one of L.25, another of L.15, and the last of L.10. This brought into the field such a host of candidates for fame, if not for fortune, that a subscription was opened to extend the rewards, to which Prince Albert contributed L.50; and from this 80 competitors were assigned distinctive sums. These prizes were offered to working men; but one female, if not more, sent in their contributions; and to a gardener's daughter had been awarded another prize, had the conditions allowed, for her "Pearl of Days," which is, indeed, a goodly one,—soft, and sweet, and pure in love, as her own Jeanie Deans-like spirit.

In perusing these pages, thus unexpectedly produced, and so pleasingly given to the world, we have an amount of intellect evoked, of which the existence was known as that of gems in the caves of the ocean; information collected and conveyed, which otherwise had never been acquired; and a taste not only awakened, but cultivated, which its very possessors held as metal in an unwrought mine; aye, and withal, though previously instilled, a spirit of piety heightened at once and confirmed. Advantages, these, arising to the authors themselves, from their efforts as well as their themes; and out of regard for both, it was with no ordinary feelings that we opened their engaging productions. If it did not excite our envy, nor give a crumb to feed our jealousy, it assuredly did our surprise, to find such depth and correctness of thinking—such enlarged and mature views—such lucid arrangement—such finely finished illustration—and, above all, such variety, originality, power, and often elegance of expression, in these works of working-men! It looked to us like the opening of a new vein, and out sprung the blood in a full, warm, red tide, gushingly; or like a deep loam of virgin soil, which, being cultivated and cropped for men, up grew the grain all vigorously. Opening the volumes to which were awarded the three original prizes, we began with the last, that, hill-like, we might rise till we had reached the height of their excellence: and were we entering on a formal criticism of each, such is the method we would follow. But this our limits deny us; so that we must give rather a conjunct view of their merits, than take them in separate order. The subject being one, there is unavoidably much in each that is common to

them all, though a sufficient individuality obtains to keep up the interest of the reader. The essays bear token of distinct characteristics of mind. David Farquhar, author of the "*Torch of Time*," and a machinist at Dundee, is a man of severe method, delighting in distinct divisions. Throughout, his remarks are practical, well put, admirably reasoned, and, on to the close, sustained. John Younger, author of "*the Light of the Week*," and shoemaker, St. Boswell's Green, again, is more of a poetical temperament, less careful about first, second, third; more discursive, therefore without such harness, but at the same time more original, and hitting off, by a happy figure, or short description, what the former might elaborately prove. John Allan Quinton, printer, Ipswich, author of "*Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour*," has decidedly the highest intellectual powers, and his is the best production. Comparing it with its compeers, it embodies the excellencies of both—"to make a third she joined the other two"—sound sense; nay, philosophical acumen; a rich and varied fancy; and, beyond this, a spirit of earnest piety, which bursts forth in most fervid appeals. But, admitting this superiority, we must not forget that his were the greater advantages. From youthful age, his thoughts were directed to the ministry; and though this was never properly carried out, yet he was a Lay preacher, and breathed all his life the literary atmosphere of a printing office. This, we must say, not in disparagement to him, but in fairness to others; nor would we otherwise have adjudged, than has been, to him, the first; to Younger, the second; to Farquhar, the third prize, had the decision been left to ourselves.

The cessation from bodily toil which the Sabbath brings with it, must first occur to the labourer; so this we find urged by them all. The machinist thus writes on

THE SABBATH AS A CESSATION FROM BODILY TOIL.

"Where, then, shall we find more positive periods of rest, than those hours spent in unconscious slumbers? From what fountain of hope shall he drink to revive his drooping energies? From whence shall he be stimulated with spirit to overcome the dreary wearisomeness of his occupation? Is there nothing more congenial to the revival of his patience and perseverance, than the angry look of his calculating master?"

"There are wells on the great road of time, the prospect and certainty of which encourage the traveller to surmount the difficulties of his journey,—there is a fountain of hope, from which the labourer drinks to slake his thirst,—there is a resting-place, the prospect of which imparts strength to his muscles, buoyancy to his spirits, enabling him to triumph over present fatigue, to conquer present obstacles, and to rise superior to assailing emergencies:—it is the Sabbath, looming out at the end of six days, and beckoning the labourer to repose the burden of his toils upon it."

On this, too, how eloquently is it said by our printer:—

"Oh! precious day! the workman's jubilee—the slave's release—the shield of servitude—the antidote of weariness—the suspension of the curse! How it smooths the brow of care! How it brightens the countenance of gloom! How it braces the enervated limbs of labour! How it revives the drooping spirit of despair! How it gives wings to the clogged affections and aspirations of the soul! How it pours some drops of sweetness on the bitterest lot, and sheds some gleams of sunshine athwart the saddest heart! How it lifts the groveller from his low pursuits, and fills him with a noble self-respect! How it extinguishes the jealousies and rivalries of week-day occupations, and links men's hearts in the bonds of brotherhood!"

As an opportunity of cultivating the mind, each author speaks of the Sabbath. On this point, so writes the shoemaker:—

"It brings a stated opportunity for the cultivation of his best family affections, as well as for the improvement of his own mind, as, under the convenience of the day's respite from secular concerns, the mind is let free from the arbitrary toils of common drudgery, into the true liberty of life,—like a bird escaped from the confinement of a cage to rejoice among its native branches; or, like a plant laid open to the sun, the sympathies of his soul are drawn out and fostered into blossom and fruit, through the benign influences of the Sun of Righteousness."

And, elsewhere, he speaks of it coming

"like the moisture of heaven upon parched vegetation;" or, "like the kiss of sympathy on the cheek of distress." As was to be expected, each of them dilates on the Sabbath as the best occasion for cultivating the domestic virtues,—order, fellowship, cleanliness of home. Thus does Quinton write on

THE FAMILY INSTITUTION.

"The institution of families does not owe its origin to human ingenuity. God Himself has grouped the human race in these miniature associations; and, by the refined instincts which He has implanted in their bosom, has, in all ages, and amidst all the confused commingling of mankind, preserved this unique institution from destruction. The homes of men are the centres of nearly all the light and warmth that cheer the social world; the arks that shelter mankind from the raging tumults and storms of life; the cells where the loving and the loved hoard the sweet fruits of their reciprocal affection; the well-springs that supply mankind with the purest draughts of earthly happiness."

Or, again,—

ON THE SABBATH AND THE FAMILY.

"Here he can solace his soul with the sweet converse of those he loves. On this day he has time to imprint, line by line, lineament by lineament, an indelible image of himself on the hearts of his sons and daughters. On this day he has leisure to extract the honey of domestic happiness from the beauteous flowers bursting and blooming around him in the garden of his home. On this day he has opportunity to cultivate the affections of his children, by directing them towards worthy objects—to admonish them of their faults and follies—to point out the temptations to which they are exposed—to forewarn them, with a parent's earnestness, of the perils that beset their steps—to impregnate their minds with sound principles—to instil virtuous sentiments—to extirpate vindictive dispositions—to encourage the exercise of the intellect, and strive to exalt the moral sense; in short, to weed out of their natures whatever would prove detrimental to their happiness or usefulness, and, at the same time, to foster in them whatever might tend to improve their characters, or give stability to their future lives."

So says the "*Torch of Time*," on another branch of domesticity,—

ORDER AND CLEANLINESS.

"Order and cleanliness promote cheerfulness and health—they elevate all social enjoyments—they raise the members of a family in the estimation of each other—under their aspect natural affection expands and flourishes—they may be reckoned the cardinal domestic virtues—they are great incentives to moral goodness, if not morality itself. Look at the abodes of sensuality and crime; there is disorder, disease, and filth. Where does health, morality, and religion abide? In dwellings methodized and cleansed."

Another reason for maintaining God's holy day, is, that it tends to moral and religious improvement, or the value of church attendance; so speaks the "*Light of the Week*,"—

"There is no walk that a working man can take on the surface of his native earth, like a walk to his place of worship. Here the harassments the toils and anxieties of his every-day life, appear as if cleared away before his footfall. Here he feels, more certainly than at other times, the true dignity of his own existence, and ultimate destination; and he feels this through a humility of heart, congenial to the true relish of that feeling."

Let us hear "*Heaven's Antidote to the Curse of Labour*," upon

SABBATH INSTRUCTION.

"The instruction dispensed on this day, is of a character calculated to expand, refine, and sublimate the mind. It embraces a boundless range of topics, from the simplest elements of knowledge appreciable by the dullest intellect, to the most recondite mysteries that baffle the highest reason. It unseals the fountain-head of truth, in the nature of God. It unlocks the treasures of Divine philosophy, in creation, in Providence, and in redemption. It impresses into its sacred service whatever is beautiful in nature, grand in science, and instructive in art—whatever is pure in ethics, lovely in virtue, and sublime in revelation—whatever is monitory in the past, perilous in the present, and inspiriting in the future. It leads the mind backward to the ages before the flood, to the Paradisaical state of man, to the origin of the universe, and thence to the vast solitudes of a past eternity; or it urges the shrinking spirit forwards, through the valley of the shadow of death—through the dark and populous empire of the grave, into the august presence of the Judge of all the earth—to the home of the beatified—to the pandemonium of the wicked—and outwards into the im-

mensities of the everlasting future! It addresses itself to all the faculties and passions of the soul; it illumines the understanding, sobers the judgment, thrills the heart, softens the feelings, energizes the conscience, and sanctifies the deepest affections of our mysterious nature."

But though these and other arguments are common to them all, there are observations—and these the most striking, too—peculiar to each; with one of which we shall close this notice of their works.

In the Third Prize, we have what may be termed

THE MEMOIR OF THE SABBATH LABOURER.

"He enters upon a course, the end of which is destruction. He is handed over to the demoralizing effects of continuous toil. The church-bells peel in vain for him—his conscience awakens not at the meaning of their sounds. The associations of home clustering around the Sabbath, operate not on the searing affections of his deadening heart—or, if they do produce easy and longing sensations, this only happens when he has first commenced to labour on that day; by and bye habit reconciles him to his condition, until, becoming hardened in his course, he loses all respect for the sacred claims of the Sabbath—all respect and love for his wife, children, or relations—and, worst of all, and most to be deplored, all respect for God and himself? By losing sight of his own true destiny, he sinks in his own estimation; labour, however slight, becomes irksome—the grave is his only haven of rest—its gaping mouth opens to receive him; but, ah! his soul, though terribly debased, shrinks from it. Anxious and dispiriting thoughts crowd upon him; he drowns them in intemperance and debauchery—and thus, as it were, prematurely precipitates his fall into the mouth of that very grave which had previously warned him of his unfitness for eternity."

The Second Prize thus speaks of

THE ANTIQUITY AND PERPETUITY OF THE SABBATH.

"On the written law being delivered from Sinai, the fourth commandment seems not to have been addressed to man as a new commandment, then for the first time promulgated, but as the renewal of a statute previously known. 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' signifies to us, to *remember* something formerly understood.

"To contract its meaning, then, or to suppose it applicable to one class or nation more than to another, is, in effect, to break up the decalogue, and deny the whole law of life. May cavillers not as well deny the obligation of those commandments which stand lower on the tables?—the fifth, sixth, and all that follow?—upon which are founded the laws of society, the national security for public conduct? In which case the wicked would have full scope for mischief, so long as they could personally defend themselves from the consequences of a general libertinism."

"Were this world ever to be converted into a place of punishment for the transgressions of the human race, it would only require to immortalize the earth, put an end to death, and abolish the Sabbath. The blessings which the Sabbath brings, once negatived and effectless, 'the spirit that rules in the children of disobedience' would soon fill up the outline of the most horrible picture."

The First Prize concludes with an admirable summing up of

THE MISERIES SPRINGING OUT OF AN ABOLISHED SABBATH.

"Suppose the Sabbath were to be, by all people, consentaneously abolished; let the railway trains, as on other days, dart athwart the land; let the tide of commerce, unarrested, flow; let the hives of industry still swarm; let the clangour of machinery and the deafening roar of trade continue to resound; let the tramp of traffic still go on; let the greedy grasp their gains, and the slaves go groaning beneath their fetters; in short, let the contentious world proceed as at other times. And what would be the upshot of all this? Should we be the happier—the healthier—the freer—the richer? Would any one of the ends of our terrestrial existence be in any degree facilitated thereby? Would the selfishness of man, unchecked and unreproved, be less grinding or cruel? Would the oppressor be less tyrannical? Would any of the acknowledged evils of society be diminished one iota? Would the competitions, the rivalries, and the heart-burnings of men, be less crushing and ruinous? Alas, no! every evil under which we now writhe, would be aggravated; every carnal passion would then have full swing; every undamped lust would then burn with increased intensity; health would be prematurely blasted; the nobility of man would be annihilated; and the glorious energies of his immortal spirit would be hopelessly imprisoned. Mammon and Bacchus might continue to be diligently served, but God would be unworshipped!

Mankind, thus ingloriously wedded to the world, would, through all their lives, grovel in the dust, and never devoutly raise their foreheads to the temple of the sky.

"Help, ye wearied children of labour! Help, ye Christian ministers and philanthropists! Help, ye statesmen and legislators! Help, ye British patriots, whose hearts yearn for the welfare of your suffering kind! Help! that the most distant approach to such a state of things as we have just surmised may be prevented, and that the blessed advantages chartered by the Sabbath, may be faithfully preserved, and zealously extended."

We have much to urge in reference to the benefits to be derived from such exercises coming from such classes of the community, which we may mould into a portable kind of paper in a subsequent number of this Magazine. Meanwhile, we—and may we also presume, our readers?—heartily thank the benevolent bestower, the impartial judges, the eminent competitors themselves, for the pleasure and the profit we have derived from the perusal of pages, which, in spite of ourselves, from critics, often changed us into scholars; or, if you will have it, from teachers to those who were taught.

Jonah: His Life, Character, and Mission, &c. By the Rev. Patrick Fairbairn, Salton. Edinburgh: John Johnstone.

Mr. Fairbairn has done much to set forth the character of the prophet Jonah in a just light. By few expositors of this book has justice been done to the circumstances in which this prophet was placed, and the strength of those feelings to which he yielded. In this little work, the reader will find the conduct of the prophet, and God's dealings with him, treated in a way well calculated both to interest and instruct. The views of Mr. Fairbairn we prefer to those of any commentator on the book of Jonah, with whose writings we are acquainted. Indeed, one thing which makes this book particularly valuable, is, that we have in it many misunderstandings exposed,—misunderstandings both of the prophet's conduct, and God's dealings with him, and the inhabitants of Nineveh. We give our readers an extract, containing Mr. Fairbairn's statement of the views he thinks it probable the prophet entertained of his mission:—

"It is manifest, from the simple stating of the question, (Jonah iv. 2,) that Jonah must have viewed his mission to Nineveh, not as an ultimate thing, but as occupying the relation of means to an end—as connected with some other object of pre-eminent importance, to which he thought it should have been made altogether subservient. If Nineveh alone had been concerned, he could not but have rejoiced in the result actually obtained; but there was an ulterior and higher object in his eye, on which it seemed to tell so unfavourably, that sorrow, the most pungent, filled his heart. And to learn what this object was, we have no need to travel into the regions of conjecture; we have only to think of his calling as a prophet in Israel, and to suppose him bent on the attainment of its great end,—the spiritual and temporal good of the people; like every true prophet, finding in that the thing for which he lived and breathed. This we are not only warranted, but bound to regard, as the paramount consideration in Jonah's mind; and he must somehow have come to regard the destruction of Nineveh as fitted to act most powerfully in promoting it, and the preservation of Nineveh most disastrously in hindering it. . . . . .

"Such, then, being, as we have every reason to believe, the state of Jonah's mind, it requires no stretch of imagination to conceive what a grievous disappointment it would be for him to see Nineveh still spared, and the very weapon wrested out of his hand, by which he had hoped to prevail with his thoughtless and rebellious countrymen. It was not that he was a man of a proud humour, or a merciless disposition, and could have looked with fiendish delight on the overthrow of that great city; but that he loved his own people so intensely, and was so firmly persuaded that an act of severity was required to arouse them from their false security—it was this which caused his bosom to burn with vexation, when he found Nineveh was still to be spared. For how could he return again to speak to his degenerate countrymen? What hope could he any longer have of labouring with success among them? How certainly would they look to the outward result merely of the case, and take new courage to go on in their sins, by this new manifestation of the mercy and forbearance of God? Instead of having reached a higher vantage-ground, from which to urge their return to God, he felt as if a signal discouragement had been thrown in his way; and it seemed, now that nothing more remained for him to say, or to do—it were 'even better for him to die, than to live.'"

Gleanings.

THE MORAL CERTAINTY OF THE RESURRECTION.

Once think of any one as devoted to God, as living principally in relation to Him, and it becomes as difficult to conceive of such a one that he has perished, as to conceive of any other that he will not perish; for here we have a man possessed with faculties and with affections that nothing on earth has satisfied, or can ever satisfy. His life is imperfect; he seems to have been cut off most untimely, if that God whom here on earth the very best men can only see, as it were, through a glass darkly, shall never be known to Him more fully. And when we see such a man living to God continually, putting aside the objects which other men live for, and manifestly setting before himself another object,—namely, the love of God in Christ,—when we see him going on quietly, attracting no great notice or glory on earth, yet ripening continually in all goodness, and suffering with cheerfulness, labouring with unwearied zeal, meek, and forgiving, temperate, yet not severe, making the best possible use of earth and earthly things, yet ever looking beyond them, it is manifest that his conversation or citizenship, as St. Paul calls it, is *not here*, and that if the grave close on him for ever, he who has lived better than any other class of men, will alone, of all men, never have reached the haven which he desired, nor attained the end of his being. It is like those foreign plants whose flowers and fruits will not come to perfection in our climate; but whose natural strength and beauty make us feel only the more sure that they must have, elsewhere, a better and more genial climate of their own.

And conceive, further, of one who, thus loving God in Christ, has been chastened by His fatherly hand in a long course of severe suffering—conceive, amid the gradual weakness and decay of the body, which made earthly enjoyment utterly impossible, a growth of every humble, and devout, and affectionate feeling, no less regular,—a trust in God, and a child-like love of Him, drawing, as it seemed, its strength and nourishment from the very trials of His fatherly correction,—conceive thus going on for years, yet, having begun so early, so completely cutting short in the bud all earthly prospects, that even at the very close of the struggle the sufferer was still in the opening rather than in the prime of youth.

Conceive such a one—so young, so suffering, so sanctified—finding, in the very last hour, no abatement of pain, but a fearful increase of it; yet, while they who stood by were most distressed and most wishing to relieve it, the faith and love of the sufferer were never clouded, and the trust in Christ and cheerful submission to His will, never for a moment shaken. Conceive this; and shall not heaven and earth pass sooner, than that one so sleeping in Jesus should not also be raised up by the Spirit of Jesus, and presented by Him before the throne of His Father, to live for ever in the fulness of His blessing?—*Arnold.*

REDEEM THE TIME.

When thou sittest to table, pray: when thou eatest bread, give thanks: when thou drinkest wine, remember Him who gave it thee to make thee of a cheerful heart, and a comfort of thine infirmities: when thou dost on thy raiment, give thanks to the Good Giver. Dost thou look up to Heaven, and the beauty of the stars? bow thyself before God, and worship Him who in wisdom made them all. In like way, at sunrise or sunset, in watch or in sleep, give thanks to God, who created and ordered all these things for thy benefit, that thou mayest own, love, praise the Creator.—*Basil.*

THE WORLD AND CHRIST CONTRASTED.

In all time of your tribulation,	The world will forsake you;
In all time of your wealth,	The world will corrupt you;
In the hour of death,	It will leave you to die in despair;
And, at the day of judgment,	To perish under a sentence of final and eternal condemnation.
In all time of your tribulation,	The Saviour will comfort you;
In all time of your wealth,	The Saviour will preserve you;
In the hour of death,	He will speak peace to your departing soul;
And, at the day of judgment,	He will invest you, as the blessed of His Father, with the inheritance of a kingdom of eternal glory.—*Hugh White.*

HOME EDUCATION.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxii. 6.

Part III.

In my last article upon this all-important topic, I specified a few of those habits essential to the formation of a Christian character, in which the young should be trained up. I must now pass to the consideration of another branch of this subject, and offer a few practical advices as to the best means of attaining the end of all education.—*How* should a child be trained up? I reply,—By *precept, example, prayer*; and with *meekness, affection, watchfulness*, and *perseverance*.

1. *By Precept.*—Children are to be "brought up in the nurture and *admonition* of the Lord." God's will must be known before it can be obeyed. The Lord said unto Moses, "Gather the people together, men, and women, and *children*, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may *hear*, and that they may *learn*, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law: and that their *children*, which have not known any thing, may *hear* and *learn* to fear the Lord your God," (Deut. xxxi. 12, 13.) Such *hearing* and *learning* as this, is required now as well as then. Much instruction, as I have already hinted,* may be given to the child before it is able to read,—regarding God, the Creator, Preserver, Father; the loving, truthful, holy, and ever-present One,—regarding Jesus the Saviour, who was Himself a child, and desires the love and obedience of children. Much instruction—even by story and anecdote—may be given as to the nature and duty of prayer; the beauty and excellency of truth; kindness, obedience, conscientiousness; love to God and man; and also the baseness and danger of sin in every form.

As the child advances in years, the Bible will be found the best direct source of religious instruction. The Bible is a map of the way, with the dangers and difficulties which beset the "Pilgrim's Progress." The Bible is a treasury, from which he may obtain riches to last during the whole journey,—for heavenly Wisdom says, "I love them that love me, and *those that seek me early* shall find me. Riches and honour are with me,—yea, *durable* riches and righteousness." (Prov. viii. 17, 18.) The Bible is an infallible guide, who will never lead him astray. "I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment." (Prov. viii. 20.) And, again, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." (Psalm xxxii. 8.) The Bible is an armoury, from which he can be furnished with "the whole armour of God, to defend him from every foe that may beset his path. In one word, "the law of the Lord is *perfect*, converting the soul." It is not the least striking feature of this marvellous book, that the old and young can read it together; with different degrees, indeed, but with the same kind of delight and edification. The grey-haired philosopher, and the Sabbath school child, may together drop their tears over its pathetic narratives, and with breathless interest peruse its solemn pictures of God's judgments. Children are fond of facts. They apprehend and relish truth conveyed to them by a story or in a history, more than in an abstract form. The Bible is almost a volume of facts. It contains the *history* of the rise and fall of mighty nations and great cities. It alone records the origin and early progress of the human race, with special reference to the origin and progress of the Church, from the days of Adam to the time of Christ. It is full of the most interesting biographies of pious men and women—of prophets, priests, patriarchs, judges, kings, and queens—who lived thousands of years ago; bringing their

* No. VII., p. 150.

whole lives before us with the vividness of recent events. It abounds in examples for our encouragement, of those who, in every variety of circumstances,—on the throne, and in the dungeon—in health and in sickness—among friends or foes—in a land of ordinances, or among idolaters—in youth or in old age—in times of outward peace, or at the risk of their lives,—lived by faith in the living God, and were not put to shame! It abounds, also, in examples for our warning, of men who, in the same circumstances, disobeyed God, and were punished by His righteous judgments. The very names of Adam, Cain, Abel, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Caleb, Gideon, Sampson, Samuel, Saul, Jonathan, David, Solomon, Elijah, Elisha, Jeremiah, Daniel, Ruth, Naomi, Esther, without mentioning many others, bring before us narratives full of interest even to children. The ten commandments form a compendium of duty, which a child may in early years commit to memory; while the Books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are full of instruction for every-day life, suited specially to the young. There are Psalms of David which a child may repeat at its mother's knee, and which an angel might sing before the throne of God.

The New Testament is eminently suited to interest, as well as edify a child. Here we have the history of Jesus Christ from his very childhood; with His simple teaching, which the common people heard gladly; His marvellous miracles, each a picture on which a child can gaze with delight; His wonderful parables, from whose clear and placid stream a child can drink, and which those who thirst most after righteousness cannot exhaust:—all ended by the unparalleled wonders of His trial, sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension. In the Acts of the Apostles, we have the history of the planting of the Christian Church, with its early sufferings and triumphs,—the conversion, labours, travels, miracles, and teaching of St. Paul and his fellow-apostles;—while, in each of the Epistles, there are such full, yet concise and simple statements of Christian doctrine, privilege, and duty, as may be milk to babes, as well as strong meat for men. This, then, is the first duty of parents: to impart to their children religious instruction directly from, or grounded upon, the Word of God; so that it may with truth be said, in riper years, to each of them, what Paul said to Timothy, "*From a child* thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, *thoroughly furnished* unto all good works." Hear, again, how the Lord, through Moses, commanded parents to instruct their children in the olden time,—"These words I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." How seldom do we see, now-a-days, any such upbringing as this, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!

Christian parents have, in this highly-favoured country, much to assist them in the work of religious teaching. In every week-day school, the Bible is daily read, and the Shorter Catechism taught; while there are few parishes without one or more Sabbath schools. It is unnecessary that I should here attempt to estimate the moral value of the religious instruction afforded to the rising generation by teachers, either in week-day, or Sabbath schools. Whatever defects may cling to them, it is not too much to assert, that but for them, our churches would be comparatively empty; and our people comparatively ignorant of the first principles of religion. At the same time, I must warn parents against the danger of making even the Sabbath school a substitute for home-instruction.

In the numerous cases, alas! which occur in every parish, of careless, ignorant, or wicked parents, who cannot, or will not instruct their children,—any school is a blessing, and any Sabbath class a gain. But in the case of pious,

intelligent parents, it is otherwise. The *best* Sabbath class can be an aid only, never a substitute, for home-instruction; while the danger must not be overlooked, of the child of such parents being positively injured in a Sabbath school. For let a Sabbath class be first ill-arranged, the children who are ill-taught and ill-trained at home, mingled with the well-taught and well-trained; then, let this class have a teacher wanting in piety, information, or common sense; and it is very certain, that, in such a class, children may be every Sabbath *trained* up to habits of inattention, irreverence, disobedience, rudeness; even while *taught* (though very indifferently) to learn lessons, and repeat verses from the Bible or answers from the Catechism.

Sabbath school teachers should deeply feel the solemn responsibility they incur, when they receive a child from under the parental roof, and undertake to instruct it in the fear of the Lord. Parents should also feel their responsibility when they give their children, even for an hour, to be taught by any one on earth. They should make it a point of duty to know *how, where, what, by whom, and among whom*, they are taught. God has laid the burden of training up the young, upon the shoulders of the parent first. He may make use of every aid,—*good* Sabbath schools, among the rest, to enable him to carry this burden,—but he dare not transfer it wholly to another; because God has given to himself an authority, influence, and power, over his child, which no one else can possess. There is a magic influence in a parent's voice and words, and in a loving parent's eye, which belong to no other teacher in this world! Holy and blissful is the hour—sweet at the time, and sweeter still in memory—when a child is taught to know its loving Father in heaven, by its beloved parent upon earth! And what parent, who, knowing himself the blessings of salvation, will not esteem it one of his highest privileges to be made the instrument of uniting his own beloved child to himself for ever in the indissoluble bonds of Christ? But my whole argument presupposes the parents to be *pious*, as well as intelligent. It is on this supposition only, that home-instruction becomes of such importance, and possesses such peculiar influence and power,—for then *their daily life is a daily comment upon their daily words*. Where there is no home-piety, home-teaching is of *comparatively* little value; but where there is piety, it is wisdom spoken by the lips—presented in the life—enforced by authority—instilled by affection, and preserved by constant watchfulness. It is more than teaching—it is *Education!*

But when is this instruction to be afforded? Now, without entering upon a discussion as to the possibility of a working-man, who is hard wrought from morning to night, being able to devote any portion of a week-day to the teaching of his family—beyond what they must indirectly receive from the reading of the Word and prayer during domestic worship,—let me rather press upon such the privilege of their possessing one day of rest, when this duty may be, and ought to be, specially attended to:—when parents and children may together prepare to join the family of God, and the household of heaven. Upon the Sabbath evening they should be all assembled together, and sometime devoted to religious examination and instruction. Conversation on the sermons they have heard during the day,—the scripture lessons they have been taught during the week, or in the Sabbath school, and the books which they have been reading; along with a few questions from the Catechism, and the reading the Scriptures, accompanied by short examination on what is read,—all concluded by prayer,—may form suitable exercises for the Sabbath evening. In order that the whole members of the family should, upon this hallowed evening, at least, assemble together in peace and love; and that nothing should break in upon time so precious; it is most desirable that the Sabbath school should meet in the morning or afternoon. And it is no less desirable, that those families who have had the privilege of attending worship during the day, should remain at home and attend to their domestic duties during the evening, rather than spend it in hear-

ing an additional sermon. There are special occasions when this may be allowable; but, as an ordinary habit, I believe it to be most pernicious, because interfering with much more important duties. For it is surely of far greater consequence to the best interests of the family, that the evening should be spent in some such exercises as I have indicated;—in kindly domestic intercourse, and cultivating those affections between parents and children, brothers and sisters, which are very apt to be weakened by the constant labours of a scattered family during the week, than, for the third time, to worship in church or chapel. I am persuaded that many parents attend evening sermons, not so much from their love of good, as from their love of ease; they find that it requires far less pains-taking and self-denial to spend two hours in public, while their children may be idle at home, or playing about the streets, or handed over to some Sabbath school teacher; than to gather their families around them, and devote the same portion of time in private, to those pious exercises and that Christian intercourse suited to a Sabbath evening.

In connection with religious instruction, allow me to recommend the collection of a small library for the use of the family. Cheap and excellent works issue weekly from the press. Any industrious working-man may, for a few pounds, possess a better library now, than a nobleman could have purchased with his whole property at the period of the Reformation. Should any one be willing, but unable, from his ignorance of books, to make such a selection, his minister will doubtless be glad to give him every information on the subject.

2. *Example.*—This is needed as much as precept, for training up the young in right habits. "Example," indeed, "is better than precept," because it is precept embodied in action. It is this which, as I have already hinted, gives so vast an advantage to Home Education above every other. The child is taught by the eye, as well as by the ear. He beholds in those whom he most loves on earth, what he himself ought to be. Example is an *unconscious* power, unconsciously exercised, unconsciously felt. It is a *constant* power; operating every day and hour by words and looks; and nothing can be its substitute. Alas! it is worse than useless for parents, by words, to teach their children what is right, if they themselves by life, continually contradict their own instructions. Of what avail is it for a parent to teach his children never to swear, if he himself is heard to utter blasphemies, and to take God's name in vain? —or never to lie, if he tells falsehoods, perhaps, to his own family?—or never to be drunken, if he comes reeling drunk to his own fireside? How useless for him to command them to read the Bible, if he never opens it!—or to pray, if he never worships with his household!—or to be industrious, kind, honest, if he is lazy, cruel, and dishonest! This is a wicked mockery, and most parents cannot continue it long. To be consistent, they generally make the precept and example square; by laying aside the good precept with the good example; and by living consistently wicked lives. Accordingly, if a *good* example is the most powerful means of training up the young in the way they should go, a *bad* example is, by reason of the heart's wickedness, a still surer means of training them up in the way they should *not* go. Parents! consider well the immense importance of living now, as you would wish your children to live after you. You cannot exaggerate the influence of all you do and say in their presence. A child is quick to discover the evil in his instructors. His observation far outstrips his power of expressing it. He will soon perceive whether you really love the God of whom you speak; and really believe in the right and wrong, which in words you inculcate.

A parent should aim at being to his child what his Father in heaven is to himself: he should be the very image of God in the household! In a certain sense, and, to some extent, in the earlier years of infancy, this must hold true. For the earth affords no such likeness of God's relationship to us, and of our dependence upon Him for every blessing, as the relationship subsisting between mother and child. The mother, who watches day and night over

the babe to whom she has given birth—who yearns over it with a depth of love, of which it is yet unconscious;—and is ever ready to supply its returning wants—to compassionate every weakness—to sympathize with every joy and sorrow, and bear with every provocation;—who holds up its tottering steps; carries it in her bosom; and nourishes it next her heart; and will endure every thing but unreturned love:—such a parent is, indeed, a very shadow of God; Himself the Creator, Preserver, and helper of His children! But when all this earthly tenderness and human affection are baptized with the Spirit of holiness, and guided by the Spirit of wisdom and divine love:—then, indeed, does the parent occupy the position towards his child, which is according to God's will. When the eyes of the child are attracted almost unconsciously upward from its earthly to its heavenly parent,—when, in the character of the one, it learns its first lessons of the character of the other,—when, in the light of all it most loves and admires on earth, it begins to discern a reflection of the Father of Light, from whom the earthly beauty streams:—when the parent is a ladder, by which the child ascends to God,—a pole, on which his young affections twine, until they reach, and fix themselves for ever around the Rock of Ages,—then, indeed, does Home Education appear in all its grandeur; as the most loving and wise appointment for training up the young for endless life, and continuing the praise of God from generation to generation: an institution than which earth can shew nothing more touching or sublime!

But I must defer the further consideration of this subject till the next number.

LETTER FROM MR. COLERIDGE TO HIS GODCHILD, ADAM STEINMETZ KINNAIRD.

My dear Godchild,—.... Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write. But I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, who, by His only-begotten Son, (all mercies in one sovereign mercy!) has redeemed you from the evil world, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness—even into "the Lord our righteousness:" I trust that He will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the Spirit of health and growth in body and in mind. My dear godchild, you received from Christ's minister, at the baptismal font, as your Christian name, the name of a most dear friend of your father's, and who was to me even as a son, the late Adam Steinmetz; whose fervent aspirations, and ever-paramount aim, even from early youth, was to be a Christian in thought, word, and deed; in will, mind, and affections. I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing; competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing; and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relations; *but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian.* But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a great sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languor, and manifold infirmities; and, for the last three or four years, have, with a few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick room, and, at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick bed, hopeless of recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal. And I thus, on the brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in His promises to them that truly seek Him, is faithful to perform what He has promised; and has reserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His Spirit from me in the conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the evil one. O my dear godchild! eminently blessed are they who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ. Oh! preserve this, as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend, S. T. Coleridge.

July 13, 1834.

Note.—The above letter was the last production of the great and good Coleridge. In him profound and Christian philosophy, and simple child-like faith, found in his latter years a rare and beautiful combination.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

In the early years of the Gospel dispensation, when the infant churches yet breathed the spirit of purity and faithfulness, and lived in the light of the example and precepts bequeathed to them by the lately departed apostles,—though hunted and persecuted, and forced to worship, in dens and caves of the earth, the unseen, though ever-present Saviour,—they still held together in the bonds of brotherhood,—a devoted band, strengthening each other in their common faith, firm and irrevocable in friendship, striving together for the cause of their Redeemer—fellow-soldiers and fellow-heirs of the crown of life. Their enemies were ever constrained to admire their wonderful patience, meekness, and mutual love. Their steadiness and fervour of affection, won even their cruel persecutors to exclaim, "Behold how these Christians love one another!" Let us ever regard with love and reverence, the memory of those faithful ones "of whom the world was not worthy." It is good for us sometimes to send our thoughts back through the vista of ages, and ponder the trials and sufferings which won for them their present "weight of glory;" the contemplation will fill us with admiration of their noble zeal, and shame for our own laggart efforts. We ought to remember, that the Gospel stream which now spreads in rich abundance through every province of our favoured land, was then stained with the blood of the "noble army of martyrs," who counted not their lives dear to them, so they might thus seal their testimony, and spread the waters of salvation.

But though the several bands of Christians were yet unbroken by public discussion, there were yet, now and then, found some roots of bitterness springing up to trouble them. Some, indeed, there were, who, forsaking, in the moment of argument, the mild restraints of the Gospel of peace, and contending with the carnal weapons of anger and self-love, ended their dispute, as all such disputes will end, with sullen displeasure on one side, and indignant expressions on the other.

It was thus the subtile adversary of the Church had succeeded in stirring up strife in the hearts of two of its most zealous and respected members,—one an expounder of the Word, the other an artisan; both equally distinguished for Christian valour. The one had been chosen as a pastor, from his talents and eloquence, and was supported by willing and liberal contributions, whilst he devoted himself entirely to the work of the ministry. The other laboured in his humble calling; and though he sought communion with his God during the hours of daily toil, yet, doubtless, the eventide afforded his soul a sweet release; and he would join, with unspeakable fervour of spirit, in the praises of the little flock assembled in some consecrated spot to renew their vows to their Covenant-Redeemer, and to pray for the world lying in wickedness.

It was in walking homeward from one of these meetings, that the two friends had fallen into debate; and the young pastor, drawn onward by the temptation of a fluent tongue and a proud temper, forgot the spirit of the benediction he had just pronounced over his flock, (commending them to the "*peace* which passeth all understanding,") and wandering from the path of meekness and brotherly-kindness, which was hallowed for them by the footsteps of their heavenly Guide, they were both led into keen and angry contention; and, for the first time, parted in bitter resentment.

Thus it is, that the enemy of souls ever *hovers about the doors of the holy meeting-place*, ready to catch away the devout *impressions which may have been sown* in our hearts. We are told to keep our *foot when we go to the house of God*; it behoves us, also, when we leave it, diligently to shut the avenues of our hearts *against the assaults of sin*. Satan ever watches those whom Christian professions or attainments render conspicuous; and if he cannot succeed in tempting them to forsake their allegiance to their God, or in suggesting unworthy or dishonouring thoughts of Him, he will seek to awaken the evil of their nature towards their brethren by leading to argument, mingled with the dangerous ingredients of human pride and jealousy, which generally issue in contention and quarrel.

We shall follow the artisan to his home. And how different is now his demeanour, from the angry and indignant disputant we saw him but one little hour before! His cheek no longer glows with the flush of excited pride, and his eyes, then sparkling with anger, are now filled with the tears of Christian contrition. Spread before him, lies the treasured parchment, whose words have been the chart and the staff of every Zion-bound traveller down to the present day. He recalls, with sorrowing repentance, the

late scene of strife, and feels how far he has forgotten the meekness and patience, the charity that "suffereth long and is kind," of the holy Gospel he professed, and whose precepts were to still the turbulence of his heart, and to separate him, alike in motive and in action, from the world of wranglers. "The servant of Christ must not strive, but be gentle." Bitter were his self upbraidings as he perused the sacred lines—deep and sincere the vows he breathed of new obedience as he committed his soul to the intercession of his Divine Advocate, and threw himself on his humble couch, weary with toil and sorrow.

Next morning he resumed his labours with a humble and still heavy heart. The hymns of gladness and gratitude, which had wont to burst from his lips as he walked by the way, were checked by sad recollection: his step wanted its buoyancy, hopeful elasticity, his arm its accustomed vigour. He spent some hours in the attempt to bend his attention to his employment but in vain, the implement dropped at last from his listless hand, for his thoughts were far away. They were haunted by the feeling of his broken friendship: his ears were filled with the echo of the loud and angry words of their parting: his heart was wrung by the reflection, that the example of this first breach between two of their leaders might encourage divisions amongst the weaker members of the flock, and cause some of the "little ones" to offend. He was melted by the thought, that these repentant sorrowings were, perhaps, shared by the young pastor: that his heart also had bled for the wound inflicted on the Christian cause, and might, at that very moment, be going out towards him in the sweet impulse of returning charity. No sooner had the picture of his friend grieved and compunctious been presented to his mind, than he resolved to seek him and to implore that their brotherly love might continue, and, in the ardour of a gracious impulse, he hastened to his dwelling, rushed into his presence, and, clasping his hand with eager affection, besought him to be reconciled. He generously forbore to allude to the fault of his friend, he humbled himself and entreated him but to accept his concession, and to join with him in retracting the words of enmity with which they had parted, that they might again be one in heart, take "sweet counsel together, and walk to the house of God in company." But his warm pleadings seemed to fall powerless on the ear of the young man. His first movement was angrily to reject the offered embrace and to hasten from the apartment, but the other caught him with an earnest detaining grasp and compelled him to stand and hear, while he alternately reasoned and implored with an eloquence new and surprising for his lips were unlocked by the force of real and affection. He was listened to, for some time, in contemptuous silence, till he began to speak of the grievous stain cast, by their open estrangement on the fair beauty of the Gospel they mutually professed to adore, of the blot its spotless purity would sustain, from being breathed upon by the taint of malevolent passions, the enemies of the truth would triumph over the apparent insufficiency of the grace in which they had made their boast: the exhortation from the pastor's lips would be ineffectual if the pastor's holy life were not also a legible and living epistle, the tears of the faithful would flow for their inconsistency, and many weak brethren might by their example be offended. While he thus spoke the countenance of his hearer changed from scorn to anger, he flung from him the hand that still held him, and in a loud and furious tone, cried,

"Begone! our hearts are severed for ever! I have uttered it and I will not retract. The artisan flung himself on his knees before him,—"In God's name, I beseech thee to be reconciled to me, my brother!" But the other cried, "I hate thee for thy cringing entreaties, we are foes and strangers for ever, my lips have said it, and no other word, while I live, shall they ever utter to thee." The almost fainting artisan started to his feet, and would still have clung to him and besought him to unsay those dreadful words, but he was roughly repelled and sank to the ground, whilst the other rushed in fury from his presence.

Months passed away after this event, but its impression on the mind of the artisan seemed rather to deepen than to decline. Though heart-sick at the recollection of their last interview, he often sought to obtain another, but always without success, for if they met accidentally in the public way or even in the little by-path leading to their place of worship, where they had been wont, arm-in-arm, to saunter and enjoy sweet fellowship, before joining the sacred assembly, the young pastor either recoiled from him with hasty steps, or received his offered greeting with haughty look and stern silence. Their obvious estrangement was observed with sorrow by the congregation, who wept over this first discord in their hitherto peaceful and united band. All

their endeavours to learn from the artisan the cause of the lamented change, were fruitless; for he maintained on this point a firm and decided silence; and as the subject seemed to touch him so acutely, and his feelings on it were so painful as to seal his lips, they naturally concluded that he was the aggressor, and their sympathies flowed afresh towards their pastor, who seemed to be pursuing, with his usual zeal and diligence, the duties of his holy calling. His unfortunate and afflicted friend bore meekly the ebbing of the brethren's affection, and rejoiced that the reproach and the shame fell on him in his humble station, rather than on the leader of their devotions, whose situation rendered him so conspicuous and responsible.

But the brief interval of tranquillity enjoyed by the Christians under the mild sway of the then reigning emperor, was soon to have a close. The horrors of persecution were revived by the false zeal of his misguided successor, in whose days the prisons again resounded with the groans of the tortured Christians, and the midnight sky was again reddened with the flames of martyrdom. The mistaken emperor and his blood-thirsty instigators little thought that their very persecution was brightening the crown of that Jesus whose name they sought to banish from the earth! The rack, the stake, the lion's jaws, by which ignorant cruelty designed to afflict the souls of the faithful, and effectually to extirpate their religion, were, in reality, the means of advancing the kingdom of Christ; for every soul thus driven to glory was an additional testimony to His truth, and a fresh incitement for the brethren to continue "faithful unto death."

The Christians viewed with sorrow, though without dismay, the sore trials and gloomy clouds that were gathering around them. They were ready to give in their account with joy, and they prayed that the lamps they had hitherto kept burning in secret, might now shine brightly before men in this dark night of affliction, and guide many benighted souls to "the Light of the world." As their places of meeting were well-known, it became necessary that the little congregations should be broken up, and that "two or three" should gather wherever they might do so in safety. This dispersion caused the sundering of many a fond tie; and the rending of pastor from people was not amongst the lightest of their griefs. In this way, the flock of which our artisan was a member, had been scattered; and as they had fled in haste to various retreats, some time passed ere he could gather any tidings of his former friend, to whom his heart still clung with anxious and unaltered affection. At last, indeed, his eager inquiries received an answer which smote his very soul. He learned that the pastor, along with a few others, had been seized in a field not far from the city. He had been dragged to prison, and after a hurried examination by torture, when the severest sufferings failed to draw from him a recantation of his principles, he had been sentenced to be burned to death on the morrow.

The artisan's heart was wrung with bitter grief for his once so intimate, and still loved associate; but while he mourned that his bright career of usefulness was so early to close, his heart bounded with gratitude that his faith had proved triumphant. He saw with joy that this was the sure moment to appeal to his affections, the bond of peace would at last be perfected between them, and the banner of Gospel profession yet wave unsullied over his memory! With a trembling hand he traced the words of ardent sympathy which flowed from his heart, and touchingly besought him not to leave the world without a sign of forgiveness to his unhappy friend. The parchment was blotted with tears, and the faint and almost illegible characters eloquently told the agitation and intensity of his feelings. A heathen acquaintance, to whom he had formerly shewed kindness, undertook to gain access to the prisoner, and bring his answer. *There was none returned.* The young man read the letter, and seemed moved by its contents, but sent no word in reply. The artisan's brain was dizzied with sickening pain and perplexity. But we pass from this hour of blank desolation, and we next behold him pressing forward amongst the multitude who throng to witness the last scene of the martyr's life. He rushed through the midst of them, his footsteps winged and upheld by the energy of desperation. He reached the place where the martyr stood. The pile was prepared, they but waited the signal from the victim, who was granted a few moments for prayer. When the artisan saw him stand with an expression of unshaken determination stamped on his features, his hopes afresh clustered round him, and with confidence he cast himself on the earth before him, and implored a sign or a glance of reconciliation. He raised his eyes, and was answered by a look of unextinguished enmity! In horror he sank to the ground. The signal was given, the torch applied to the pile,—but

bursting shouts, and deafening sounds of commotion, recalled him to consciousness, and high above a thousand other voices, knelled on his ear the piercing shriek of his friend, "Quench, quench the flames! I will sacrifice to your gods!"

The pile *was* extinguished, the prisoner *was* unbound, and hurried to the emperor with scoffs and taunts ringing in his ears, to bind himself to serve superstitious idolatries, which his soul, traitorous though it was, loathed and despised.

But "a crown of life" was ready, a robe prepared, angels' harps were attuned to welcome a worthier witness. For the artisan, feeling the blot and the shame that this scene would cast on the cause of his beloved Master, came boldly forward and avowed his principles, and his willingness to occupy the honourable station which had been so basely deserted.

He was hastily tried and condemned, and, within two hours, his soul was safely moored in the haven of rest, while the other, then without chart or pilot, was left still tossing on the stormy sea.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter:—"He that hateth his brother is a murderer, and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

"If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His."

"Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith."

X.

Hymn.

O Lord! I know that all my life
Is portioned out by Thee,
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
I ask but for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
By constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful smiles,
To wipe the tearful eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Searching for some great thing to do,
Some secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where to go.

Whatever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for that daily strength
To none who ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life
While keeping by Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
So Thou art glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my blissful ear to be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
Less careful how to serve Thee much
Than please Thee perfectly.

There are thorns besetting every path
That call for patient care,
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer,
But a lowly mind that leans on Thee
Is happy everywhere.

In the service which thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy people free,
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anon.

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

The world is ringing, and has been ringing now for the last century, especially with the word "Rights." Rights of men, rights of property, rights of labour—these are the watchwords of revolutions and of parties. For my own part, I am sick of the word *Right*, and would fain substitute for it a word which is growing very old-fashioned and out of date—the word *Duty*.

Not that the word Right is a bad one of itself; on the contrary, considered in its true meaning—and it is a meaning which prevails throughout most languages of modern Europe, in the words which constitute its equivalent in those langua-

ges—it is one of the greatest and truest utterances of human speech. The rights of every man are that which *it is right* that he should have. The meaning of the word does not flow from the man himself who uses it, but from some great standard of truth and righteousness, which is above and beyond him and every one. It contains within itself the notion of a God.

And it is one of the saddest instances of our daily and practical atheism, that modern perversion of the word Right into the more concentrated expression of all selfishness. So real is that atheism, that when poor Drummond wrote his celebrated phrase, "Property has its Duties as well as its Rights," it was hailed by almost every one as a newly-discovered, or, at least, long-forgotten truth. It was made a watchword and a motto; it became the fittest epitaph for his tomb. But the phrase in itself is scarcely even a truism; its two members are equivalent, and do but repeat one another. There is no Right but what is in itself a Duty. Property, nor any other earthly power or force, can have any right to do wrong.

The notion of Duty, therefore, eternally precedes that of Right, and, as we shall see hereafter, contains it. We must understand the former, before we can understand the latter. The great error and sin of our age is, perhaps, the proceeding from Right to Duty, and not from Duty to Right. It is, in other words, proceeding from man to God, instead of from God to man.

It is for this reason that I always distrust men who talk about the Rights of Property, or the Rights of Labour; ten to one but they have some wrong to shelter behind their pretended Right. The Rights of Property are generally appealed to for the sake of allowing the grievances of the poor to remain unredressed, for the sake of starving them, or coercing them. The Rights of Labour are generally appealed to for the sake of plundering the rich. These are Wrongs, and not Rights; it is blasphemy to call them so.

I know of no inborn and inherent right in any man to any privilege or enjoyment whatsoever. We are what God makes us. We receive what He gives us. He it is, and He only, that gives us "life, and breath, and all things." What right have we to life? how have we deserved to live? how have we deserved any one of the privileges, comforts, and joys which life offers, in more or less plenty, even to the most wretched? It was a brave and bold saying of Luther's somewhere, in time of famine, that it was not at all necessary that men should live, but that it *was* necessary that God's word should be kept. Creatures of God, we live by Him, and of His mercy. Of ourselves we have no right whatsoever; what He gave, that He may take—be it life, health, joy, riches, talents, esteem of others, power, love. But we have Duties.

We have Duties to fulfil, and from those Duties spring the Rights of others, not as a property in them, but as an obligation in ourselves. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" that is the sole code of Duty between man and man; and that is, also, the whole code of Right. It is right that we should love our neighbours as ourselves. Whatever of power and influence, whatever of well-being and enjoyment God has given to us, that we should seek to share with others—whatever of power and influence—whatever of well-being and enjoyment, we seek for ourselves, that we should help others to seek with us.

It follows, thence, that instead of proclaiming our own Rights, and preaching others' Duties, we should for ever be preaching our own Duties, and proclaiming others' Rights. "Rights of property" should be the watchword of the working man; "Rights of labour," the watchword of the capitalist and employer. If it be the duty of the capitalist to love his neighbour as himself, he is bound to see that those whom he employs enjoy as fair a return for their labour (which is the capital of the poor) as he enjoys for his own capital, (which is but the accumulation of his own or of others' labour.) He is bound, so far as he is able, to see that they are well housed, well clad, well fed, well taught, honest, truthful, God-fearing; and when he has paid them and cared for them, it is all nothing if he do not really love them. And in like manner, if it be the duty of the labourer or operative to love his neighbour as himself, he is bound fairly to give his labour for his hire, to respect and tend that property in another which he would fain possess himself, to do unto his employer all the good which in his sphere he is able to do himself, even if he received more in return, and still, and above all, to love him.

Love one another, therefore, that is the measure of human Duty; that is what we owe to every man. But who is He that lays the debt upon us? Let us not forget that the code of social politics derives its whole authority from Him who gave it. It is because we are His children, because He is our Father, the just

and the perfect, and has thus the sole and inviolable right of imposing His ever-perfect will upon us, that we are bound to love one another. It is because we owe an infinite debt of love to Him, that he is able to endorse over a portion of that debt to our earthly brethren. Not for ourselves should we love others, nor for themselves, but for Him and His glory. If the notion of Right is inconceivable without God, how much more Duty and love. From Him springs that Duty; and the second great commandment is but a development of the first. We cannot truly love our neighbour as ourselves, unless we first love God with all our heart. And I, too, who write these lines, might fear that I had been truckling to the feelings and impulses of the day, in endeavouring to set forth man's duty of love to man, before his duty of love to God, were it not for that gracious word: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." The love of man to man is the everlasting witness *at once of his love to God*, and of God's love to himself. Right, Duty, Love, —all these things have their only centre, their only meaning, their only reality, in God.—*Politics for the People.* J. T.

THE WALDENSES.

TWO DAYS' EXCURSION TO THE HIGH VALLEYS OF THE VAUDOIS.

No. IV.

Monday morning, at half-past three, found us commencing an arduous journey to the Valleys of Clusone and San Martino. We wound our way up the steeps of Angrogna—the vast amphitheatre of hills, brightly gilded with the morning sun. After two hours' walk, we reached the peaceful retreat of M. Monastier, perched like a bird's nest in this Vallambrosa of Piedmont. The picturesque spire of the Protestant "Oratory," rose amid clumps of chesnut trees—the rich plains of Sardinia were stretched in the far distance, bounded by the gigantic barrier of Italian Alps. Close by, was the bold rocky hill of Siroin—the scene of many desperate struggles in bygone days; and the little town of Lucerne, with its white-washed houses, slept in quiet loveliness, where the valley loses itself in the champagne country.

After a homely breakfast, our party considerably increased, and by and bye a large phalanx marched merrily along the heights of Angrogna, preceded by the two precentors of Angrogna and St. Jean, who made the rocks echo to their spirit-stirring strains. We could not at first understand the cause of the fast increasing squadron. But this was fully explained on arriving at the summit of a mountain overlooking the plains of Piedmont, where, under a canopy constructed of the branches of beech trees, a still larger reinforcement was waiting, with pots, pans, plates, knives and forks, and all the other appurtenances of an extensive pic-nic! It was the happy occasion of a great annual *fête* in the valleys, in which pastor and people mingled together in the same innocent recreations—thus affording an opportunity of seeing and judging of the Vaudois character in a way which even a lengthened residence could not have allowed of. The picture would have been worthy of Wilkie. It consisted of two booths erected at the side of a fountain, gracefully festooned with branches of beech. The one on the right was occupied by three sturdy cooks, who would have won a meed of praise from more fastidious palates,—a cart-load of plates, dishes, bread, potatoes, vegetables, &c., formed a comfortable looking back-ground; and a barrel of wine, stationed like a sentinel in front of the whole, completed the arrangements of the rustic feast. On the left side was erected a verandah of similar size and form, for the accommodation of the guests. These amounted to twenty-five, including nearly all the Waldensian pastors, also some members of the Table (kirk-session,) and some Swiss students. The *dejeuner* finished, the guests were entertained with the simple music of the valleys,—the whole terminated with a round of gymnastic exercises, in which the athletic powers of clergy and laity were called into generous rivalry. A

walk to a celebrated fountain in a neighbouring hill, filled up the interval till the hour of dispersion; and, at six o'clock, the sylvan tents were struck, and all separated, delighted with the enjoyments of the day. There was something beautifully patriarchal in this "feast of tabernacles." It was pleasing to mark the easy unrestrained freedom of feeling and intercourse existing among all classes. The minister and the poorest of his flock —the proprietor and the peasant, were brethren, mingling heart and hand in all the hilarities of the occasion; and yet, with all this perfect parity and free interchange of sentiment, there was no lack, but the reverse, of that respectful decorum due by the humbler to their superiors.

We wound our way down the rugged hill that leads to St. Germains. The plains of Piedmont at our feet, and the Superga, the burial-place of the Sardinian monarchs, glittering in the setting sun. Half-way down, we paused at a farm-house, by the side of the hill, and were entertained with a frugal supplement to the feast of the day by two interesting peasants—fine specimens of Boston saints. It is not easy to forget the benignant countenance of the old man as he spread his table before his cottage door, or pressing our hands with a "*Dieu accompagnie*," bade us farewell. The night was spent in the hospitable *curé* or manse of the moderator, M. Bonjour, and next morning, we commenced an excursion to the gloomier wilds of San Martino. Our road lay along the fertile Valley of Perosa, passing the elegant Catholic Church of Villar, and the village of Pinache,—the latter associated with the name of the celebrated Vaudois historian, Leger. We walked in company with a young Protestant, a native of Fenestrelle, who informed us, that the preceding year, a Catholic priest had scoured the adjoining Valley of Pragelas, seizing and destroying no less than sixty Bibles. He mentioned, also, that he had recently been the eye-witness of the following spectacle in the church of Fenestrelle:—Two priests, in presence of the congregation, mounted a platform beside the altar. The one was dressed up to personate the devil—the other as an angel. A controversy was carried on between the two on the points of the Catholic faith; and, after a protracted struggle, the angel, of course, came off victorious. He spoke also of another novel *fête* in the Catholic churches, in their celebration of Good Friday, intended to represent the death and resurrection of our Lord. A priest is brought in, stretched on a couch, as if dead, amid the sighs, and groans, and lamentations, of the assembled audience. After an interval, a bell rings, the priest starts up, and the walls of the church echo with the shouts of the worshippers, who change their lamentations into the most violent demonstrations of joy. Passing Catholic Perosa, we entered the noble Valley of San Martino, at the entrance of which stands the picturesque village and church of Pomaretto—the former charge of the venerated Peyrani, to whose memory a tablet is erected on the walls of the "Temple," by his attached friend Dr. Gilly. Passing Villa Secca, we continued a somewhat perilous path, by the side of the rapid waters of the Germanasca, whose banks display the finest combinations of scenery. We witnessed the remains of an avalanche, which, during the previous winter, had wrought a work of appalling destruction. Eleven individuals had been buried in a living tomb. Upwards of a thousand trees, of gigantic size, had been torn up by the roots, or snapped asunder by the terrific invader. Hundreds are still left as monuments of the catastrophe —many acres around are laid waste, and the waters of the Germanasca wind their way through dismal caverns, underneath the superincumbent snow. We arrived at six o'clock at the lonely mountainous retreat of Prali. A wretched hovel, which we entered by a cellar-like door, unworthy of the meanest Scottish barn, we found to be the house of M. Revel, the pastor. But no quarters could be more pleasant or comfortable than this little hermitage. The minister and his wife, a youthful couple, are the picture of happiness and contentment. He is a man of no meagre attainments, an acute theologian—German especially forming

his favqurite study and recreation, when domiciled in winter, for weeks together, amid a wilderness of snow.

Our path, next day, led across the Col de Pis to the Balsille, the most renowned spot in the Valleys. Well may it be called so: for this little Thermopylae is associated with one of the greatest triumphs of heroism on record. A handful of Vaudois peasants here successfully resisted the flower of the chivalry of France and Sardinia. 22,000 of the latter occupied a position on the adjoining hill, and when they found their efforts in vain to dislodge the brave 700 who occupied the summit of the Balsille Rock, under the undaunted Henri Arnaud, heavy artillery were, with great difficulty, brought to their assistance. The defenceless Protestants, knowing the impracticability of withstanding so formidable a cannonade, retreated, under covert of night, across their mountains; and, after a series of almost incredible dangers and hair-breadth escapes, peace was procured, and the storm of persecution lulled. The Balsille, apart altogether from its historical interest, is the foreground of noble scenery. A wild alpine valley stretches behind, with a cascade in the centre, which takes a leap of about 300 feet. But the magnificence of the scenery demanded a proportionate amount of fatigue. Our way, in crossing the Col de Pis, lay through mist, snow, avalanches, torrents, and paths intended only for the chamois, the solitary inhabitant of these wilds. At last, after ten hours of continued walking, we arrived at a comfortable inn under the rocky battlements of the town of Fenestrelle.

Sonnets.

ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND.

Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills,
Among the happiest-looking homes of men,
Scatter'd all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains, whereon the sky distils
Her lark's loved warblings,—does aught meet your ken,
More fit to animate the poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the abode
Of the Good Priest; who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers?

PASTORAL CHARACTER.

A genial hearth, a hospitable board
And a refined rusticity, belong
To the neat mansion, where his flock among
The learned pastor dwells, their watchful lord.
Though meek and patient as a sheathed sword,
Though pride's least lurking thought appears wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue
Gentleness in his heart, can earth afford
Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to Divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

WORDSWORTH

THE NATURAL AND THE SPIRITUAL HUSBANDRY.

The husbandman may cast forth his seed—it may be good seed, and it may be cast upon good soil; and yet he cannot make so much as one grain of it to grow. Nay, he does not so much as know how it grows. He knows that it must have rain and heat; but it springs and grows up, he knows not how. The springing and growing up of the seed is one of the mysteries of nature,—a mystery hidden from the wisest of the sons of men. That it does spring and grow up, the most ignorant of mankind knows and sees—how it springs and grows up, the wisest of mankind cannot tell. Men know, that by preparing the soil well, the seed will grow more luxuriantly, and yield a more abundant increase; and this they attend t..

They know, also, that by sowing good seed, they may expect to reap good grain, and this likewise they attend to. But when they have cast in the seed and covered it, they must just stand and wait. There is another hand at work than the hand which sowed the seed,—a hand which works secretly, and that both while the husbandman is asleep and awake; for though he sleepeth by night, and riseth by day, the seed groweth up, he knoweth not how. Here, then, in the producing of a crop, there is a work of man and a work of God;—without the work of man there will be no crop, and without the work of God there can be none. God can do without man if He pleaseth; but man cannot, in any circumstances, do without God. God can do without the tiller of the ground, and the sower, and the reaper, and all through whose hands the grain must pass before it becomes food. He has done without them all in time past. In the barren wilderness He provided food, and on the grassy plain He fed a multitude of people. But it is not God's will to dispense with the labour of the husbandman, as a general rule. He hath shewn that He can do without him, but He may never shew this again. God, then, we say, can do without the husbandman, but does not please to do so; but the husbandman cannot, in any circumstances, do without God. He cannot do without God when he sleeps, and he cannot take the charge out of God's hand while he wakes—sleeping or waking, he must have God to work for him. And God does work for him, yet the husbandman knoweth not how God makes his seed to spring and grow—it springs and grows up he knoweth not how.

Look, now, at the spiritual husbandry. In it also there is a work of man, and a work of God. There is a work of God without man, and a work of God through man. God must work, or the sinner will not work. God must work, or the sinner cannot work. God does work, and the sinner's heart is changed; and he worketh together with God. In the spiritual husbandry, then, there must be a work of God; and that work is beyond the reach of man's understanding. For who can tell how the truth layeth hold of a man's heart; and how, when the seed is sown in many hearts, it springeth up in this heart, rather than in that? Who can tell how it is, that one man is deeply impressed; while, to others, the word preached may only be like the song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument? Who can explain the process by which the heart is opened, and the seed planted deeply there, never to be rooted up? Who can explain the unseen process by which the plants are watered—how they are guarded by an eye that never slumbers nor sleeps; and how, by the heat and dews of heaven, they are nourished and refreshed? Who can explain the growth of conviction—of spiritual light—of love to God; in short, the growth of the life of God in the soul of man? These are mysteries like the springing and growing of the corn. Man may sow the seed, but he cannot make it spring; he cannot make it grow when it hath sprung; he cannot even explain how it springs. This is the work of God; and it is sufficient that it is understood by Him. So with the spiritual husbandry. It is the work of God's Spirit to make the seed of the word spring and grow; and he makes it do these, we know not how.

Neither is it necessary we should know. The husbandman knows not how the seed springs and grows, and yet he is not on this account unfitted for tilling the ground, and sowing the seed. It is sufficient that he understands his own part of the business—it is not necessary to his success, that he should understand that part of it which belongs to God. Neither is it necessary to the spiritual husbandman's success, that he should understand the deep mystery of the Spirit's work upon the soul; it is enough for him to know, in addition to his own duty, that the Spirit is willing, and is able, to strengthen him for its performance. Let him work the work given him to do, and God assuredly will make it prosper. The cultivator of the soil does not relax his efforts, because he cannot make the seed to spring, and knoweth not how it does spring. He giveth himself to his own

work, and labours in his own department. He prepares the ground, provides good seed, sows it, and covers it, and leaves it to God. He sleeps, and he wakes, and the work of God goeth on. He is not disappointed. He is not ashamed of his confidence, and has no cause to regret that in spring he laboured, and then committed his precious seed to the care of his Maker,—he stretcheth forth his sickle, for the harvest is ready.

Let men so act as regards their souls and eternity. Let them prepare the soil, which is the heart; let them receive into it the good seed, which is the word; and let them earnestly and confidently look up to God, that He may make it spring and grow. They who act in this manner, shall never be ashamed; God will give them His Spirit, even while they are working. He will give them His Spirit to prepare the heart, and to help them to sow the seed, and to bless it, and make it grow; and so shall they glorify Him by bringing forth much fruit.

M. N.

ON THE FEEDING OF ANIMALS.

It requires considerable familiarity with natural history, and perhaps a still wider stretch of imagination, to cast overcreation that rapid and comprehensive glance which would display this perpetual, this hourly miracle, in all its force. I cannot here replace the want of these—while, assuredly, amid all which creation displays of contrivance, resource, power, there is nothing more calculated to astonish us than this fact, simple as it may appear to the superficial,—the unceasing and unfailing supply of food to the uncountable myriads, of all forms, sizes, and propensities, which crowd this world of land and water. And it is God who spreads this table daily, hourly, for every one of these multifarious beings; of which, out of many hundred thousand forms, all differing, all feeding in different ways; not a single species only, but hundreds, thousands, can be named, each exceeding in its numbers, at any moment, all the men who have lived on the earth since the creation. Most truly do they all wait on Him, and receive their meat in due season.

In what manner can he, who has never yet considered, be taught to contemplate this subject? Will he reflect on the labours by which he must feed himself, or those through which others feed him. The series of persons, and instruments, and toils which must precede, ere he can see on his table even a fragment of bread? Will he consider the labour and thought necessary to provide nourishment for the few animals which he has associated to himself? Can he imagine himself the keeper of even a hundred of those which he imprisons for his amusement? Will he stretch his imagination still farther, and replace those hundreds by thousands, by tens of thousands, and then conceive himself taxed to feed them by his own contrivances? Should he conceive all this, and thousands of millions of times more than this, he will not then have approximated in the minutest degree; no, not by myriads of millions more to the numbers that are fed every day, every hour—and so fed, that not one perishes for want—fed under kinds which science cannot count, feeding in different ways, on different objects, all ever craving, but never wanting; and as they are fed today, having been fed from the beginning of the world, to be fed as long as it shall last? Does he but count the gnats which darken the air of the summer evening? God feeds them all, as he feeds the lion and the elephant. Or will he attempt to number the multitudes of the ocean, swarming in every form of diversity and size, from the whale to that atom which the microscope barely discovers?—differ as they may, widely as they wander, various as are their desires, it is still He who prepares their table in the wilderness of the waters, that not one shall perish for lack of food!—*Dr. M'Culloch's (M.D.) Attributes of God.*

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG ABOUT ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING LIQUOR, TOBACCO, AND OPIUM.

LETTER IV.

Knowing that anything connected with the spread of our total abstinence principles must ever be interesting to our young readers, we present them, this

month, with an article taken from the *Edinburgh Evening Post* of the 13th October, which shews, that branches of the League have been formed, and are flourishing, in two of the most retired villages in Scotland.

JUVENILE FETE AT LEADHILLS.

We notice, with much interest and satisfaction, the progress of that institution known as the British League of Juvenile Abstainers,—a society whose members advocate abstinence from giving or partaking of alcoholic liquors, tobacco, and opium, and whose object is the union of the youth of the British empire on this principle.

Instituted in Edinburgh, in January, 1847, it has, since that time, made rapid progress, and promises very soon to extend over the whole Lowlands. It is with pleasure we record the existence of two flourishing branches of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers in the remote villages of Leadhills, on the estate of the Earl of Hopetoun, and Wanlockhead, on the estate of the Duke of Buccleuch; for, although drinking in these villages is not carried on to such an extent as in many other places, occurring chiefly at certain seasons, yet these periodical drinking seasons are deeply to be deplored, as they have been productive of a far greater amount of evil in this little community than can well be estimated. The young abstainers, however, seem now to be perfectly alive to those evils, and are resolved never to rest until they have entirely removed the causes. We may mention that parties of these young members of the British League have been taken to Edinburgh on three different occasions, that they might be permitted to see the doings of the abstainers there, and join in the innocent festivities. On the late visit of upwards of 6000 juvenile abstainers to Hopetoun House, the children of Leadhills and Wanlockhead received the most marked attention from the Countess and Earl of Hopetoun, who in person conducted them through the princely halls of Hopetoun House, and pointed out to them the various objects of interest which they contain. This condescension and kindness of the Countess and Earl was not lost upon the children of the hills, who returned home with hearts throbbing with gratitude to their noble entertainers; but little did they think, on returning home from their grand excursion, that they were so soon to have an opportunity of testifying that they were not insensible to the kindness shewn them at Hopetoun House.

This opportunity was afforded them on Tuesday, the 18th September. The young Earl, with the Hon. Charles Hope, and another friend, having occasion to visit Leadhills, arrived in that village on Monday afternoon, the 17th.

The arrival of the young Lord in this remote part of his domains, is quite as important an event to the villagers as the late visit of her Britannic Majesty was to the citizens of Glasgow; and, though his arrival was not announced by any signal gun, the children of both villages were soon aware of the fact, and resolved at once to muster, and in a body express their gratitude to the Earl for the kindness shewn to those of their number who had visited Hopetoun House.

The Rev. Mr. Smith of Leadhills, on the part of the children, waited upon the Earl, who was pleased to appoint the following evening for the juvenile demonstration. The young abstainers accordingly assembled on Tuesday evening, in their respective schoolrooms; and the Wanlockhead children, after joining in praise and prayer, marched off to join their fellow abstainers in Leadhills. On the two parties joining, a few hymns were sung, and prayer offered up, after which they formed into line, and marched in procession to the front of the Earl's residence in Leadhills, accompanied by the most of the people in the village, who had turned out to witness the unusual and spirit-stirring sight. The children, amounting to 220 in number, formed themselves into a wide circle in front of the house, the spectators occupying a considerable space all around. On the circle being formed, the Noble Earl, with his friend, and the Hon. Charles Hope, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, came into the centre.

Mr. Alexander M'Millan of Wanlockhead, superintendent of the juvenile meetings, then stepped forward, and, in name of the juvenile abstainers, thanked the Earl in appropriate terms for the high honour and great kindness they had experienced from him on their late visit to Hopetoun House.

The Rev. Mr. Smith then gave out the 100th Psalm, which was sung; and after a very appropriate prayer by the Rev. gentleman, the children united in singing a number of their pretty abstinence melodies with great spirit and energy, concluding with the Queen's Anthem. Mr. M'Millan then proposed, that three cheers be given for the Countess and Earl of Hopetoun, which was responded to with the utmost enthusiasm. After the loud and long-continued cheering had ceased

Mr. M'Millan again thanked the Earl and the Hon. Charles Hope for the opportunity thus afforded the children of paying their humble tribute of gratitude, as well as for the kind and patient manner in which he had received them. His Lordship replied, that he had been delighted with the whole proceeding, and was now indebted to them for the honour they had conferred upon him that night, and requested Mr. M'Millan to thank the children in his name, and say he was exceedingly happy he had met with them. The Hon. Charles Hope also desired, that his thanks might be conveyed to them through the same channel; then bowing to each party, the Earl and his friends bade them good night, and retired amidst the reiterated cheering of the happy children, who now sought their homes, highly delighted that they had been favoured with a sight of the youthful nobleman, whose kindness has been a household theme ever since the 11th of August, and whose name only needs to be mentioned in order to call forth feelings of deepest gratitude and love from the population, both juvenile and adult, of Leadhills and Wanlockhead. The manner in which the whole of the above proceedings were conducted, reflects the highest credit upon the Rev. Mr. Smith, the laborious and much esteemed minister of Leadhills, under whose anspices and immediate inspection the Leadhills juvenile meeting is conducted; and also upon Mr. Alexander M'Millan of Wanlockhead, a very zealous and energetic labourer in the work of human improvement, and most successful advocate of abstinence, who, though a labouring man, and confined for ten hours in the day at his employment, has, nevertheless, found time to organize, and conduct the juvenile abstinence movement in his native village of Wanlockhead, since its formation in April, 1848; and also to render material assistance to the Rev. Mr. Smith, in conducting the meetings in Leadhills; although, in order to do so, he has to walk a distance of three miles to the place of meeting, and this often through snow and storm. Such self-denying and praiseworthy conduct, cannot be too widely known. Would that many would follow his example; and, we doubt not, but if ministers, in every locality, were as earnest in labouring for the good of their flocks as is the Rev. Mr. Smith of Leadhills, that good and energetic men would be found everywhere ready to assist them; and the case above mentioned, shows what a great amount of good can be accomplished by a consistent minister, in training up the lambs of his flock to avoid those drinking customs, which prove a snare to all who participate in them, and one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of the blessed Gospel.

We may mention another pleasing feature connected with these interesting villages. The Duke of Buccleuch has obtained the withdrawal of the ale and spirit license from the Wanlockhead toll-bar—the only place in the village where these intoxicants could be sold; and by this simple act, has put a stop to much of the drunkenness of the village of Wanlockhead. A similar reform has yet to be accomplished at Leadhills; but from the interest the young Earl of Hopetoun has manifested in the welfare of the young on his estates, and in the British League, we should think he will not be long in following the example of the good Duke.

Missionary Intelligence.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY—JUBILEE VOLUME.

The Jubilee Volume* of the Church Missionary Society, contains most gratifying proofs of the rapid progress of the Gospel among those who seemed the farthest from God, and from hope. We hail the appearance of this volume, not merely with unfeigned satisfaction, but with most fervent thanksgiving to God, who is reviving His work in the midst of the years; who is most clearly bearing witness to His own Gospel, as indeed the Word of life. Unto all those who ask the oft-asked question, "What good are missionaries doing?" we say, "Come and see." Peruse the records of this society, and you will find proofs of extensive, permanent, marvellous good, being done by missionaries to thousands of idolatrous, savage, and degraded human beings; and to many societies engaged

* The Jubilee Volume of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East. 1848, 1849. London: Seeleys, Fleet Street, and Hanover Street; Hatchard, Piccadilly; J. Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

in the same holy cause, but not meeting with the same success, we would venture, with much deference, to say, that by an examination of these records, they may be shewn a more excellent way than is generally pursued by missionary bodies.

Our limits prevent us from saying what our hearts dictate regarding the causes here furnished to us of gratitude to, and trust in God; and of gratitude also to the pious, judicious, and able directors of the Church Missionary Society. We must content ourselves with a very brief summary of its rise, progress, and present extensive operations, along with a few extracts illustrating the mode of its management, shewing what appear to us to be the main causes of its distinguished success.

The Society was instituted on 12th April, 1799, by twenty-five individuals, lay and clerical, who met together to "pledge themselves to pray, and to care for the heathen," and to lay down principles for their future guidance in carrying out this pledge. None of them was distinguished by rank or station, nor did they, for a considerable time, meet with any countenance or encouragement from those who were thus distinguished in the Church, or in the State. For fourteen years their funds were very scanty; never reaching the sum of £3,000; and, during the same lengthened period, they were unable to find one clergyman in the Church of England who would devote himself to missionary work.* Notwithstanding all these discouragements, the society continued their blessed work in faith, patience, and love. They sent their first missionaries to the pestilential climate, and the degraded inhabitants of Sierra Leone; the next detachment of this noble army marched on the fierce barbarians of New Zealand. Thereafter various stations in India, Ceylon, Malta, &c., were occupied; and amid many trials, and perils, and apparent discomfitures, success uniformly attended the labours of these heroic and self-sacrificing men. The Lord prospered His own cause amid the heathen; so that now, at its fifty-fifth anniversary, the Society can point to the most exalted in the land, as to its friends and patrons, to an annual revenue of more than £100,000,—to many distinguished ministers of the Church of England as its missionaries —to five missionary training institutions in various parts of the world—to the Gospel preaching in sixteen various tongues besides those of Europe—to 102 missionary stations situated in Africa, Asia, and America—to 160 European teachers and clergymen—to 1,300 native teachers, many of whom act as pastors and evangelists, and twelve of whom have been admitted to holy orders—and, to what is of unspeakably greater importance, to 13,000 communicants, gathered together from the "highways and hedges of the world;" while, besides these, there are 100,000 willing and constant listeners to the Gospel of grace.

These, truly, are great, very great and glorious results. Let us attend briefly to the mode in which, through the Divine blessing, they have been realized.

1. *The founders of the Society* were John Venn, Thomas Scott, Josiah Pratt, Henry Thornton, William Wilberforce, and men like-minded. They were men of deep personal piety; men eminently of faith, and of prayer. Fervent prayer is of great avail. If we believe, all things are possible unto us,—"Ask and it shall be given you." To the faith and prayerfulness of these good men would we especially, and above all, direct attention. But,

2. Let us attend to their judicious, their liberal and Christian conduct, in *looking beyond the pale of their own Church for missionaries, when they could find none within it.* No member of the Church of England would go forth to the work. The Society directed its eyes to other churches. "A supply had been providentially provided in a seminary at Berlin. Men trained for the work upon the very principles of this Society, were *there* waiting for employment, as their own country could not supply funds to send them abroad. These men, . . . nurtured in the Lutheran Church, . . .

* The first who offered himself was the Rev. William Jowett, whose name well deserves to be had in remembrance.

. . . were the first to enlist in our ranks. In the year 1802, the first two missionaries of the Society were found there; and from that seminary, during several subsequent years, the Society received fresh labourers to the number, in all, of twenty-two."

"In the year 1816, a missionary seminary was established upon evangelical principles at Basle, in Switzerland, from whence more than eighty students have joined our missions," (pp. 194, 195.)

It was not until 1825 that a missionary training school was instituted by the Society itself at Islington; which, however, since its institution has supplied an abundance of well-qualified labourers.

"From all these sources," continues the admirable report, "the Lord hath supplied our Society with men animated by the same principles, and ready to co-operate in the same work; bringing the various gifts which national peculiarities and varied education supply, to the furtherance of the Gospel among the heathen," (p. 195.) These extracts we venture respectfully and earnestly to recommend to the consideration of other missionary societies; because we know, that, in some instances, fields are left unoccupied, funds are kept unemployed, and unsuitable men sent forth, all owing to exclusiveness of view in regard to churches and denominations; to want of faith in the broad, living, constraining principles of the Gospel in every heart in which they are implanted by the Spirit.

3. Let us advert to *the mode in which the Society has raised its great income.* In all, a sum of more than two millions sterling has been entrusted to its charge since its institution; of which sum £1,573,745, or three-fourths of the whole, have been received as contributions from *Parochial Associations.* "The grand source of the Society's income has been through associations," (p. 190.) And to this necessary, to this most powerful machinery, we would call the special attention of our own beloved Church of Scotland, which, if it is to be successful in the great end and object of all Christian churches, must organize missionary associations throughout its parishes.

4. The Society has also done much good by its publications, regularly issued, and widely circulated; but our space warns us to draw to a close. We heartily commend the volume before us to the serious perusal of all. The report shews, by living and actual proofs, that the Word of God is indeed quick and powerful; and thus it may help to convince the unbeliever. It certainly is fitted to encourage the faint-hearted Christian. It may give wisdom unto many who complain that they sow, but reap not; and it ought to quicken the zeal, to arouse the energies of all who seek the extension of Christ's blessed kingdom, while it should make all abundant in thanksgiving unto Him who is so richly and graciously sending forth His quickening Spirit among those who are dead in trespasses and sins; who is ready "to pour out His Spirit upon all flesh," if Christians would pray in faith, and labour in love, for the accomplishment of this blessed result.

Notices of Books.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.—Second Notice.

At the conclusion of our previous notice of Lieutenant Lynch's work, we left him and his party launching their boats on the Lake of Tiberias. Having devoted a few days to the survey of its shores, they proceeded to make the preparations necessary for their voyage down the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Lieutenant Lynch *had solicited and obtained the company* and assistance of Sherif Hazza of Mecca, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, as well as of Akil Aga, a daring Arab Sheikh, who was understood to possess considerable influence among the Syrian tribes. With these chiefs and their followers, added to an interpreter, a cook, and two medical men, *the party, in all, amounted to 33 well-armed men, consist-*

ing of 16 Franks, and 17 Arabs. A party occupied each of the boats, while a third, under Lieutenant Dale, the second in command, proceeded by land, with instructions to keep always as near the boats as possible. Buoyant in spirit, full of enthusiasm and hope, and placing their trust on High, they commenced on Monday, April 10, the descent of the Jordan. A very few hours, however, sufficed to warn them of the perils of the task they had undertaken, and of the fearful difficulties they had to encounter, as well as to solve the difficulty that had so puzzled geographers. The river, in place of having, as Dr. Robertson imagined, neither "cataracts nor rapids," proved to be composed of little else; while, instead of having a "swift, but smooth and direct course," it was found to be the most winding river known; indeed, its course was so tortuous, that on the evening of the second day, the party found themselves but 12 miles in a direct line from the Lake of Tiberias. We may subjoin one or two instances of the difficulty and danger of navigating the river,—

"*April 11th.*—Started at 8.10 A.M. The current, at first, about two and a-half knots, but increasing as we descended, until at 8.20, we came to where the river, for more than 300 yards, was one foaming rapid. . . . The water was fortunately very deep to the first fall, where it precipitated itself over a ledge of rocks. The river becoming more shallow, we opened a channel by removing large stones; and as the current was now excessively rapid, we pulled well out into the stream, bows up, let go a grapnel, and eased each boat down in succession. Below us, were yet five successive falls,—about eighteen feet in all,—with rapids between; a perfect breakdown in the bed of the river," (p. 177.) "At 1.45, descended a cascade at an angle of 30°, at the rate of twelve knots, passing, immediately after, down a shoal rapid, where we struck, and hung for a few moments upon a rock," (p. 178.) "During this day, descended nine rapids, three of them terrific ones," (p. 184.)

The next day, even greater perils were encountered in shooting

THE RAPIDS OF BUKAH.

"At 10.15 A.M., cast off and shot down the first rapid, and stopped to examine more closely a desperate-looking cascade of eleven feet. In the middle of the channel was a shoot at an angle of about sixty degrees, with a bold, bluff, threatening rock at its foot, exactly in the passage. It would therefore be necessary to turn almost at a sharp angle in descending, to avoid being dashed to pieces. This rock was on the outer edge of the whirlpool, which, a caldron of foam, swept round and round in circling eddies. Yet below were two fierce rapids, each about 150 yards in length, with the points of black rocks peering above the white and agitated surface. Below them, again, within a mile, were two other rapids,—longer, but more shelving and less difficult.

"Fortunately, a large bush was growing upon the left bank, about five feet up, where the wash of the water from above had formed a kind of promontory. By swimming across some distance up the stream, one of the men had carried over the end of a rope, and made it fast around the roots of the bush. The great doubt was whether the hold of the roots would be sufficient to withstand the strain, but there was no alternative. In order not to risk the men, I employed some of the most vigorous Arabs in the camp to swim by the side of the boats, and guide them, if possible, clear of danger. Landing the men, therefore, and tracking the Fanny Mason up stream, we shot her across, and gathering in the slack of the rope, let her drop to the brink of the cascade, where she fairly trembled and bent in the fierce strength of the sweeping current. It was a moment of intense anxiety. The sailors had now clambered along the banks, and stood at intervals below, ready to assist us if thrown from the boat, and swept towards them. One man with me in the boat, stood by the line; a number of naked Arabs were upon the rocks, and in the foaming water, gesticulating wildly, their shouts mingling with the noise of the boisterous rapids, and their dusky forms contrasting strangely with the effervescing flood, and four on each side, in the water, were clinging to the boat, ready to guide her clear of the threatening rock if possible.

"The Fanny Mason, in the meanwhile, swayed from side to side of the mad torrent, like a frightened steed, straining the line which held her. Watching the moment when her bows were brought in the right direction, I gave the signal to let go the rope. There was a rush, a plunge, an upward leap, and the rock was cleared, the pool was passed, and,

half full of water, with breathless velocity, we were swept safely down the rapid. Such screaming, and shouting! the Arabs seemed to exult more than ourselves. It was in seeming only, they were glad: but we were grateful. Two of the Arabs lost their hold, and were carried far below us, but were rescued with a slight injury to one of them." (p. 189-90.)

The same afternoon at 4.55, they encountered another very steep and tumultuous rapid:—

"On hands and knees," writes Lieutenant Lynch, "I climbed an almost perpendicular hill to examine for a passage. The hill was about 300 feet high, and the view from the summit wild and peculiar. The high alluvial terraces on each side, are everywhere shaped by the action of the winter rains into a number of conical hills, some of them pyramidal and cuniform, presenting the appearance of a giant encampment, so perfectly tent-like were their shapes. This singular configuration extends southward as far as the eye can reach. At intervals, I caught a glimpse of the river in its graceful meanderings, sometimes glittering like a spear-head through an opening in the foliage of its banks, and again, clasping some little island with its shining arms, or, far away, snapping with the fierceness and white foam of a torrent by some projecting point.

"Fortunately, there were some bushes on the right bank, which determined me to attempt the descent. Bearing the boats as far down as we could hold them against the current, we fastened the end of a rope to a bush, and lowered them down to near its end; then sheering in shore, fastened the rope to another bush, lowered away, and dropped through one of the most frightful rapids we had yet encountered," (p. 192.)

Such scenes were of very frequent recurrence. Indeed, they are stated to have "plunged down twenty-seven threatening rapids, besides a great many of lesser magnitude."

But it is not merely for its cataracts and rapids that the Jordan is notable in a physical point of view. Lieutenant Lynch, in his official letter to the Secretary of the Navy, says, that "it is the most tortuous river known, its course being more devious than even that of the Mississippi." This is evident from the elaborate and accurate chart that accompanies his work, as well as from his descriptions of various parts of his progress:—

One day, "The course of the river varied from N.E. by N. and N.N.W. to S., —the true course, from the place of departure in the morning to the camp, being S.S.W." (p. 221.)

Another day, "The boats had little need of the oars to propel them, for the current carried us along at the rate of from four to six knots an hour; the river, from its eccentric course, scarcely permitting a correct sketch of its topography to be taken. It curved and twisted north, south, east, and west, turning, in the short space of half-an-hour, to every quarter of the compass,—seeming as if desirous to prolong its luxuriant meanderings in the calm and silent valley, and reluctant to pour its sweet and sacred waters into the accursed bosom of the bitter sea," (p. 211.)

And, once more,—

"The course of the river formed a never-ending series of serpentine curves, sometimes dashing along in rapids by the base of a mountain, sometimes flowing between low banks, generally lined with trees, and fragrant with blossoms. Some places presented views extremely picturesque, the rapid rushing of a torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging trees, and glimpses of the mountains far over the plain. Here and there a gurgling rivulet poured its tribute of pure water into the now discoloured Jordan. The river was falling rapidly, the banks showed a daily fall of about two feet, and frequently we saw sedge and drift wood lodged high up on the branches of overhanging trees—above the surface of the banks—which conclusively proves, that the Jordan, in its 'swellings' still overflows the lower plain, and drives the lion from his lair, as it did in the ancient time." (p. 217.)

The following is a pleasing description of the voyage, and of the character of the scenery:—

"For hours in their swift descent, the boats floated down in silence, the silence of the wilderness. Here and there were spots of solemn beauty. The numerous birds sung with a music strange and manifold: the willow branches were spread upon the stream like tresses, and creeping mosses and clambering weeds, with a multitude of white and silvery little flowers, looked out from among them;

and the cliff swallow wheeled over the falls, or went at his own wild will darting through the arched vistas, shadowed and shaped by the meeting foliage on the banks; and, above all, yet attuned to all, was the music of the river, gushing with a sound like that of shawms and cymbals.

"There was little variety in the scenery of the river to-day. The stream sometimes washed the bases of the sandy hills, and, at other times, meandered between low banks, generally fringed with trees, and fragrant with blossoms. Some points presented views exceedingly picturesque —the mad rushing of a mountain torrent, the song and sight of birds, the overhanging foliage and glimpses of the mountains far over the plain, and here and there a gurgling rivulet pouring its tribute of crystal water into the now muddy Jordan. The western shore was peculiar, from the high calcareous limestone hills, which form a barrier to the stream when swollen by the efflux of the sea of Galilee during the winter and early spring; while the left or eastern bank was low, and fringed with tamarisk and willow, and occasionally, a thicket of lofty cane, and tangled masses of shrubs and creeping plants, giving it the character of a jungle. At one place, we saw the fresh track of a tiger on the low clayey margin, where he had come to drink. At another time, as we passed his lair, a wild boar started with a savage grunt, and dashed into the thicket; but, for some moments, we traced his pathway by the shaking cane and the crashing sound of broken branches.

"The birds were numerous, and at times, when we issued from the shadow and silence of a narrow and verdure-tented part of the stream into an open bend, where the rapids rattled, and the light burst in, and the birds sang their wildwood song, it was, to use a simile of Mr. Bedlow, like a sudden transition from the cold, dull-lighted hall, where gentlemen hang their hats, into the white and golden saloon, where the music rings, and the dance goes on," (p. 212-13.)

Notwithstanding the difficulties and perils of the voyage, it was completed without a single serious accident; and in seven days, the expedition arrived at the place called the Pilgrim's Ford, a short distance from where the Jordan empties itself into the Dead Sea. The description of this lake our limits compel us to postpone till next number.

Baptism; its nature, efficacy, and improvement, by the Rev. Maxwell Nicholson, *Pencaitland.* Paton and Ritchie, 1849, *pp.* 36.

There is no ordinance, no doctrine of our holy religion, in regard to which more misapprehension and greater ignorance exist than the sacrament of Baptism. It is much to be feared, that among the parents who desire to have their children baptized, there are too many whose views of the ordinance are vague and confused, if not altogether erroneous, and who, before presenting their little ones to God at the baptismal font, forget to commune with their own hearts, and to ask the witness of the Spirit, that in so doing they are acting in a manner well-pleasing to the Lord. Such men seek to be permitted to present their children in baptism, because it is customary to do so, and partly, also, because they have a vague idea that the eternal welfare of their child depends on its having been baptized before its death. Among this class, it is singular to observe the mixture of superstition and carelessness with which this ordinance is regarded—a superstitious anxiety to have the ordinance administered, and an utter carelessness in regard to the vows which in it they take upon themselves. Many parents, in fact, seem to imagine that this sacrament is one with which they *personally* have no concern—at least we can draw no other conclusion from a circumstance which we have frequently observed, namely, that parents who feel and candidly acknowledge their unfitness to come forward to the Lord's Table, profess themselves perfectly willing to engage in the sacrament of baptism, and are disappointed and irritated when they are debarred from this privilege.

It is, no doubt, to his experience of the prevalence of these and such like imperfect views of this sacrament, that we are indebted to Mr. Nicholson for his able, earnest, and impressive treatise on baptism. Indeed he acknowledges this in his Prefatory Remarks, where he takes occasion to lament the low and carnal views so generally entertained of this ordinance, of which we have an evidence so fearful, as baptism being commonly spoken of as

the "naming of the child." Shewing then the sinfulness and the danger of such views, he goes on to speak of the nature of the ordinance, of its spirituality, of its sacredness, and of its preciousness to them that by faith receive it. Mr. Nicholson's work is eminently practical. The doctrinal part of the work is, it is true, sound, judicious, and able, and as full as the author's limits would admit of.* But it is to the improvement that we would seek especially to direct the attention of our readers. The searching appeals to the conscience contained in this part of the work, are eminently calculated to arrest the attention of the careless, while the exhortations to parents in regard to their duties and responsibilities are urged with an earnestness, yet tenderness, that cannot but prove beneficial to those who take up the work in a teachable frame of mind. On the whole, we do not know any treatise on this sacrament, in which so much is contained in the same compass; and we would therefore take this opportunity of commending it to clergymen for distribution in their parishes, as well as to Christian parents who have presented, or are about to present, their children to God in this holy sacrament. We are sure, that no one who reads this book with prayer for the blessing of the Spirit upon its perusal, will close it unbenefited.

We may also take this opportunity of commending to our readers another publication, understood to be, in part at least, the production of the same author.† It consists of a few family prayers, composed for the use of those who, desirous of setting up an altar to the Lord in their families, are deterred from so doing by a fear of inability to express themselves in prayer before their households. It is better, doubtless, that heads of families, in conducting family worship, should speak out of the fulness of their own hearts: but where, from any reason, there is an inability to do this, we have no hesitation in recommending, for a time, the use of some compilation of prayers. That before us we can recommend for its deep-toned earnestness and piety, as well as for its great simplicity and suitableness to the ordinary circumstances of families.

The Christian Life, a Manual of Sacred Verse, by Robert Montgomery, M.A., Oxon. A. Hall, London.

When we think how often poetry has been made the medium for deifying vice, we most specially rejoice, when "Numbers," of any merit, are dedicated to the cause of religion and virtue.

In this respect we willingly do homage to the lofty aim of Mr. Montgomery. His talents he has always sought to use for the glory of his Master, and laid them, as a faithful steward, at the foot of the Cross.

Mr. Montgomery, in the present volume, has cast some valuable mites into the Christian treasury. We recognize, moreover, in this latest production, many of the loppings desiderated in some of his earlier works. He is coming to feel that redundancy of epithet diminishes, rather than aids grandeur of sentiment. In "The Christian Life," he has been less ambitious, and therefore more perspicuous and successful.

We have never been inclined to assign to Mr. Montgomery the lofty *niche* his more partial reviewers would claim for him. Indeed, we have not unfrequently expressed our astonishment at the rapid succession of editions of his works, while others of equal merit have danced their little hour on the surface of English intellect, and then been consigned to an inglorious destiny of dust and darkness in the publisher's back shop. We do not grudge, however, Mr. Montgomery his popularity, either as a poet or a preacher. He is useful in London as both. His poetry is leavening the masses, and his preaching, we hope, saving souls. Such a man, at present, is greatly to be hailed and en-

* A full and able doctrinal treatise on Baptism, is a great desideratum, which none of those published of late years supply. By far the best we have seen, is that by Mr. Warden, who was minister of Gargunnock, about a century ago. As it has become somewhat scarce, we are surprised that it has not been reprinted. It well deserves it.

† Short Family Prayers, intended as a Guide to Domestic Worship. Paton and Ritchie, 74 p.

couraged, amid the unknown iniquity of the metropolis. With all our Presbyterian leanings, we earnestly bid him God speed, and trust he will see it his duty, amid the present paucity of powerful preachers in the capital, to "stir up the gift which is in him," and feel the awful responsibility laid on him in these "latter times," of consecrating his talents and influence more assiduously than ever to the service of his Heavenly Master.

But we are beginning to speak more of Mr. Montgomery than of his book. We shall follow the unbiassed plan of letting the book speak for itself.

The following are selected as favourable specimens. There is much real beauty of sentiment and feeling in what we subjoin from

THE WEEPING CHRIST.

There is a mute but mighty voice in tears,—
Words of the eyes, that passionately weep
A liquid eloquence, which pity hears
Gush from the heart's unfathomable deep.
Whether soft tear-drops, like a starry dew,
Bedim the eyeballs of some beauteous child,
Till the soul glistens through their heaven of blue,
Mournfully bright, or exquisitely wild;
Or, drawn from depths where burning silence glows,
From passion-fountains, or from feeling soul,
E'en like a heart-rain, oft her grief o'erflows,
And down pale woman's cheek the rich tears roll;
Or, if in shaded walk, or crowded street,
Some iron visage, where cold harshness dwells,
Melted and mild, in tears we chance to meet,
How are we touch'd by all that contrast tells!
Yet painting, poetry, nor pathos can
Touch the pure mind with such majestic pain,
As when from eyelids of the Son of Man
Roll'd human tears, untinged by human stain!

The following is a piece of strong and vivid colouring from Hagar and Ishmael, entitled,

GOD'S FOUNTAIN IN THE DESERT SPRINGS.

Under the lidless eye of heaven,
Breathless and bright as noon can be,
Mother and child,—behold them driven
O'er the hot wild in agony!
While each heart throbs that dreadful prayer,
"Relieve me, Death! from black despair!"

. . . . .

Oh! for the music of one breeze,
To warble through the windless air!
Or, cooling breath from some chance trees
To mitigate the savage glare,
Which reddens like a furnace glow
O'er sky, and herbless soil below.

But still untam'd, the eastern moon
Burns round them in a breezeless trance
And, yellower than the harvest moon,
The wither'd heath that meets their glance;
Above, below, where'er they gaze,
'Tis cruel heat, and cloudless blaze!

. . . . .

You haggard mother lifts her eyes,
Around the scene they wildly roll.
And who can hear the choking sighs
That heave from out her riven soul,
And not believe, intenser pain
Could never cleave a heart in twain!

Foodless and fainting lays her child,
Its bleeding feet can hardly stand,
Yet, fired with thirst, along the wild
She guides it with a fev'rish hand;
The water spent, along her frame
The shudd'rings of deep horror came!

In vain her blood-shot eyes survey'd
The arid heath and desert bare,
To see if one lone streamlet stray'd
In flow of mercy ling'ring there;
But neither gushing well, nor brook
Replied to her despairing look.

. . . . .

Fainter and fainter moves each limb,
The parched mouth can no more speak;
And when thy tears descend on him,
They burn upon his sunken cheek;
The swoon of death now coming fast,
The child beneath you shrub is cast.

. . . . .

But God is nigh, oh! mother sad;
Behold a mission'd angel's wings
Arch their high glory o'er the lad,
And, thus the mercy that he brings,—
"Hagar, arise, God hears thy prayer,
Go, drink the well that warbles there!"

. . . . .

And, have we not a Living Well
Of consolations deep as pure?
Nor are its waves invisible,
If love and faith our hearts assure;
Since Christ is our Celestial Spring,
Whom prayer to earth can ever bring.

. . . . .

Thou Light of Reason! Lord of Grace,
Heaven's Paraclete, by Christ obtain'd,
Descend, and from our souls displace
Whatever throne the world hath gain'd;
Our eyes unseal, and let them see
An everlasting well in Thee!

The following four verses are simple and tender, from

THE HOMELESS ONE.

The fox his cave, the bird his nest,
But where His glorious head to rest
My Saviour had not! doom'd to roam
From earth to heaven without a home.

Oh, miracle! that dazzles thought,
With all the wealth of Godhead fraught,
That He, who died the world to save,
Was buried in a borrow'd grave!

. . . . .

Then, think of Him! and back recal
The Homeless, who was Lord of all;
A God, with angels round His throne,
Too poor to call the grave His own!

Pillow in prayer thine aching breast
On Him who had not where to rest
His head on earth; but who in heaven
Can feel thy heart, and cry, Forgiven!

Our space will not admit of more quotations. We leave Mr. Montgomery, thankful for the perusal of his volume, and giving our tribute of praise for the philanthropic cause which has summoned to its service his willing pen. The Consumptive Hospital at Brompton, of which he gives us a frontispiece engraving, is one of the noblest institutions of the metropolis. We have gazed with pleasure on its parti-coloured architecture, a sort of living type of Mr. Montgomery's volume, showy, attractive, but much, too, with which a severe taste would feel inclined to quarrel; and, like its prototype, in many of its parts "not finished." In both cases, however, the object aimed at is lofty, Christian, philanthropic, and, to the wounded spirit, full of messengers and messages of consolation and mercy.

HOME EDUCATION.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—PROV. xxii. 6.

PART IV.

THE question regarding Home Education which I proposed to consider in my last article upon this subject, was,—"How should a child be trained up?" To this question the reply was then given in general terms,—viz., "by *precept, example, prayer,* and with *firmness, affection, watchfulness,* and *perseverance*;" and the nature and importance of that instruction and example which should be afforded by a Christian parent, have been also, at some length, dwelt upon. But the other means specified above, by which the grand end of Home Education, that of training "up a child in the way he should go," can alone be attained, have yet to be explained, and enforced upon the earnest attention of Christian parents. I notice, therefore, that precept and example must be accompanied by—

3. *Prayer.*—And here I must press it upon the solemn consideration of parents, that this, as well as every other duty, must proceed from a *renewed heart.* It is in vain to exhort a parent who knows not, and loves not God,—who is himself a disobedient child, and at enmity to his Father in heaven,—to labour for the salvation of the souls of his children, either by precept, example, or prayer. How can he have heart to instruct them in the truth, which he does not himself really understand, or really love? How can he set before them a Christian example, if he is not himself a Christian? How can he pray *with* them or *for* them, if he has no faith in Christ, nor confidence in God, nor the Spirit of adoption,—if, in short, he possesses not that new mind of which all prayer is but the expression? It avails little to give good rules to dead parents, in order to make them act like living ones! But if living parents would maintain the Spirit of life in their souls, and be blessed themselves, and so be made a blessing to their babes, they must maintain the habit of prayer.

The *indirect* influence of such devotion upon Home Education is immense. The prayer "without ceasing," is the life of that holy influence without ceasing, which is unconsciously exercised, in mind, look, and action, and which *tells* upon the family, like the gladdening and quickening light and heat of the sun upon the green earth. From personal intercourse with God, is it alone possible to sustain the sublime position I have already hinted at, that of being God's representative in the household. To be in any degree "like God," or "renewed after His image," requires, indeed, omnipotent grace. But this *is* sufficient for us; and to be this, in a greater and daily increasing degree, requires only the same grace which is daily obtained through daily prayer at a throne of grace, and a daily partaking of that fulness which is in Christ Jesus for every needy and believing soul.

But not only is this sanctity of character maintained by prayer, and with it, all those graces of patience, meekness, fortitude, perseverence, self-denial, love, &c., which play such a part in the work of *Home Education*; but there is also *obtained from God, that* "wisdom from above," which he who guides a family so much requires, amidst the trials, temptations, and duties of every-day life, and more especially in those critical periods which occur in a family's history, when the advice given, or the decision come to, or even the temper and disposition manifested by the parent, may involve the good and happiness of a beloved child, not for time only, but also for eternity! Oh! the blessedness of knowing God in such seasons, as One who will surely guide us by His counsel, and instruct us in the way we should go!

[illegible] parents should pray *for* their children; they should, in their own private and solitary devotions, mention them *by name* to God, confessing to Him that sinfulness, and those sins in them which are so much bound up in the sinfulness and sins of the parent,—spreading before God all their cares and anxieties regarding them, and *leaving* these at the footstool of His throne of grace; asking also from God such things as they need for body and soul; and, in one word, as regards their children, "being careful for nothing, but *in everything* making their requests known by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving; and then the peace of God which passeth understanding, will keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

And how many encouragements have parents, both from the promises and examples contained in the Word of God, for praying in faith and hope! The very name "Father," with which, in "the spirit of adoption," they are privileged to address God, carries with it an argument for believing prayer to every parent's heart, and contains in it the promise of every needful blessing. From their own feelings of affection and concern for their children—from their conscious delight in sharing with them whatever good they themselves possess, and can possibly impart—from their joy in recognizing in them that confidence which prompts them to trust a parent's love and good will, before every other upon earth,—from all this, God would have parents learn the love of Him, the Father, towards themselves, His children. Our Lord, indeed, makes a direct appeal to parental affection, in order to strengthen confidence towards God in prayer, when He asks: "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask fish, will he give him a serpent?" There is no such man! "If, then, ye *being evil* know how to give good gifts to *your* children, *how much more* shall your *Father which is in heaven*, give good things to them who ask Him!" Oh! beautiful argument addressed to the affections, which the loving can feel, when the wise are puzzled to understand!

Most strengthening, also, to a parent's faith, are those instances recorded in the New Testament, of parents interceding with Christ for their children, and never doing so in vain: such as the afflicted Jairus, who besought Him for "an only daughter, twelve years old, who lay a-dying;" and the woman of Canaan, who pled with Him for her "daughter grievously vexed with a devil," and the afflicted father, who in anguish cried, "I beseech Thee, look upon my son, for he is mine only child." In all these cases, our Lord heard and answered the parent's prayer. Nay, when even the disciples would keep back those mothers who brought their babes to Him for a blessing, He who, as the Good Shepherd, "carries the lambs in His bosom," gladly received the infants "into His arms, and blessed them." How comforting to parents are such instances of a Saviour's sympathy with a parent's love and care!—a sympathy which often anticipated prayer, and was promptly shewn when all hope had perished, giving exceeding abundantly above all the needy could ask or think,—as when He raised the widow's son at the gate of Nain, and "delivered him to his mother." That Saviour is unchanged; He is the same now as then. By His life on earth we are enabled to know "the *Ever* Living!" Though He may not work miracles now in behalf of children which the fleshly eye can discover, He can, before the eye of faith, which has "watched unto prayer with all perseverance," do "greater works than these, that we may marvel." He can enlighten the blind mind; and cast out the unclean devil from the defiled soul; and heal the sick and wounded spirit,—yea, give life from the very dead; and restore a child to its mother, when, in almost despair, she looks for nothing but that moral and total corruption which makes her exclaim, "Trouble not the Master!" But let parents "only believe," and *bring their children to Christ Himself*, assured that He Himself is as really present now as then, to seek and save the lost sheep, and to carry the lambs in His bosom! Let parents deeply feel, that without His gracious aid and blessing,

"The Spirit of Life which is in Christ Jesus" can alone make the teaching or example of the parents *effectual* for saving the child; and He alone can produce that character which is *good*, only in so far as it is the result of His gracious transforming and sanctifying power. It would be a vain task for parents to attempt to train up their children to be obedient, self-sacrificing, truthful, reverential,—to be, in one word, *like Jesus Christ*, without the constant aid of Him whose very work it is to renew us in the spirit of our minds, and to make us "conformable" to that "image" of God. But with the promise "to them who ask Him," of that Holy Spirit to convince, enlighten, renew, sanctify, strengthen.—with what hope and joy may not parents labour in the work of Home Education—for they are only fellow-workers with God!

Prayer has one advantage which is not possessed by any of those other means of Home Education which I have specified: it is powerful in absence!—where precept may not reach, and where example cannot be afforded. In the silent hours of night, when all the house is lying still, and every babe is wrapped in unconscious repose, parents may lift their hearts to Him who slumbereth not nor sleepeth, in behalf of their beloved offspring,—the very silence around them sending their thoughts to the family resting-place in the old churchyard, and to the family resurrection on the last morning, and prompting the earnest prayer that the rest may be a sleeping *together* in Jesus, and the waking, a living *together* with Him! But the children may leave the parental roof. The fireside group may be scattered to distant shores. One may be a soldier, fighting amidst the din of battle; another a sailor boy, voyaging over the boisterous deep; another may be an emigrant, labouring in a distant colony; or a merchant, buying and selling amidst the temptations of a great city:—but wherever they are,—whatever dangers may surround them, or temptations assail where a present help! Not until the revelation of *the great day will children or parents be able to discover the connection which God established between the* blessings received by the one, and the prayers offered up by the other! That sudden gleam of light which, in a distant land, broke in, he knows not how, upon the young man's soul, amidst the gathering darkness of evil passion or unbelief; those gracious visitings to his parched heart, refreshing and quickening as morning dew; this deliverance from danger or sore temptation; that singular providence which has so affected his life; those pious acquaintanceships, formed apparently by accident, but which have so much helped to bring him to God, and keep him in the path of righteousness; these unnumbered comforts of sanctified affliction which soothed, even amidst strangers, his bed of suffering.—Oh! who will deny that many such blessings may be sent to the absent child from a gracious God, in answer to the prayers poured forth by His aged servants in their deserted home! A true prayer never dies. It lives before God when the mortal lips which gave it utterance are silent in the grave.

But I notice, lastly, that parents should pray *with*, as well as *for*, their children, in order to train them up in the way they should go. There are occasions when many Christian parents make it a rule to bring their child alone with themselves into the presence of God; as, for instance, when a serious admonition has been given, or a grave offence committed, or chastisement administered, or the child is about to enter into some new circumstances, involving new temptations, duties, and trials,—at such times, it must indeed impress his heart to kneel beside a parent at a throne of grace; to hear, from a parent's lips, his sins confessed, his conduct exposed, and his whole wants and circumstances spread out before God. How calculated is this to make him feel his personal responsibility to *God*, and not to his parent only—to make him sympathize with a parent's difficulties and

anxieties—to make him realize the vast importance of his words and actions—and to make him recognize God as a *living* God, who is ever present, seeing the evil and the good, and ready to visit iniquity with stripes, and to grant mercy to pardon, and grace to help in the time of need!

But parents should pray with their children in *united family* prayer. This is the main support of family religion. In this exercise, more than in any other, the piety and simplicity of patriarchal times survive, when the parent, as the priest, offers up, amidst his children and domestics, the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise. Then, if ever, is there impressed upon the hearts of parents and children, masters and servants, a sense of common responsibility to God for the discharge of their relative duties; then are those mercies acknowledged which the family enjoy—those things asked which the family require—those sins confessed of which the family are guilty—and that outpouring of the Spirit of holiness and love obtained, in the possession of which the family of earth becomes one with the family in heaven. I would earnestly urge upon all parents the immense importance of family prayer. The members of a working man's family especially, have seldom a place in his small house where they can retire for private devotion. If an opportunity is not afforded by family prayer for reading the Bible, and kneeling at a throne of grace, the temptation to neglect such exercises is so great, that few have the principle and fortitude to resist it. I can here do little more than touch upon this duty; yet let me ask, why is it so much neglected? Why is this family link so often wantonly broken? Is it from want of time? Surely one half hour—one quarter even—in the twenty-four, may be snatched from the time required to labour for the body, in order to "labour together in prayer" for the soul. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "Labour not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting." "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." Is it from want of ability to pray? Often are such excuses heard as:—"We have not the gift;" "we could not find words." Yet those who make such excuses, seldom lose any earthly benefit from want of words wherewith to ask it. How accurately do men remember things in which they feel interested!—how full of words are they, when arguing or pleading for fortune or life, or anything which they esteem a great good! There is not an old woman in the country, who will not narrate the most intricate story about a legacy she expects, or who will not tell that story well before a crowded court, if she hopes, by so doing, to gain her case! And so would it be in prayer to God, if people had as much heart in seeking spiritual, as in seeking temporal things. "Blessed are they who *hunger and thirst* after righteousness, for *they* shall be filled." "Thou hast filled the *needy* with good things, but the rich thou hast sent empty away." Remember it is neither long prayers, far less "learned" prayers, the Lord desires. Prayer is the language of the heart; faith, earnestness, and sincerity, are its grand essentials. Peter offered up a prayer having only three words,—"Lord, save me!" It was sufficient. Be only as sincere as he was, and you will find it very difficult, were it even necessary, to be as short. Tell God the mercies you have received from Him for your body and soul—for yourself and family; and when you cannot remember another mercy, pass to your sins, and spread them out as they come to your mind; and when you have confessed all, make your requests known to Him, asking such things as you and your family really stand in need of for time and for eternity. And if you attempt anything like this, casting yourselves upon Himself for the promised aid of His Spirit to help your infirmities, I think you will find, that you have more to say at a throne of grace than you were aware of. But should you still be afraid to express yourself in words before the family, and if you really wish to do your duty, you may begin by reading a portion of the Word of God, or making your children do so;

then kneel down and repeat the Lord's Prayer, or read any other suited to a family.*

Even when a parent cannot read, and has not got over the difficulty of expressing himself in prayer, I would recommend, that after kneeling down, solemn silence should be maintained for a few minutes, until each person has had an opportunity of praying; and that the Lord's Prayer should then be repeated aloud by the head of the house, as a conclusion to the devotions. I am persuaded, that unless some arrangement like this is adopted, prayer will be entirely banished from the family. And where is the working man who cannot do this, if he is in earnest, and resolves, like Joshua, that he and his house should serve the Lord?

But in this, as in every other incumbent duty, the proverb holds true, "Where there is a will, there is a way." Any man who *wishes* to worship God in his family, will soon find means of doing so. I have known family-worship kept up by the widow of a working man, and by the eldest son when only 14 years of age. But most of those who urge one excuse after another for their neglect of secret or family prayer, really *dislike* the duty. They are indifferent to God, and still at enmity to Him. Their daily walk before their family is inconsistent with such a profession of religion; and so they rather give up religion itself, and its means, than give up their sins. They prefer being consistently bad, than being consistently good; or they are "ashamed of Christ;" and so He will be ashamed of them. Parents! if you would banish Satan from your households, and with him all the train of sins which bring misery and desolation into many a home, and which convert into a wilderness with wild beasts, what might be a family paradise, where every human affection bloomed in beauty, grew in grace, and brought forth fruit to God's glory—seek the constant presence of Jesus Christ! —covet, above all earthly honour and renown, that your family should be like that one of old in Bethany, which "Jesus loved." "*His* presence will be your true prosperity at all times, making your daily mercies true mercies, and your seasons of bereavement, seasons of richest blessing, and deepest peace. Jesus will be your living bond of union in life, the rod and staff of each, as you successively journey through the valley of death; He will preserve your dust when sleeping together in the churchyard, and be your common life and joy as a family for ever!

But I must pass from this interesting topic, and briefly explain the last part of my subject, or the necessity of this great work of Home Education by precept, example, and prayer, being conducted with *firmness, affection, watchfulness,* and *perseverance*.

1. With *firmness*.—Self-will accompanied not unfrequently by stubbornness and obstinacy, I have already noticed as a characteristic of the fallen race of Adam from their earliest years. This must be met by firmness upon the part of the parent. He owes it to himself, to his child—to God for whom he acts, to be *firm* with his family in keeping his promises, and in carrying out all his lawful and righteous purposes. Let a parent be *very careful* what promises he makes to encourage his children; what threats he holds out to warn them; or what commands he gives them to obey. let him take heed lest he rashly acts, or speaks unadvisedly with his lips. He is dealing with an immortal soul; immense interests are at stake, and he is responsible to God. But if he has, to the best of his judgment, adopted a certain course of procedure towards his child, *that must, at all hazards, be carried out.* The parent's will *must* be supreme. To be subject to his child, to yield in the slightest degree to his wilfulness, however expressed—whether by little cunning acts of outward kindness and flattery, or by violent fits of passion persevered in, almost to the danger of the child's health—is wickedness and rebellion against God. To give way to the will of the child, if the will of the parent is *right*, is a crime, a cruelty; and its evil consequences can hardly be

* A few excellent Family Prayers, printed in a very cheap form, have been lately published by Messrs. Paton and Ritchie, Edinburgh.

exaggerated. Let a child once understand that a parent's word is *unalterable* by anything it can do or say, and every *attempt* to alter it, will soon be given up. On the other hand, let a child gain the battle once, and he is, probably, a conqueror for life, and becomes a despot, who will rule father and mother with the rod of authority, which should have ruled himself. Oh! what cruel parents are those who are so fond, forsooth, of their children, as always to comply with their wishes! and sorely, yet righteously have such parents been punished in after years.

I know that corporal punishment is banished from many systems of modern education, as a remnant of a barbarous age. It is quite true that it is not unfrequently made a short substitute for those more laborious means of godly upbringing which I have been considering. It is easier far to punish a poor child daily for bad habits, than to train him up daily to good ones; and, not unfrequently, such punishment is deserved more by the undutiful parents, than by the undutiful children. But without overlooking the *abuse* of corporal punishment, we should also remember its *use*. "What son is he whom his father chasteneth not?" asks the Apostle: and he recognizes the lawfulness and value of discipline more severe than the "reasoning" and "advising," which many think sufficient to wean a child from his folly, when he says,—"We have fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence!" and when he adds, "shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of our spirits, and live?"—the principle on which chastisement should be administered is indirectly pointed out. The chastisement of his child by the earthly parent, should be like that chastisement inflicted by our Father in Heaven upon "every son whom He receiveth." This is indeed "a strange work," "not joyous but grievous;" yet a work of love in its deepest working, when the object of love will be made to "endure chastening" "for his profit," because the loving Father will not endure in him any sin, when "a son" will be made a partaker of suffering, that he should thereby be "a partaker of holiness." It is thus that the parent, even in punishing his child, should prepare his mind to receive the teaching of God in after life, when *He* is pleased to instruct by chastisement. Hear, in conclusion, what one, who was not only of the wisest of men, but also inspired by the Spirit of God, says upon this very point,—"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." "Withhold not correction from the child; for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die." "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." To do all this *firmness* is necessary.

2. *Affection.*—This is the sheet-anchor of education. Love is God's grand argument, so to speak, in educating His family for Himself. Love to Him is all and all; the sum of obedience, the source of joy. His love to us is the fountain of that light which is reflected back from our hearts to Him again. Here, too, the parent should be God's image in the family! His power, influence, authority, must be *loving*. Chastisement may be absolutely necessary to establish authority and banish rebellion; but love is equally necessary to maintain authority, and to prevent rebellion. Love is, therefore, not inconsistent with the firmness that will govern and even chastise. It is rather inseparable from it. For love is not parental instinct, such as the lower animals manifest to their offspring. To be like the love of God, it must be in harmony with holiness, truth, and justice. When it is, what may be termed, an unprincipled affection, it will be manifested in every way most hurtful to the best interests of the family—by an easy self-indulgence, and a yielding to their wishes, whether right or wrong, reasonable or unreasonable—by partiality and favouritism, from mere whim or caprice, displayed to one or more members of the family, giving rise to jealousies and evils which may last for life. Such a temper as this is not love, it is cruelty. The real *good* of, and real *love* to, the child, must never be

separated; and cannot indeed be so. True love, and a parent's more than any other, "suffereth long and is kind, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;" but it also "seeketh not its own, and rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." It is difficult to say which is the greater defect in a parent,—strictness and firmness in his family, without feeling and affection; or feeling and affection, without strictness and firmness. Under the one bad system the children are apt to become slaves; under the other, tyrants. But I believe it is chiefly owing to the absence of love as an essential element in Home Education, that the children of many good men have turned out ill. There were in their families rules without number, and inflexible firmness was manifested in carrying them out; the parent maintained a stern distance from his children; his words were generally threats or commands; punishment never failed to follow transgression; he was "a very strict man," and "not to be trifled with!" But there was all the while wanting that tenderness and attractiveness of love which kindles a corresponding emotion in the child's bosom, and moved it to willing and cordial obedience, bringing not its outward acts only, but inward spirit also into harmony with what is good. The bow of obedience was bent by the external force of authority merely; do we wonder that when the force which bent it was removed, it should spring back violently in an opposite direction? Are we astonished that a child—terrified for his father's frown, and never gladdened by a father's love; when freed from all the outward restraint to which he was alone accustomed; and destitute of *internal* principle, which was never cultivated in him, and to yield to which he was never trained, should break loose in wild and reckless dissipation, and like a stream which has burst the barriers that pent it up, rush along an impetuous and desolating torrent? Parents! be firm with your children, and govern them, if needs be, by outward restraint,—for let not the Lord be angry with you as He was with Eli, whose "sons were vile, and he *restrained* them not;" but *love* them, and gain their hearts, if you would bind them to yourselves and to God, by stronger cords than mere authority, even by the "chains of love, and by the bands of affection." "Provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged, but bring them up in the *nurture* and admonition of the Lord."

3. *Watchfulness.*—This is required to know the character of the child, its peculiar tendencies, difficulties, and temptations, so as to train it up wisely. A timid gentle child requires a different treatment from a bold impetuous one;—the open and candid, from the shut up and cunning; altered circumstances, such as going from country to town, or from the nursery to school; the choice of companions; increasing years, and with them new duties, new trials, new temptations;—these, and such like changes, require watchfulness on the parent's part, so as to know and to meet the child's varied necessities. Watchfulness, though unperceived by the child, is necessary for the detection of evil habits, in their first beginnings, when they are more easily checked; and for the perception of that growth in grace, for which the parent labours and prays; and which, when perceived, will be at once a reward for the past, and a blessed encouragement to persevere for the future. But this leads me briefly to remark, *lastly*, that, in order to labour in this work of Home Education with any hope of ultimate success, there must be—

4. *Perseverance.*—Parents, more than any upon earth, engaged in the prosecution of arduous enterprises, should adopt as their motto, "*Never despair.*" Be not discouraged by slow progress, or by oft-repeated failures. Do not lose faith, and, in despondency, say, like the aged Patriarch, "All these things are against me;" nor ever cease to obey your Father in Heaven, who bids you do what is right, because your children have ceased to obey their Father on earth, and are doing what is wrong. Results are with God—duty with you. In no circumstances whatever are you entitled to hand

over a child to Satan, saying, "I can do no more; he is incorrigible—lost!" As long as he is under the parental roof, you *must*, to the best of your ability, train him up; and, when he leaves your roof, you must still follow him, if possible, with your advices, and certainly with your prayers. Here, again, should a parent, as far as possible, deal towards his children as God deals towards himself; and how long-suffering and patient has the Lord been! Has He not borne with manifold shortcomings, provocations, and rebellions; yearning over us with a depth of compassion of which a mother's enduring love is but a faint shadow, crying, "How shall I give thee up, Israel?"—ever wishing us to "return," and promising, if we do so, to "receive us graciously, and love us freely," and "heal all our backslidings!" And thus, parents, must you in "patience possess your souls," and labour on with long-suffering and compassion; trusting God; seeking to save your children's souls; to "pluck them as brands from the burning," or to "stablish, strengthen, and settle them," and "build them up in their most holy faith." Continue stedfastly, as they grow up in years, to train them up to Godliness, by precept and example, "*praying always* with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all *perseverance*;" and be assured that "your labour shall not be vain in the Lord;" that if you are "not weary in well-doing,"—that if "in the morning you sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand," then surely "*in due season* you will reap if you faint not." For the Lord has said, "train up a child in the way he should go, *and when he is old he will not depart from it*!" I cannot enter upon the consideration of this great encouragement added to the precept. I may do so in the next, or in some future number of this Magazine. In the meantime, I must conclude my remarks upon this all-important topic of Home Education. It is my earnest prayer, that what has been said upon it, however hurriedly written and imperfectly expressed, may nevertheless prove, in some measure, a help to Christian parents, while engaged in this solemn and arduous work,—a work, however, which more perhaps than any other, is fruitful in rich blessings and enduring rewards. It will be a source of unfeigned thankfulness to be assured that *any* good has been accomplished by these brief hints upon so great a subject.

In conclusion, let me beg of you to weigh with kindness, candour, and earnestness, what has been already said; and view it in the light of God's word, and your personal responsibility. Shrink not in fear from contemplating your duties, however difficult they may at first appear. All our duties are one with our good and joy. God, who imposes them, freely gives grace sufficient for their performance, and bestows an unspeakable present reward with the doing of them. In all right labours, we are only fellow-workers with God. He, your Father and your children's Father, is with you. He has an interest in their well-doing and well-being, infinitely more than you can have. Do what is right, then, in earnest; and trust God in peace! *But let there be no delay.* "What thy hand findeth to do, do it quickly." While you are idle, Satan is busy. While you despise the day of small things, *he* does not; for he knows its value. While you are sleeping, the enemy is sowing tares. While you are not training your children to good habits, he is training them to bad ones. While you are *thinking* about the difficulties of "training them up in the way they should go," and putting off, from day to day, the important and delightful work, your children are walking in the way they should *not* go! And what if, in the meantime, they are taken away from you, or you from them! Let not their deathbeds, or yours, be a scene of bitter memories! One thing, indeed, is absolutely necessary for you to possess, in order to a right performance of this duty,—viz., *that you believe in Christ, and give your hearts to your own Father in Heaven!* But this right state of spirit towards God—this *first* giving ourselves to God—is essential, not for the discharge of this duty only, but of all duties whatever. Without love to God, faith in Christ, and the presence of the Spirit, we can

do nothing right; for we ourselves are wrong. Let your prayers ascend to God for that Spirit of Life which you require to quicken and strengthen you, and enable you, by precept, example, prayer, and with firmness, affection, watchfulness, and perseverance, to "train up your children in the way they should go; and when they are old they will not depart from it!"

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Consider what a religious education in the wide sense of the word is;—it is no other than a training of children to life eternal; no other than the making them know and love God, know and abhor evil; no other than the fashioning all the parts from nature, for the very ends which God designed for them; the teaching our understandings to know the highest truth, the teaching our affections to love the highest good.—*Arnold.*

SIN.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin;
Afflictions sorted; anguish of all sizes;
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open; millions of surprises;
Blessings before hand, ties of gratefulness;
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace; eternal hopes and fears;
Yet all these fences, and their whole array,
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away!

George Herbert.

HOW DO YOU INTEND TO "TAKE IN THE NEW YEAR?"

This may perhaps meet the eye of some one who intends, "as usual," to end one year and begin another with drunken revelry. We believe that, as respects such customs, there is a great and decided improvement among all classes; yet it is notorious, that thousands of our people who are habitually sober, join the ranks of the profligate and dissipated at the season of the New Year. And from the excuses that are made for such conduct, and the judgments which are passed upon it by even professing Christians, one would think that God's laws were suspended upon "New Year's Day;" that for one day, at least, men were permitted, with impunity, to have their "hearts overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness," and to "waste their substance in riotous living;" that for one day Satan was "loosed a little season" upon earth, and that people were indulged with the privilege of "following the beast!" And what is said of many such followers? "Oh! he is a very respectable tradesman, —a good man,—a sober man too. He forgets himself, to be sure, about the New Year; but he cannot be much blamed for that; it is the custom you know. People are so happy!" These are some of the ignorant and wicked comments which are made by those who should know better, upon the excesses too commonly connected, alas! with the New Year; whereas, if men would only reflect, they would perceive, that at no season of the year is intoxication (though at all times sinful and vile) so peculiarly base and wicked as at that period, when we end one year and begin another, and which is so solemnizing to every thoughtful mind. The last day of this year will end to each man a history peculiar to himself,—and, *himself*, more interesting than the history of Europe! To some it will be as the happy close of a sunny day: to others, as the midnight hour of a day of gloom followed by the shadows of a dark and stormy evening. One man may enter upon another year with glad hope, as if it were the opening gate of Paradise; another, with tottering step, and groping hand, as if it were the entrance of the valley and shadow of death. But however strong the feelings may be which the past may move up, or the future kindles, can we conceive a more degraded way of expressing them than by drunkenness? Conceive only the drunkard resolving thus to shew his sense of what he has received during the past, or thus to prepare himself to meet the future. We will picture him to ourselves, soliloquizing somewhat in the following manner:—"The year is now

come to an end! I have been a very lucky, a very happy man, during the last year. Let me see if I can recal the mercies shewn to myself and family. Mercies? I cannot number them!—they have been new every morning and evening. Every hour of the 24 of each of the 365 days that are gone, have been full of mercies. I can recal peculiar mercies too,—such as, deliverance of myself, or some near and dear to me, from danger, sickness, death—and the obtaining of other special blessings;—and all this year, mercies have been added to those of the many years which are gone! Reviewing those mercies, I shall—get drunk! and thus shall I banish from my memory every thought of God who has given me all; and by doing what He hates, I shall testify that I love Him not, and feel no gratitude towards Him!" Or shall we suppose this man not only reviewing the past and present, but contemplating the future? Conceive him, then, saying, "I know not what awaits me! This coming year may be to me, or to my family, a year of poverty, sickness, or death! What trials or temptations may come to me! This year I may meet my Saviour! But whatever comes, I shall enter upon the future, and prepare for its coming events, by—getting drunk!" We do not say, that any one of our readers would be so daringly impious as to express himself in such *words* as these; but what else do men *practically* declare, when they *act* as we have supposed them to do? It is no valid excuse to say, "Oh! we never intended to shew either our ingratitude to God for the past, or our indifference to His providence for the future. It was mere thoughtlessness and an evil custom. We forgot ourselves!" True; but how could you "forget God?" Do you not perceive the wickedness involved in *not* remembering and praising Him from whom all your mercies come,—in not casting your care on Him who careth for you? In thus forgetting God, you indeed forget yourselves; for he who "forsakes God, forsakes his own mercy." Read Deut. iv. 10-15; Psalm ix. 17; Hosea xiii. 6; Psalm l. 22; cxii. 1-5.

But, perhaps, you hate to think of the past, and fear to anticipate the future; and that as both force themselves upon your mind at this season, you are glad, even by dissipation, to banish the unhappy thoughts to which they give rise. But is the past blotted out from "God's book of remembrance," when obliterated for a time from your memory by the stupefaction of strong drink, or the noise of ungodly revelry? Would it not be wiser in you, and bring surer peace to your soul, to look steadily at the past, though it should appear to memory as accursed ground, haunted by the hideous spectres of wicked days and nights; and, in deep penitence, beg a merciful God to wipe it out with the blood of Christ shed "for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God?" And as to the future, how can you—how dare you—fly from Him who alone can guide you—protect you—help you—keep you from evil; and without whose grace to help, time, in spite of all its mercies, will prove a preparation for an eternity of woe? Whatever you do, then, *forget not God!* but meet Him through a Redeemer, and be at peace!

We do not, however, intend, at present, to particularize those exercises suitable to a new year; but to lift up a warning voice against a common sin, and reckless state of mind, which convert a season which, in the case of every professing Christian, should be fruitful to God in prayers and thanksgivings, into a season which, in the case of thousands, is fruitful to Satan in base ingratitude, and heartless dissipation, and reckless folly.

Let it not be supposed that we are enemies to those domestic enjoyments common at this season, expressed even in the family feast, the jocund laugh, and the stirring music. There are times when it is "meet we should be merry;" and when that merriment, we believe, may be shewn in these ordinary forms of social happiness. Though, perhaps, incurring from some the charge of being "wine-bibbers and gluttonous," we maintain, that there are seasons of festivity, when to Christians who have the means at their disposal, and with even more

propriety than to Jews, may be applied thy words of the old commandment,—"Thou shalt bestow thy money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt rejoice, thou and thy household!" (Deut. xiv. 26.) But mark the words, "*before the Lord!*" It is this principle which is to regulate *all* such outward means and expressions of enjoyment. Our enjoyments, whatever these are, must be received from God, and returned to God in gratitude, love, and obedience. "Whether we eat, or drink, or whatever we do, we must do all to the glory of God." All must be in harmony with our submission to Him, delight in Him, and a realizing sense of His presence; so that if anything is said or done which we would not wish Christ to see or hear, that thing *must* be wrong. We would then beseech of our readers never to fly to Satan for happiness. "He is a liar" and "murderer from the beginning." There is nothing he gives us; but God gives us in an infinitely better form. All Satan's gifts and pleasures are abuses and perversions of those permitted and bestowed by God, who "gives us *all* things *richly to enjoy*." *Sinful* pleasure is coin designed originally by God to make us rich towards Himself, but robbed from the treasury of Christ's kingdom, and brought into the kingdom of darkness; and there being stamped with the foul image of its prince, is bestowed by him as a bribe and reward for rebellion against God, and as a means of "buying souls of men!" Bring in the new year as Christ's happy, prayerful, thankful, confiding people; and not as Satan's prayerless, miserable, ungrateful, and drunken slaves! And thus you will have a *good* New Year!

THE APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

THE Christian pilgrim approaching Jerusalem for the first time, will probably be disappointed to find that his emotions on the first sight of a city, associated in his mind from his earliest infancy with all that is most sacred, are so much less intense than he anticipated; and that he can look on Mount Olivet and Mount Zion with feelings certainly not of indifference, but of much less painful interest than he imagined possible, when he thought on them at a distance. The truth is, the events transacted here are so great in every view, that the mind cannot grasp them; but is, as it were, stupified by the effort. It takes time to realize the truth, that this is the home of Scripture history, the cradle of the Christian Church. But the feeling of attachment to the Holy City, and its sacred localities, will soon be formed, and will be deepened by time, to a calm *satisfaction*, a peaceful resting in it as the home of one's affections, which no other spot on earth can impart. For there is a halo about Jerusalem, an atmosphere which one drinks in, not only on the mountains around, but even amid its crumbling ruins, which has an untold charm; and he who shall have resided there for months or years, and has known what it is to suffer in body and in mind amid the scenes of his sufferings, and has enjoyed the solace of hearty affection from true friends, and a higher consolation still;—such an one alone can appreciate the privilege of a residence there, and will not readily forget the parting pang with which the last farewell was accompanied.

I have to imagine the pilgrim approaching the city. If he is journeying from the west, as most pilgrims do, he will come in sight of the city, about a mile from the gates, where it presents its least imposing aspect—merely a dull line of wall, with the Mount of Olives rising above. He will perhaps have read of the desolate appearance of the neighbourhood of the city. It is sometimes said to resemble a city of the dead. Travellers who have so written, must have been singularly unfortunate in the time of their entrance; for, on a bright evening, at any time of the year, nothing can well be imagined more lively than the scene without the Jaffa gate. It is then that the inhabitants, of what ever nation and whatever faith, walk out "to drink the air," as they express it,

and the various companies may be seen sauntering about or reclining on the ground. Here will be seen members of the two large families into which the Jews are now divided,—the Ashkenzim and Sephardim;—the latter easily distinguishable from the former, by their brighter and more intelligent looks; and here the Greek monks of the Great Convent, and other native or foreign Christians, and groups of native women and children sitting by the way-side, or amusing themselves with the favourite exercise of swinging under the olive trees at the head of the Valley of Hinnom. The appearance of the females, indeed, is somewhat spectral; for a white sheet, thrown loosely over their handsome dresses, and their yellow boots, is all that is distinguishable; but the merry laugh may be heard among them, and, with the music of their "tinkling ornaments," would serve to convince the stranger, that they were veritable daughters of Eve. He will see little of the desolations of Jerusalem here; but let him enter the gates, and the delusion which its compact and well-built walls, and the appearance of its inhabitants, may have produced, will be quickly dispelled. He no sooner enters the city, than desolation stares him in the face. The citadel on his right hand, which shewed fair from a distance, is a ruin and patchwork,—a Roman tower, with mediæval additions and Turkish debasements, erected on a massive foundation of Jewish architecture. On his left, he will have an open space covered with ruins; and as he passes through the streets, he will find scarcely a house that is not a ruin, and, in some parts, huge hulks of massive wrecks; as, for example, the Hospital of the Knights of St. John, and the so-called Palace of Helena. But, indeed, this may be said of almost any eastern city. It is the peculiar province of the Turks to lay waste what other ages have built up. But let him examine more closely,—he will find traces of former greatness, and even grandeur, here and there. Handsome Saracenic fountains, now dry; some few traces of Gothic architecture, more of Roman, and here and there, fragments of a Greek cornice or capital, lying neglected on the side of the street, or built into modern hovels, without any regard to their proper position, and shafts of columns of costly marbles, jutting out from the walls in various parts, all attesting its ancient greatness. Or let him repair to any spot near the walls, where excavations may perchance be carrying on for the erection of a new building, and he will see, many feet below the present surface of the ground, massive stones tossed about in the wildest confusion, and rubble to the depth of forty feet on the summit of the hills, and of untold depth in the valleys beneath; and he will easily believe that he is in the oldest city in the world, which has undergone more vicissitudes than any other in the annals of history.

But these are not the ruins of Jerusalem. Let him repair to the Jews' quarter on Mount Zion, and there he will see the living "stones of the sanctuary poured out in the top of every street. The precious sons of Zion, comparable unto fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of th potter!" For if the dwellings and the synagogues of the Sephardim bear witness, as do their countenances, to a higher state of moral culture then he had been led to expect, and if they are living in comparative security as subjects of the Turkish government, after having been hunted like dogs from kingdoms which called themselves Christian, yet are they but strangers in their own land, speaking a foreign language, and subject to the caprice of foreign lords. But the other section, the Ashkenazim, will exhibit all the symptoms of wretchedness which an acquaintance with their European brethren had taught him to expect. The same haggard and care-worn expression of countenance, the same anxious eye,—an index of that "astonishment of heart" which is the threatened curse of their unbelief. Their very presence here is a memorial of the condition of their outcast brethren, scattered abroad in every nation under heaven, whose representatives they are, and by whose alms they are supported in "the city of their fathers' sepulchres." Or, if he can trust his feelings, and consider it no desecration to intrude on a scene of human sorrow with which he may not sympathize, and which he cannot relieve, he may follow the steps of many travellers to the Jews' waiting-place, on the appointed day, and there he will probably witness, among many cases of carelessness and listless indifference, apparent instances of deep mental agony, for which he will know that nothing but the Gospel can afford adequate relief; and he will surely join in the petition of the Third Collect for Good Friday, with a deeper meaning than before, and desire more earnestly than ever that the attempts for their conversion, however, and by whomsoever made, may be crowned with perfect success.—*Williams' Holy City*, (2d Edition,) ii., 256-531.

THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

"Conquer in this!"—Not unto thee alone
The vision spake, imperial Constantine!
Not presage only of an earthly throne,
Blazed in mid-heaven the consecrated sign.
Through the unmeasured tract of coming time
The mystic cross doth with soft lustre glow,
And peaks through every age, in every clime,
To every slave of sin, and child of woe.

"Conquer in this!"—Ay, when the rebel heart
Clings to the idols it was wont to cherish,
And as it sees those fleeting booms depart,
Grieveth that things so bright were form'd to perish.
Arise, bereav'd one! and, athwart the gloom,
Behold in the brightness of that cheering ray,—
"Mourn not, O Christian! though so brief their bloom,
No sight that is worth a sigh shall pass away."

"Conquer in this!"—When fairest visions come
To lure thy spirit to a path of flowers;
Binding the exile from a heavenly home,
To dwell a lingerer in unholy bowers;
Strong in His strength who burst the bonds of sin,
Clasp to thy bosom, clasp the holy cross!
Dost thou not seek a heavenly crown to win?
Hast thou not counted all beside as loss?

"Conquer in this!"—Through powers of earth and hell
Were leagued to bar thee from thy homeward way
The cross shall every lurking shade dispel,
Chase every doubt, and re-assure dismay.
Faint not, O wearied one! trust not, for thee
The Lord of right to sustain and glory died,
And His good Spirit's influence with free
And plenteous unction is upon thee cried.

"Conquer in this!"—When, by thy lowly bed,
Thou seest the dark wing'd angel take his stand,
Who soon shall lay thy body with the dead,
And bear thy spirit to the spirit's land,
Fear not! the Cross sustains thee; and its aid
In that last trial shall thy succour bring,
So fearless through the dark—the untried shade—
For sin is vanquish'd, and death hath no sting.

"Conquer in this!"—Strong in thy Saviour's might,
When bursts the morning of a brighter day,
Rise Christian victor, in the glorious fight,
Arise, rejoicing, from thy cell of clay
The cross which led thee scatheless through the gloom,
Shall, in that hour, heaven's royal banner be;
Thou hast o'ercome the world, the flesh, the tomb,
Triumph in Him who died and rose for thee!

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

MEMOIR OF DR. GRANT,

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.

PART I.

ASAHEL GRANT was the second son, in a family of eight children, of William and Rachel Grant. He was born in the town of Paris, (now Marshall,) Oneida County, N. Y., August 19, 1809. His father was eminently a man of prayer; and of his mother it is mentioned, that in their very early childhood, she was accustomed to take her children aside to converse and pray with them. Just before his death, Dr. Grant testified, that the impressions thus early made, followed him ever afterwards. He was a pleasant, amiable child, naturally of a quick temper; but this he had learned to keep under control at the early age of twelve. He received his education at a district school. When only ten years of age, he evinced so passionate a love for books, that he preferred spending his evenings in the perusal of some interesting author, to joining his companions in their various sports. His mother fostered this taste, inducing him, by the promise of a small sum of money, to spend all his leisure hours, during the winter, in reading or study. The works he most delighted to read, were of a scientific, historical, and miscellaneous character; and he often remarked, that this habit of early reading was, in after life, of great use to him. He very early evinced a predilection for the medical profession. An accident which befel him when twelve years old, induced his parents to give their consent to his entering on the study of medicine. Whilst at work in the woods, he inflicted a very severe wound in one of his feet with an axe. Great effusion of blood followed; his life was despaired of; and his constitution being somewhat injured, it was deemed inexpedient for him to think of being a farmer. But for this accident, Dr. Grant would, in all human probabi

lity, never have become a Christian missionary. After spending two or three terms at an academy, and one at college, in the study principally of chemical science, at the age of sixteen, he was employed as a teacher in a district school. In this situation he acquitted himself with honour. He again resumed his academical studies, at the close of which he commenced his medical studies, in the office of Dr. Hastings of Clinton, Oneida County, attending the usual lectures at the Fairfield and Pittsfield Medical Colleges. Near the close of his studies, he spent a year with Dr. Douglas, then an eminent surgeon in the city of Utica. Thus, although he enjoyed excellent advantages for a finished medical education, he was not what is termed *liberally educated* in a regular course of study and graduation at college; but this was compensated for by his habits of constant and close application, industry, and perseverance, from childhood to manhood.

But with all his education, he had not yet learned Christ by an experimental knowledge of the Gospel. He was fond of gay company and amusements, and though amiable and moral, was far from that "holiness without which no man can see the Lord." At the age of nineteen, he became deeply convinced of sin. After a season of heart-searchings, importunate prayers, and many tears, he gave indubitable evidence that he was truly "born again." His views and feelings were changed; he became desirous that others might know the peace and joy he had found in believing; and ever after, he shewed increasing anxiety for the enlargement and advancement of the Saviour's kingdom. When his hope in Christ was confirmed, he joined the congregational church in Clinton. At the age of twenty, he married Miss Electa S. Loomis, a young lady of decided piety, and supposed to have been instrumental in his conversion. This union was a very happy one; but destined to be of short duration. At the age of twenty-one, he had received his diploma, and commenced practice at Braintrim, Pennsylvania. Here Mrs. Grant died, about four years after their marriage, leaving behind her two sons, the youngest only five months old. At the time of his wife's death, Dr. Grant was prostrated by bilious fever. After his recovery, he left Braintrim, and returned to his paternal home, where he remained a few weeks, and then resumed practice in Utica, where he entered in partnership with an experienced physician. On the death of his beloved wife, he consecrated himself anew, and more entirely, to a life of self-denying, humble piety and activity in promoting the cause of Christ, giving evidence that this, the first severe affliction of his singularly chequered and eventful life, was sanctified to his spiritual good. His career at Utica was one of almost unparalleled usefulness, combining, as he did, the skill and benevolence of an accomplished physician, with the duties of a Christian elder, Sabbath school teacher, and philanthropist. He found time for everything. About a year and a-half after his settlement at Utica, his partner absconded, and he was thus left in possession of a large and extensive practice. This was about 1831, or 1832. In 1834, the American Board held its sittings in Utica. They desired to engage a suitable physician in the Nestorian Mission. It became impressed on his mind, that it was his duty to offer himself to the Board. The following extracts from letters to his mother and sister, will shew the motives that induced him, in the midst of the most flourishing worldly prospects, to forsake all that was dearest to him,—motherless children, parents, and friends,—to consecrate himself to the self-denying labours of a missionary life:—

Utica, *November* 8, 1834.

My Dear Mother,—I wish to call your thoughts to bear upon the danger of our judgment being biased by suffering our attachments to our friends and worldly interests to share too largely in the motives which determine the path we ought to pursue, in order to do most for the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom,—to glorify Him in saving souls for whom He died. If this is the all-important, the appropriate business of life, then ought we to bring everything else into subserviency to it. Ought we not, regardless of our own feelings, to lay aside

everything which would hinder a faithful discharge of duty? Is any sacrifice too dear to make for Him who sacrificed His life for us? Look at the millions on millions of priceless souls going down to eternal death, and then say if there must not be suffering *in such a cause*? Do you point to the opportunities of usefulness all around me? But where am I *most needed*? As a physician, I cannot be much needed where there are already so many. As a Christian, I am not needed, for the same reason; for although I find enough to do, others would do the same work if I were out of the way. I might, if prospered, support myself and family, and give a good deal to the support of other missionaries; but *men are more needed than money*. For a whole year, the Board have been trying to find a physician to send to Persia. . . . . Mr. Eddy, their agent in this state, said to me a few days since, that they could obtain means to send out and support two hundred new missionaries, if they could obtain suitable men. Who will go? How shall I wish I had decided, when I meet an assembled universe at the bar of God. Shall I not wish that I had carried the Bread of Life to famished souls? . . . . . I am sensible of the need of counsel from on High. . . . Oh! let us be much in prayer. . . God can give us wisdom, and guide us by His Spirit But let us see to it, that we make our decisions in view of their bearings upon the interests of eternity. I have solemnly vowed, in the presence of men and of angels, that I will consecrate myself and all I have, to the Lord; and I dare not go from the altar to stand impeached before an assembled world, of having been an unfaithful steward—of having loved the world more than God—more than the souls of my dying fellowmen.

To his only surviving sister, he thus writes, pouring out the burdened feelings of his heart, and shewing what a struggle he had with his affections for his kindred, his convictions of duty, and his anxiety to labour for the salvation of benighted man. After recapitulating the views he took as to the solemn and awful responsibility which rested somewhere in regard to this matter, he says,—

"Who then shall go? Shall I say, "Here am I, send me?" Do you answer, "Let those go who have less to do at home." But where are they? How few, in comparison to the wants of the *world*, are ready to go! It has been estimated, that the present ratio of effort would require twenty thousand years for the conversion of the world. Without stopping to examine the correctness of this estimate, does not the conviction force itself upon the mind, that something more must be done? . . . . *Is it my duty to go?* This is a solemn question, and will meet me at the judgment-seat! . . . I feel that I need wisdom from on high to decide. My decision should be made in view of eternity. What then is duty? Perhaps you say, it is your duty to take care of the children whom God has committed to your charge. It is equally clear to my own mind, that unless they can be provided with every reasonable prospect of being trained up for usefulness, that I ought not to leave them. But should God enable me to provide a home, and facilities for a suitable religious education: in a word, all requisite means to prepare them for usefulness, (which should be the grand object in view,) may He not have other work for me to do?" Those missionaries who have *gone out*, have to send their children home; and where is the essential difference? Those who send them home, have not the same opportunity to see to the provision for them. . . .

He viewed this important question as it might influence the moral feelings and Christian character of the child; and the conclusion he arrived at was this, that "having left them at the Saviour's call," he might "commit them with entire confidence to His care." No one can read this Memoir, without being deeply impressed with the unvarying solicitude and loving tenderness evinced by Dr. Grant towards his children. Nothing short of the love he bore to his Divine Master, could have supported him under the trial of parting from them. That he acted under the influence of no temporary enthusiasm or "misdirected zeal," in the decision he arrived at, that it was his duty to leave all and follow Christ, is proved, in a highly satisfactory manner, by the following emphatic statement in a letter written to his mother in 1838:—

"You may be desirous of knowing, after more than three years of missionary labour, whether I ever regret entering this work? *No, never.* I often feel very keenly my absence from the dear ones I left at *home,—yes, home,*—and the thought of it revives a thousand hallowed recollections of maternal care and affection.

But we hope to meet in happier mansions, —even where Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us. Till then, *farewell.*

The Board welcomed him to the work, and the ensuing winter was spent in preparation for it. He married, April 6, 1835, Miss Judith Campbell, a lady who had been trained up from infancy for missionary labours. She had been proposed to the Board, and accepted as a candidate, and only waited until a fit opportunity presented itself for entering the missionary field.

On the 11th of May, 1835, Mr. and Mrs. Grant embarked at Boston in the brig Angola, bound from Smyrna. We pass over the details of their voyage, and subsequent land journey. Both were eminently prosperous. They reached Ooroomiah in safety, about the close of the year 1835, and received a most cordial welcome.

OPERATIONS OF THE BRITISH LEAGUE OF JUVENILE ABSTAINERS.

(Monthly Paper supplied by the Edinburgh Branch of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, for which the Editor is not responsible.—ED. CH. MAG.)

WE are anxious to call attention, in this paper, to the existence and operations of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers, an institution from which, though yet in the infancy of its existence, we anticipate much good. It aims at nothing new, but simply to revive and rescue from the dust of ages, and the neglect of the Church, a principle which is as old as the Bible, which is taught in the Bible, and which is co-existent with Christianity; —we mean, TRUE CHRISTIAN SOBRIETY. "They that be drunken are drunken in the night; but let us, who are of the day, be sober."—Thess. v. 7, 8.

We presume little need be said here explanatory of the object of the British League of Juvenile Abstainers. This, we trust, is pretty well understood. Suffice it to say, that it is an institution set apart for the purpose of instructing the young in the sins, and many and varied evils consequent on partaking of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and opium. It proposes to preserve them from the many snares of life, by implanting in their mind the love of God, and a perfect hatred of all sin in general, and of that sin in special, which so easily besets them,—the sin of intoxication. It professes to lead their minds from the low grovellings of sensuality and sinful pleasures, to things which are associated with their future well-being, to things of eternity and of heaven. Such is the object of this great movement in all its operations, which operations we now proceed to consider.

The British League of Juvenile Abstainers was instituted in Edinburgh on the 1st of January, 1847. During two years previous to that date, many praiseworthy exertions had been made for the young in this and in other countries, to prevent them from partaking of intoxicating liquors. "Juvenile Abstinence Societies," and "Bands of Hope," had been formed in some of the principal towns, both of England, Scotland, and Ireland. In short, the public mind appeared to be somewhat awakened to the importance of doing something for the youth of our country, by way of preserving them from the curse of intoxicants. But in all these movements, there was something that was objectionable, or that could not commend itself to the sympathies of the Christian public, or even of the Christian abstainer. In the first place, in some of the societies there was little or no prayer, and in some there were office-bearers who did not even profess to believe the Bible; but for this, the Christian community were to blame, for they should have come forward to rescue the sacred principle of Christian sobriety from such unhallowed touch, and not stood aloof like the Levite of old. In the second place, there was the objection of the pledge,—an objection, too, of no ordinary magnitude, especially in the juvenile movement. There was something startling in the idea of pledging children. In the third place, there was *the non-condemnation* of *tobacco* and *opium*, the children being taught merely to abstain from intoxicating fluids. This was a serious objection in the eyes of all really consistent abstainers,—an objection which seemed to preclude the possibility of ultimate success. However, notwithstanding these objections, it is but just we should acknowledge the measure of good these different societies were productive of; for while they were, on the one hand, grappling, and that imperfectly, with the partial evil, they were, on the other,

bringing the question before the public mind. And it was this mooting of the question, that brought out the principle, and developed the ground of action, upon which the British League was founded; and though we doubt not the British League has its share of imperfection, yet we believe that a kind God, who has advanced it thus far, will refine and purify it more and more; and to Him be all the glory.

We need scarcely say, that the three main features which distinguish the British League from other abstinence movements, are, *first*, the unvarying acknowledgment of God in every step, and the solicited aid of the Holy Spirit for Jesus Christ's sake at every meeting; *second*, the deprecation of the pledge as being unsound in principle; and, *third*, the recognition of the principle of abstaining from giving or partaking of tobacco and opium, as well as intoxicating liquors, as a Christian duty, embodied and enforced in the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Though this ground of advocating the principle was somewhat novel in the history of the abstinence movement, yet it was felt to be the true ground; and as might have been expected, it has not acted at all injuriously upon the prosperity of the League. The children appeared to be well prepared for the step; their minds and desires were evidently turned in the direction of abstinence; their hearts were already impressed, some, no doubt, by bitter experience, with the evils of intoxicants; and their zeal in the cause of the League was soon seen in the crowded meetings, which were held in different parts of the town. The success of the movement, even at this early stage of its existence, was far beyond the highest expectations of its supporters; for, in about four months after its commencement, there were 1000 children weekly attending the abstinence meetings. What a powerful agency the League had brought into existence, to combat against the drinking customs of our city! and who can calculate the influence of these one thousand young ones—of the lessons they would carry home from the meetings to their parents, by telling the stories they had heard, and singing the melodies they had learnt? Doubtless, many a drinking parent has been moved to tears by the simple and ungarnished testimony of these little preachers; and doubtless, many a dissipated father or mother has, by the constant and unwearied pleadings of their own child, been led to give up the cup of their curse and of their ruin.

But gratifying as were these results, it was soon felt, as had been from the first foreseen, that these young persons could not always attend the children's abstinence meetings. The time came when they, prematurely taken from school, were compelled to go and learn some trade; and thus, from the late hour to which they were kept in their workshops, they were deprived of the privilege of attending their abstinence meeting. This, no doubt, was lamented by the children; but it was equally lamented by the promoters of the League. They lamented not merely the loss of the children from the meeting, but also their being brought into the contaminating atmosphere of a drinking workshop, where the drinking and smoking lads and workmen would sneer at the young teetotallers, and would embrace every opportunity of throwing temptations in their way, to bewitch their youthful hearts, and ensnare their youthful feet. This was felt to be a great obstacle in the carrying out of the objects of the League, and thus an additional step had to be taken, with a view, if possible, of meeting this evil; and that was the commencing of an apprentice movement for the young men and young women of the city. The object of this new step will be obvious. In the first place, it was to provide a kind of rendezvous for the tempest-tossed young teetotaller, who had been exposed to the taunts and sneers of his fellow-apprentices and workmen, and thus confirm him in the principles he had espoused. In the second place, it was to enlist the sympathies, and, if possible, the influence of all the young men and young women of the city in favour of the League, and thus ultimately, as the movement advanced, to chase out of existence the legion curse of our country.

It was on the 6th of July, 1847, that this movement among the apprentices commenced; and though it was not so extensive at the first, yet it was productive, in a great measure, of the desired good. The object of these meetings, as of the children's meetings, was to communicate instruction on the subject of abstinence, and, in addition to this, every encouragement was given to the apprentices to think, read, and speak for themselves. And glad we are to say, that that encouragement was duly appreciated and taken advantage of, for often have we listened with unmingled delight to the plain, simple, yet heart-stirring addresses of our working youths. By this means, the apprentice meetings soon became very interesting, and were soon well attended. The already established

children's meetings, too, became so crowded, that it was found necessary to apply for new schools, in order that new meetings might be opened. This, at the first, appeared to be another serious difficulty in the path of advancement; but it was soon overcome through the kindness of the Governors of Heriot's Hospital. No sooner had an application for the use of the Heriot schools been lodged with them, than the request was kindly granted, in the most handsome manner. This gave a new impetus to the movement, and seemed to invest it with a dignity and respectability which it had not before attained. There were now, by the close of the first year, between thirty and forty weekly meetings open, and in full operation, in connection with the League. Everything went on successfully, and the influence of the League was beginning to be felt, not merely in Edinburgh, but also in different parts of the country; branches of the League started into existence upon the true principle in several of the towns and villages near Edinburgh; a thousand voices sang, in strains of joyful harmony, "We'll ever pray to win the day;" and a thousand more have caught the sound, and re-echoed it again, until, at the close of the second year of the League's existence, it reached the remotest corner of our land; nay, the glad sound has even ridden upon the breast of the ocean's billows, until it has enlivened the foreign shore; and there the young of distant lands have taken up the song, and we trust the principle; and, in time, we hope, by the favour of God, that we will be able to sing with grateful acknowledgment, a new version of our song, concluding with the triumphant chorus, "We've won the day, alcohol has fallen, the world is free."

In our next paper, we intend to call attention to an entirely new branch of operation in connection with the League, —we mean the British League Evening Classes.

Foreign Correspondence.

NOVA SCOTIA.

It is with no ordinary satisfaction we publish the following letter, received from our much respected and beloved brother, Mr. M'Nair. In a letter received of a later date,—and he must pardon us for quoting from it,—he expresses, not his own feelings, but the feelings we are sure of every faithful missionary, when he says,—"It is a sweet thought when I rise on a Sabbath morning to think that many a church door in Scotland may be even then thrown open, or the servant of God in the pulpit, and the far-off missionary not forgotten by the congregation; and while I can ask God's blessing upon such assemblies, I cannot but fancy their prayers answered ere they are well uttered, and feel myself strengthened by the thought as I proceed to my own duties." May such truthful and sincere experiences as these, stir up Christians and congregations at home, to be more real and earnest than ever in praying for our missionary brethren, both in the east and west!

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Christian Magazine.

Pictou, *4th October*, 1849.

My Dear Friend,—As you take an interest in the Colonies, let me direct your attention to a scene which I lately witnessed in this place. You have seen something similar; but it may not be displeasing to have it brought before you as now witnessed, to refresh your own spirit, and, at the same time, to interest your readers.

Pictou communion was held on the 4th Sabbath of September. Thursday, the 20th ult., was held as a day of fasting and humiliation. On this day we had service forenoon and afternoon, in English. The church was well attended. Friday was the day of the *ceist*, as it is called. The services were all in Gaelic. They began at eleven. I looked in at two, and the church was full at this time. For the sake of those of your readers who may not be acquainted with the *ceist* day, I may state, that the practice is for one to propose a passage of Scripture, or start a question, and for others to make remarks, or state their views upon it, after which the minister winds up the whole. On Saturday, there was sermon in both English and Gaelic,—the latter in the open air a short distance from the church. Being engaged in the church, I did not see the Gaelic congregation; but it was large, and the church was full. The people had been flocking for some days past to the town and neighbourhood.

On Sabbath, before entering the church,

I went with Mr. M'Gillivray, who was to conduct the services in Gaelic, to the spot where the tent had been placed. It was on a rising ground, about a quarter of a mile from the church. The day was fine, but very blowy; and before we reached the place, our clothes were literally covered with dust. We came in sight of the people, and the scene I shall never forget. For some hundreds of yards along the road, horses and waggons were ranged up, fastened to the fences. Before and behind us, the road was thick with people. The only thing to which I could compare the crowd, was what I have sometimes witnessed on the occasion of a fair, or in the vicinity of a race-course. But such an assemblage in the open air for the worship of God, and for holding communion, I had certainly never beheld. I entered the tent along with Mr. M'Gillivray, and waited to hear him begin the exercises of the day, and the mighty mass, as one man, lift their voices in the language of the fifteenth Psalm. It was a solemn sight, indeed, to see this whole assembly worship God. It was a scene that might have moved a heart of stone. The communion had not been dispensed here in connection with our Church since the last deputation visited this place. And here were assembled young and old from every quarter of the country, and from many parts of other countries also. There were grey-headed men who hailed the opportunity once more afforded them of partaking in this ordinance, before drinking the fruit of the vine new in their Father's house. There were those who, it may be, had never before beheld a Scottish communion. There were many who, for weeks, had not heard the Gospel trumpet sounded; many who, for months, had not heard the Sabbath bell, nor had their church door darkened by a messenger of Christ. There were matrons with their mutches, and mothers with their bairns; and their voices mingled in the song of praise, which ascended to Him that sitteth in the heavens. There was no sound to disturb their music, but the whistling of the wind, or the neighing of the horses.

But they finished their song, and I had to leave, to take part in the services where I might be of use. But still this scene I could not banish from my thoughts; and as I turned away, it was with a softened heart and a suffused eye; and many a glance did I cast, on retiring, at the spot I had left. I felt that it was an earnest time, a time when, if the seed were plentifully and faithfully sown, the blessing of God might be looked for. Now surely, if ever, were these people disposed to listen to the word of life. Many seldom heard that word; but yet they had a desire, as evidenced by their attendance at great inconvenience, to hear things whereby one might edify another. And yet another look, and, sad truth! there was but one solitary labourer who could speak to them in their own native tongue, and make their Highland hearts respond to his Gaelic accents. God grant him an abundant reward for his labour of love. But, oh! may He stir up others to take part in this work, that the people may not perish for lack of knowledge.

I returned to the church; and here, too, the scene was touching to a degree. Mr. Herdman was leading the prayers of the people. The Church was crowded to overflowing; so that the appearance at the door resembled that of a bee-hive about to cast, while many stood and listened at the open windows. At the close of the prayer, I managed to squeeze in; but it was with difficulty that I could get along the passages, which were in part furnished with seats, long since occupied, and in part filled by those who had failed in obtaining seats. At length room was made for me in a seat already too full, and there I sat till the close of the sermon. I have no wish to enlarge upon the picture. Let me only state, that the attendance kept up during the whole day, and that, when we met in the evening, there was again a crowded house, and the attention of the people seemed unflagging.

On Monday the weather looked lowering. Rain fell in the morning, and the Gaelic congregation met in the Church, and, after a short interval, the English: and on no day during the whole occasion was the Church more crowded. Numbers, I am told, had to go away, who could not obtain admission.

The state of things was similar the following week at M'Lennan's mountain, quite a retired country place. I have been told of persons who came fifty or sixty miles for the express purpose of attending the communion. The Gaelic congregation had here a better place of meeting than at Pictou. It was in a retired spot in the woods, within a hundred yards of the Church, but quite shut out from it by the trees. Here, too, there was an immense gathering; and it is to be borne in mind, that when we speak of them coming long distances, it is not in easy railway carriages; but on foot, or in gigs, or waggons, jolting over break-neck corduroy roads, one wheel often down, and another up, so as to leave the seat

at an angle of ten or twelve degrees, and again righted, or over to the other side, while the body of the vehicle pitches like a ship with the wind right a-head. The main roads are certainly better, and in many places as good as at home; but I have travelled some miles such as here described, and so must many that attended these sacraments. There was a larger number of communicants at the mountain than on any former occasion.

I stated that Mr. M'Gillivray had the whole work to do in Gaelic at Pictou. And here again he was the sole Gaelic labourer. Such work is killing,—four days' speaking at each place, two days in succession, outside at the one, and three at the other. Can flesh and blood endure such hardness? And yet the old soldier will rather spend and be spent in the service of his Master, than that the people should be sent empty way.

The church was crowded to suffocation long before the time of meeting, and I had to keep close to my guide, as he shouldered aside the people, and made a passage for me to the pulpit! The stair to the gallery, the pulpit stair, and every available nook or corner was filled. It was the same thing on the Friday or *exist* day, and I could perceive no falling off on the Monday.

Oh! what a field of usefulness for the true servant of the Lord, and the true son of the Church of Scotland; greater, in some respects, than the masses of heathenism in an eastern continent. These resemble the mighty forests on which my eye rests, where the bear yet prowls, and the axe has not laid low these ancient trees, and where years are required to bring them into a proper state of cultivation. But this resembles rather that field on which I gaze, where the trees have been brought low, and perhaps a crop or two gathered in, but which are now deserted by the settlers; where the old stumps are putting forth anew their shoots, which, I am assured, in a few years, if now neglected, it will be as difficult to bring in as if never settled on before.

So is it with many parts of this country. The inhabitants have been trained up to fear God, and to serve Him; but they are now in a great measure destitute of the means of grace. Soon these new shoots will outgrow the means of keeping down, which the few axes now in use can command; and unless more be sent, the wilderness will spring up anew, instead of becoming a fruitful field. Soon many of these will be beyond the means which the ministers of the Gospel here can employ; and if the tide of practical heathenism sets in, oh! where may it end? In heathen lands on which the Sun of Righteousness has never risen, it may be long before the word can fructify; but here the fields are white unto the harvest, if only the reapers were on the spot. Other men have laboured! Will none be stirred up to enter into their labours? Brother, pray for us. May your readers unite in praying for us; and for this especially, that the Lord of the harvest would send more labourers into his harvest.—I am, my dear Friend, affectionately yours.

ROBERT M'NAIR.

Notices of Books.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.—THIRD NOTICE.

In our former notice of Lieutenant Lynch's volume, we left him and his party at the Pilgrim's Ford, near Jericho, and close to the place where the Jordan empties itself into the Dead Sea. Having succeeded in accomplishing the descent of the river, and in solving the difficulties connected with its course, which he did by determining, "that in a space of sixty miles of latitude, and four or five miles of longitude, it traverses, at least, 200 miles,"—he, without delay, (on April 18,) commenced his exploratory survey of the Dead Sea. At first, the attempt seemed likely to prove unsuccessful; indeed, for a time, the boats were in imminent danger during

A STORM ON THE DEAD SEA.

A fresh north-west wind was blowing as we rounded the point. We endeavoured to steer a little to the north of west, to make a true west course, and threw the patent log overboard to measure the distance; but the wind rose so rapidly, that the boats could not keep head to wind, and we were obliged to haul the log in. The sea continued to rise with the increasing wind, which gradually freshened to a gale, and presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, left incrustations of salt upon our clothes, our hands, and faces;

and while it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. The boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed as if their bows were encountering the sledge-hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea.

At 3.50, passed a piece of drift-wood, and, soon after, saw three swallows and a gull. At 4.55, the wind blew so fiercely that the boats could make no headway; not even the Fanny Skinner, which was nearer to the weather shore, and we drifted rapidly to leeward, threw over some of the fresh water to lighten the Fanny Mason, which laboured very much, and I began to fear that both boats would founder.

At 5.40, finding that we were losing every moment, and that, with the lapse of each succeeding one, the danger increased, kept away for the northern shore, in the hope of being yet able to reach it, —our arms, our clothes, and skins, coated with a greasy salt, and our eyes, lips, and nostrils, smarting excessively. How different was the scene before the submerging of the plain, which was "even as the garden of the Lord!"

At times it seemed as if the dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of His wrath. There is a tradition among the Arabs, that no one can venture upon this sea and live. Repeatedly, the fates of Costigan and Molyneux had been cited to deter us. The first one spent a few days, the last about twenty hours, and returned to the place from whence he had embarked, without landing upon its shores. One was found dying upon the shore; the other expired in November last, immediately after his return, of fever contracted upon its waters.

But although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side, and salt and ashes mingled with its sands, and fœtid sulphurous springs trickled down its ravines, we did not despair: awe-struck, but not terrified, fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen —Pp. 268, 269.

The appearance of the coast of the lake is, indeed, one of complete barrenness and desolation, fitly realizing the description of Moses, (Deut. xxix. 23,) who says, "that the whole land thereof is brimstone, and salt, and burning; that it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth therein." The following is Lieutenant Lynch's

PICTURE OF THE DEAD SEA.

The scene was one of unmixed desolation. The air, tainted with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream, gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so light a green. Except the canebrakes clustering along the marshy stream, which disfigured while it sustained them, there was no vegetation whatever; barren mountains, fragments of rocks blackened by sulphureous deposit, and an unnatural sea with low, dead trees upon its margin, all within the scope of vision, bore a sad and sombre aspect. We had never before beheld such desolate hills, such calcined barrenness. The most arid desert has its touch of genial nature:—

"But here, above, around, below,
In mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor plant, nor shrub, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The wearied eye may ken,
But all its rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."

There was an unpleasant sulphurous smell in the air, which we attributed to the impregnated waters of the fountain and marsh —P. 275.

But the persevering energy of the commander did not once admit the idea of failure. He commenced and completed a systematic survey of the lake, sounding it in all directions, and landing at every point of interest. The following passage will give a tolerable idea of the

RESULT OF HIS LABOURS.

We have carefully sounded this sea, determined its geographical position, taken the exact topography of its shores, ascertained the temperature, width, depth, and velocity of its tributaries, collected specimens of every kind, and noted the winds, currents, changes of the weather, and all atmospheric phenomena. These, with a faithful narrative of events, will give a correct idea of this wondrous body of water, as it appeared to us.

From the summit of these cliffs, in a line a little north of west, about sixteen miles distant, is *Hebron*, a short distance from which Dr. Robinson found the dividing ridge between the Mediterranean and this sea. From Beni Na'im, the reputed tomb of *Lot*, upon that ridge, it is supposed that Abraham looked "toward *all* the land of the plain," and beheld the smoke, "as the smoke of a furnace." The inference from the Bible, that this entire chasm was a plain sunk and "*overwhelmed*" by the wrath of God, seems to be sustained by the extraordinary character of our soundings. The bottom of this sea consists of two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one; the last averaging

thirteen, the former about *thirteen hundred* feet below the surface. Through the northern, and largest and deepest one, in a line corresponding with the bed of the Jordan, is a ravine, which again seems to correspond with the Wady el Jeib, or ravine within a ravine, at the south end of the sea.

Between the Jabok and this sea, we unexpectedly found a sudden breakdown in the bed of the Jordan. If there be a similar break in the water-courses to the south of the sea, accompanied with like volcanic characters, there can scarce be a doubt that the whole Ghor has sunk from some extraordinary convulsion; preceded, most probably, by an eruption of fire, and a general conflagration of the bitumen which abounded in the plain. I shall ever regret, that we were not authorized to explore the southern Ghor to the Red Sea.

All our observations have impressed me forcibly with the conviction, that the mountains are older than the sea. Had their relative levels been the same at first, the torrents would have worn their beds in a gradual and correlative slope; whereas, in the northern section, the part supposed to have been so deeply engulfed, although a soft, bituminous limestone prevails, the torrents plunge down several hundred feet, while on both sides of the southern portion, the ravines come down without abruptness, although the head of Wady Kerak is more than a thousand feet higher than the head of Wady Ghuweir. Most of the ravines, too, as reference to the map will shew, have a southward inclination near their outlets; that of Zerka Main, or Callirhoe, especially, which, next to the Jordan, must pour down the greatest volume of water in the rainy season. But even if they had not that deflection, the argument, which has been based on this supposition, would be untenable; for tributaries, like all other streams, seek the greatest declivities without regard to angular inclination. The Yermak flows into the Jordan at a right angle, and the Jabok with an acute one to its descending course.

There are many other things tending to the same conclusion, among them, the isolation of the mountain of Usdum,—its difference of contour and of range, and its consisting entirely of a volcanic product.

But it is for the learned to comment on the facts we have laboriously collected. Upon ourselves, the result is a decided one. We entered upon *this sea with* conflicting opinions. One of the party was sceptical, and another, *I think, a professed* unbeliever of the Mosaic account. After twenty-two days' close investigation, if I am not mistaken, we are unanimous in the conviction of the truth of the Scriptural account of the destruction of the cities of the plain. I record with diffidence the conclusions we have reached, simply as a protest against the shallow deductions of *would-be* unbelievers.—Pp. 378-380.

This is the only passage in which anything like a general view of the results of his expedition is given. Other particulars have to be gathered, one by one, from the narrative. These, however, disprove for ever many of the fables current regarding the lake. The party frequently saw birds, not merely flying over it, but even swimming on its surface. In the fruit of the Asher tree, "fair to the eye, but bitter to the taste; and when ripe, filled with fibre and dust," they recognized, as had previously been done by Robinson and other travellers, the apples of Sodom of the *Apocrypha*, (Wisd., Solom. x. 7) of Josephus, and of Tacitus, which Sir John Maudeville had described as "very fair of colour to behold, but when broken, or cut in two, found within to be full of ashes and cinders; which is a token, that, by the wrath of God, the cities and the land were burned and sunk in hell." They saw, too, the smoke, as the "smoke of a furnace," that ascended from its bosom, and which was evidently the result of the rapid evaporation caused by the intense heat:—

At one time to-day, the sea assumed an aspect peculiarly sombre. Unstirred by the wind, it lay smooth and unruffled as an inland lake. The great evaporation enveloped it in a thin, transparent vapour, its purple tinge contrasting strangely with the extraordinary colour of the sea beneath, and, where they blended in the distance, giving it the appearance of smoke from burning sulphur. It seemed a vast cauldron of metal, fused but motionless.—P. 324.

There is one point, however, in regard to which the statements of former travellers have been amply confirmed,—no sign of life was seen; neither fish nor marine plants were discovered in its waters. Indeed, a microscopical examination of a quantity of the water carried to New York, established the correctness of Count Forbin's researches, as "no animalculæ, or vestige of animal matter, could be detected in it."

We have still to notice, however, the most singular discovery of all. The au-

thor of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, in the verse already alluded to, when speaking of the punishment of Sodom, and the preservation of Lot, says, that "a standing pillar of salt is the monument of an unbelieving soul." Josephus (*Antiq.* I. xi. 4) is still more explicit; his words are, "But Lot's wife turning back to view the city as she went from it, and being too nicely inquisitive what would become of it, although God had forbidden her so to do, was changed into a pillar of salt; for I have seen it, and it remains till this day." This pillar is mentioned by several of the Christian fathers, particularly by his contemporary Clement of Rome, and Irenæus. Sir John Mandeville states, that the "wife of Lot still stands in likeness of a salt-stone;" while many modern travellers had been informed by their Arab guides, that a singular pillar was still in existence on the southern shore of the lake. The testimony on this point, however, had been generally rejected as valueless. (See *Kitto's Cyclop.*—Lot.) We can, therefore, sympathize in the wonder felt by the Expedition at making the following discovery of

LOT'S WIFE.

At 9, the water shoaling, hauled more off shore. Soon after, to our astonishment, we saw on the eastern side of Usdum, one-third the distance from its north extreme, a lofty round pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass, at the head of a deep, narrow, and abrupt chasm. We immediately pulled in for the shore, and Dr. Anderson and I went up and examined it. The beach was a soft, slimy mud, encrusted with salt, and a short distance from the water, covered with saline fragments and flakes of bitumen. We found the pillar to be of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime, cylindrical in front, and pyramidal behind. The upper or rounded part is about forty feet high, resting on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. It slightly decreases in size upwards, crumbles at the top, and is one entire mass of crystallization. A prop or buttress connects it with the mountain behind, and the whole is covered with debris of a light stone colour. Its peculiar shape is doubtless attributable to the action of the winter rains. The Arabs had told us in vague terms, that there was to be found a pillar somewhere upon the shores of the sea; but their statements in all other respects had proved so unsatisfactory, that we could place no reliance upon them.—Pp. 307, 308.

Lieutenant Lynch does not attempt, nor do we, to connect this pillar with what we are told of Lot's wife, (Gen. xix. 26;) but we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction, that it is the same spoken of by the author of *Wisdom*, (about 200 B.C.) and seen by Josephus (60 A.D.)

Nor can we omit all mention of a visit paid by the party to Kerak, the ancient Kir Moab, a town on the east of the Dead Sea, containing nearly 1000 Christians. The community was placed there in the time of the Crusades by Baldwin, and they were numerous when Mandeville visited them. They expressed the utmost gratification at seeing their fellow Christians; the only ones, avowedly such, except Captain Irby and Mangles, that had visited their town since the Crusades. By their meekness and patience under the persecutions of their Mohammedan governors, and by the devotedness with which, amid obloquy and suffering, they adhered to their faith, they attracted the warm sympathy and regard of their visitors. So much, indeed, does Lieutenant Lynch's account interest us, that we cannot refrain from subjoining the affecting appeal to their fellow Christians in America for aid in building a church, which may serve both as a place of worship, and as a refuge for their wives and children in times of trouble,—an appeal which, we trust, will not be unheeded by the Christians of Great Britain.—

"By God's favour!

"May it, God willing! reach America, and be presented to our Christian brothers—whose happiness may the Almighty God preserve! Amen.

"8642. ELDEREE.

"We are, in Kerak, a few very poor Christians, and are building a church.

"We beg your excellency to help us in this undertaking, for we are very weak.

"The land has been unproductive, and visited by the locusts for the last seven years.

"The church is delayed in not being accomplished for want of funds, for we are a few Christians surrounded by Muslims.

"This being all that is necessary to write to you, Christian brothers of America, we need say no more.

"The trustees in your bounty,

"ABU' ALIAH EN NAHAS, *Sheikh.*

"YAKOB EN NAHAS, Sheikh's brother."
—P. 363.

During the greater part of the time the party remained on the Dead Sea, they enjoyed tolerably good health; but towards the close of their labours, the watchful eye of the commander began to detect symptoms of disease. We cannot, therefore, wonder at his anxiety, when, knowing the fate of his predecessors, Costigan and Molyneux, he saw such appearances as those described in the following passages. He says,—

Thus far all, with one exception, had enjoyed good health, but there were symptoms which caused me uneasiness. The figure of each one had assumed a dropsical appearance. The lean had become stout, and the stout almost corpulent; the pale faces had become florid, and those which were florid, ruddy; moreover, the slightest scratch festered, and the bodies of many of us were covered with small pustules. The men complained bitterly of the irritation of their sores, whenever the acrid water of the sea touched them. Still, all had good appetites, and I hoped for the best. There could be nothing pestilential in the atmosphere of the sea. There is little verdure upon its shores, and, by consequence, but little vegetable decomposition to render the air impure; and the fœtid smell we had frequently noticed, doubtless proceeded from the sulphur-impregnated thermal springs, which were not considered deleterious.—P. 335, 336.

And again,—

While busied with such thoughts, my companions had yielded to the oppressive drowsiness, and now lay before me in every attitude, of a sleep that had more of stupor in it than of repose....As I sat alone in my wakefulness, the feeling of awe returned; and as I looked upon the sleepers, I felt "the hair of my flesh stand up," as Job's did, when "a spirit passed before his face;" for, to my disturbed imagination, there was something fearful in the expression of their inflamed and swollen visages. The fierce angel of disease seemed hovering over them, and I read the forerunner of his presence in their flushed and feverish sleep. Some, with their bodies bent and arms dangling over the abandoned oars, their hands excoriated with the acrid water, slept profoundly; others, with heads thrown back, and lips cracked and sore, with a scarlet flush on either cheek, seemed overpowered by heat and weariness even in sleep; while some, upon whose faces shone the reflected light from the water, looked ghastly, and dozed with a nervous twitching of the limbs, and now and then starting from their sleep, drank deeply from a breaker, and sank back again to lethargy. The solitude, the scene, my own thoughts, were too much; I felt, as I sat thus, steering the drowsily-moving boat, as if I were a Charon ferrying not the souls, but the bodies of the departed and the damned, over some infernal lake, and could endure it no longer; but breaking from my listlessness, ordered the sails to be furled and the oars resumed,—action seemed better than such unnatural stupor.—P. 338.

Nor were his fears vain. They succeeded in carrying their level across Palestine, *via* Jerusalem from the Dead Sea to the Mediterranean, and also in making a hasty survey of the Jordan north of Tiberias; but upon concluding this, one after another was seized with that low nervous fever under which Molyneux sunk. Except Lieutenant Dale, all gradually recovered; thanks to the excellent medical advice at hand, and to their having, during their journey, abstained from all intoxicating drinks,—a pledge to this effect having been acted from every member of the party. Indeed, we cordially concur with Lieutenant Lynch's remark, that "to this stipulation is principally, under Providence, to be ascribed their final recovery from the extreme prostration consequent on the severe privations and great exposure to which they were unavoidably subjected."

In concluding our notice of this work, we have again to express our thanks to the Expedition for the information it has afforded us. It is too much to expect from every writer the charms of a Layard, the learning of a Robinson, or the cleverness of a Stephens; and we, therefore, take leave of Lieutenant Lynch, thanking him for the contribution he has given to the knowledge of the physical geography of Palestine, and for the materials he has collected for illustrating the statements of the Scriptures; hoping, however, that, in preparing a second edition, he will subject the work to a careful revision, and that he will add tables of the scientific results obtained.

PARTING WORDS ON HOME EDUCATION.

When Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go," he adds, "*and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" Let us consider what these latter words imply. Nothing more may be intended by them than a declaration of the fact so important in education, that the man retains the habits formed by him in youth. Observation and experience tell us how true this is. A great living poet has said, "The child is father of the man." It is a common proverb, that "The old bough takes the bend of the young twig." This fact is founded chiefly upon the law of habit, by which actions frequently performed, though at first difficult, become at last easy to us. Walking, writing, reading, speaking a language, &c., all are instances of the operation of this law, which governs us with such despotic, yet unconscious power, that it has been well termed a second nature. We know, also, how peculiarly powerful those habits are which we form in our early years. Youth may be termed the *habit season*. The whole man, soul and body, then receives that *mould* which, to a greater degree than any other, is retained during life,—the things which influenced us in the years of childhood, affecting us down to extreme old age. The songs we then heard, the tales which amused us, the scenes among which we lived, and the companions with whom we "played,"—these have left impressions upon us never to be effaced. But how shall we estimate the power in after life of such habits as those I have elsewhere mentioned, as being essential to godly upbringing, when they are carefully cultivated from childhood by the religious instruction, the daily example, and the earnest prayers, of wise and pious parents! Do we not feel convinced that a child *so* trained up "in the way it should go," when old, will not depart from it? Do we not feel such *confidence*, as it were, in the power of habit, as to be assured of its continued and permanent influence?

But there is more in the words before us than the mere bare statement of a fact however important, founded upon the law of habit however powerful. May we not view them as a promise made to the children of godly parents, who obey the command to which it is annexed? God assuredly *has* made many great and precious promises, not only to His covenant people themselves, but also to their seed, who, like Israel, "are loved for their father's sake," (Deut. iv. 29, 37; vii. 9; Ps. lxxxix. 24-36; Jer. xxxii. 39, 40.) The oil of blessing which is poured out upon the head of the parent, generally descends to the skirts of his garment, down to the members of his family, yea, to many generations. The direct influence of a pious parent upon his children, by instruction and example, all are willing to acknowledge; but his *indirect* influence in obtaining for them many blessings from God, ought also to be thankfully remembered. And thus it is, that not only from what parents are to children, but also from what they are to *God*, these children receive special helps through grace, to prevent their leaving the way they should go. Successive generations, such as those of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, are not rare instances, but rather examples, of the general rule by which God commands His blessing upon His people's seed:—and there have been many Timothys, who "from childhood" knew the Holy Scriptures, and who possessed "unfeigned faith," which "first dwelt" in a "mother" and "grandmother," (2 Tim. i. 5.) The ordinance of baptism, indeed, is a standing memorial of this truth, that the infants of believing parents, as members of the New Testament Church, inherit special privileges. I do not mean here to enter upon the interesting and important question of baptism as bearing upon Christian education, but simply to confirm, by this ordinance, the truth of the statement, that the children of pious parents have peculiar blessings bestowed upon them. Nor must the parallel truth be forgotten,

that the curse also descends; that in a real sense, and in a thousand different ways, God visits the sins of parents upon their children to many generations!

But, perhaps, it is imagined, that there are so many exceptions to this general fact, implied in the words under consideration; or, if a promise be conveyed by them, so many cases where it seems to have failed, that both the fact and the promise cease to be of any practical value. It is frequently asserted, that the children of pious parents are often among the most reprobate; and many are disposed to think that this is *generally* the case, and that the children of wicked parents "turn out as well in the world" as those who have been trained up in the way they should go. We deny the fact. It is contrary to all experience. If it were true, it would turn religious education into a cruel mockery. It would be a premium upon indolence and vice. No man acts upon it, or believes it. Shew me a child brought up amidst scenes of profligacy, whose ears never heard a prayer ascend from beneath the parental roof, or the name of God or of Jesus uttered except in oaths and blasphemy; whose eyes never saw in its parent an example, but such as it was iniquity to admire, and a virtue to abhor, —a child who was daily trained up to habits of disobedience, lying, irreverence, idleness, and dishonesty,—and in that child it is not difficult to see a wicked manhood, followed by a wicked old age! This is a result which all who are acquainted with the family look for. When it happens, no one is surprised. Does any one express their wonder at the ungodliness of the children?—"What else could you expect?" say all who knew the ungodly parents. Upon the other hand, shew me a child trained up in anything like the manner I have more fully specified elsewhere, and in him may be traced with equally strong confidence an old pilgrim, not departing from, but continuing stedfast in, "the way" on which he entered in his early youth. We admit that there may be exceptions in both cases. The evil or good in the parent, is not *necessarily* followed by corresponding evil or good in the child,—the connection, in either case, may be broken by the individual will or choice. The neglected child of wicked parents, by God's grace, may be turned, even in his old age, from the path of sin, which he had pursued from infancy; while, in every case, whoever repents and believes in Christ, (though his parents may have been abandoned profligates,) will assuredly be saved. Upon the other hand, the child of many prayers may perish miserably, and a pious David, broken-hearted, be seen weeping over him, and crying, "Would God I had died for thee, my son Absalom!" But such cases are, nevertheless, *exceptions* to that general rule by which God is pleased to convey His blessings along the channel of godly upbringing. They occur, moreover, *much less frequently* than those are aware of, who have not watched the doings of God's providence in the world, and "*observed* His loving-kindness." When instances are alleged of the children of pious parents becoming profligates, we are disposed to press the inquiry,—Are you sure that these children were *piously* educated? were they *trained* up in the way they should go? were they religiously instructed? Was this accompanied by a religious example; by earnest prayers? Were firmness and affection combined in their education? and were the parents watchful and persevering? Perhaps you may find, upon closer examination, that there was some glaring palpable defects in father, mother, or both; or some *mental* defect in the children, or peculiar circumstances in the family, which will satisfactorily account for their subsequent evil habits, without weakening the truth of the declaration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Yet, even in the case of the Prodigal who has gone to a far country, who is forgotten by all on earth but those parents whom he has most deeply injured, but whose love for him never can grow cold but in the grave—ah! who can, while life lasts, fix a limit, beyond which his early training may not be blessed by God as the means of restoring his soul, and causing him again to walk in a

path of righteousness? The touching influences of a pious home are seldom wholly obliterated from the hardest heart. The remembrances of a father's worth and of a mother's love,—of prayers poured forth at the family altar for God's mercy and grace,—of praises which there ascended from lips long ago silent in the churchyard,—of parental advices, and solemn warnings given with many tears,—of days of sorrow and bereavement, when around the bed of death hearts now alienated were knit together by a sense of a common family loss, and knees were together bowed down, burdened by a sense of common family sins; these recollections, like the brilliant corruscations which flash across the wintry sky, may suddenly rush across the midnight of the wanderer's soul, and illumine it with a heavenly and more enduring light! The seed sown by the parents' hands with many desponding tears, may be covered by the snows of an inclement season, and may seem buried and lost for ever: but a quickening time may suddenly come from the Spirit of God, and the seed may spring up, "first the blade, then the ear, and the full corn in the ear!" It may be in a distant land—on a dying bed—or even in a dreary cell, that a parent's prayers may be answered, and his long-lost child cry out in the anguish of his own soul, but to the joy of angels, "I will arise and go to my Father!"

We would cherish the hope, that Solomon, who records these words, lived to know their truth in his own latest experience:—that he who was, during a long life, one of the wisest of men, but who, in old age, was led into grievous sin, did not die a fool; but was, in an older age still, brought back to the path in which he was trained up in his early years, when he was "taught by his father," and was "a tender and only beloved of his mother." Did not the sorrows, the confessions, and lofty aspirations of "the Preacher," survive the sins and follies of the king?

Let me, before concluding these remarks, state briefly a few considerations which should, in addition to what has been already advanced, stir up parents to train up their children in the way they should go:—

1. *Your child must live for ever!* That tender babe but newly born has commenced an existence endless as the life of God. There lies concealed in that feeble and tiny frame, folded to a mother's bosom, and which a breath of heaven might seem able to destroy, a living spirit which all the combined powers of hell or heaven are utterly incapable of annihilating! Cities and kingdoms may rise and fall during successive centuries: that infant will survive them all. The world itself, with its works shall be burned up, and the elements will melt with fervent heat: but that infant will behold the universal conflagration! When countless ages which no arithmetic can number shall have passed away, that infant shall still "live, move, and have its being," sustained by Him, the Omnipotent Sovereign, who has stamped *Eternity* upon its brow!

2. *Your child must also live for ever in bliss or in woe.* It *must* stand on Christ's left hand, or on His right at judgment. It *must* be for ever lost, or for ever saved. It *must* "rise up to be an angel, or sink down to be a devil!"*

3. *The state of your child in eternity depends upon its state in time.* It must be saved *here* or nowhere! It must enter *here* upon the endless path of good or evil—weal or woe!

4. And, lastly, the character of the child in time, and, consequently, in eternity, depends, according to God's own wise appointment, more upon its Home Education than upon all other earthly means whatever; for how closely linked together is the *child* trained up in the way, *the old man* walking in that way, and *the immortal spirit* pursuing that way for ever!

Parents! ought not these facts to impress you with a deep sense of the awful importance and value of your children? Immortal beings are beneath your roof—under your care,—they are your own dear babes; and you, more than any others in this world, must determine where they shall dwell, and how they

* Those alluded to are such only as attain the age at which they are responsible to God for their actions. All others dying in infancy, I believe, are saved through Christ Jesus.

shall live for ever! If a tree were committed to your charge, the quality of whose fruit, while the world lasted, was to be determined by the cultivation bestowed upon it by your hands during a few short years, you would not think lightly of the task!—you would look with some anxiety at its buds, and watch with deepest interest its first crop of fruit. But this child!—how much more solemn is such a charge! He must bring forth the fruit of holiness and joy, or of vice and misery, during endless ages!

There is yet one other consideration which I would direct the earnest attention of parents to, as one calculated to quicken them in the performance of their family duties,—I mean the immense reward which they cannot fail to reap from doing their duty to their children. How many parents have been privileged to see, even in this world, more than a full reward for all their faithful labours, in the reverential affection of their children,—in their cheerful meeting, and almost anticipation, of every wish,—in their soothing tenderness during sickness,—in the dutiful provision which, if required, they were willing to make for their old age—in the delightful spectacle of sons and daughters, as they leave the fireside, becoming useful and respected members of society, and, it may be, continuing in their own families that system of godly upbringing which was the means of conveying to themselves so many benefits, thus shining as lights in the world, and made a blessing to other generations! If to this is added the peaceful assurance, that all this life of theirs proceeds from a holy principle which will survive death; and if the aged parent, ere he retires from beside his domestic hearth, thus sees his prayers answered, and his family growing up a family in the Lord,—well may he say with the aged Simeon, "Now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" But when his earthly life is ended, the blessed results of his Home Education have not ended with it! These remain for ever. Brighter rewards than he ever reaped upon earth await the aged saint beyond the grave. He and his children will again meet. The whole family must appear together before the judgment-seat. Then will be fully traced out, what can be perceived but dimly here,—the moral connection between one generation and another, and the wide-spread and long-enduring effects of Home Education. But who can tell how blessed and gracious the rewards will be which the pious parent will receive upon that day? Whatever success attended his labours here—though all may apparently have been in vain—he will still have the inexpressible consolation of hearing his Lord commend him as "a good and faithful servant." But should his labours have been owned by God as a means of saving the souls of his children,—should he then be able to adopt his Master's words, and to say to Him in peace, "Behold me and the children whom thou hast given me,"—if every child is beside him on that day, not one missing, but all saved,—each, too, pointing to those joyful parents as having been the honoured instruments in bringing them to Christ, and through Christ to glory,—if, moreover, several generations appear linked together as a golden chain, each link at once a godly parent and a godly child,—oh! who can imagine the greatness of such a reward as this! Yet this day of solemn judgment which ends our earthly dispensation, only begins the endless life of God's united family in His house above. What shall we say to the vision which flits before the dim and cloudy eye of our faith—of a family in heaven? Every danger is now over; the days of toil, hunger, nakedness, peril, and sword, have vanished away; every sick-bed, with its weary watchings and partings, has been passed in safety; every grave has yielded up its holy sleeper—the sea has given up its dead—all are here!—here together; here acquainted with each other as they never were on earth; here loving each other as they never could love on earth; here rejoicing in the fellowship of Christ, and of His saints—and that *for ever!* Surely, parents, the very thought might cast you on your knees before your Saviour, to ask for grace to enable you to labour until death, if by any means you may obtain so glorious a reward!

But does not all this suggest to us another picture,—viz., the fearful consequences which those parents who train up their children in the way they should not go, are sure to bring upon themselves and others? There is, perhaps, no sin which so soon recoils upon the sinner's head as this. Many a parent, if he had eyes to see it, might read his own condemnation, as he experienced his own punishment in the conduct of his children. Those evil habits which he failed to check in his family, are now, perhaps, the source of innumerable sorrows to himself, as well as a curse to the whole neighbourhood. The prayers he never offered up to obtain daily grace to discharge his weighty duties, he now at last perhaps offers up in the anguish of his soul for grace to bear his heavy trials. The selfishness, the idleness, the drunkenness, the blasphemy, the violence, the self-will, the dishonesty, and utter godlessness—all—all—cry against him—guilty! The last dregs of a bitter cup may be drunk in seeing them die, leaving in his soul that "sorrow's crown of sorrow,"—the sorrow which has no hope! Or His own deathbed may be cheered by the want of all comfort in those he leaves behind him, and if he himself is not given up to a hard heart, his only peace will be derived from a hearty repentance, for a worse than an unprofitable life,—a repentance which through faith in Christ, may save his own soul, as by fire, yet afford him no well-founded hope, that the souls of those dear to him, whom he has so grievously injured, shall be delivered from the wrath to come!

But what shall we say of a lost family at judgment? Shall I dare attempt to picture a reality of woe, which must transcend all that imagination can conceive,—a family condemned, and hurling upon the head of parents loud anathemas for bringing them into the world, and then leaving them to perish? Sure am I, that there are very many children in every parish who could, to the utter confusion of their parents, fearfully and justly accuse them, even now, before the all-seeing God! There are many who, if judgment were to take place now, could truly say in the anguish of their souls, "Father! mother! you never taught us the way of salvation,—we never heard from your lips about God or Christ, heaven or hell, except in ridicule or in oaths,—you never taught us to pray,—you never warned us to flee from the wrath to come!" while others could say, "By *your* example and neglect chiefly, we were made swearers, liars, thieves, drunkards!" and others, "You cared for our health and for our wealth, but you cared not for our souls!" And what will you think, parents, if you hear your children calling upon the mountains to cover them, when but for your wicked *neglect* of their souls, they might have been with others in white robes following the Lamb?

And what shall I say of such a family *after* judgment?—together lost, and lost for ever? I will not dwell upon a theme so dreadful! It is painful to our spirit to contemplate these pictures of coming woe. But, alas! it is, if possible, still more painful to see how men blind their eyes to the *possibility* even of such consequences, and despise God's warnings;—more especially when there are scenes sometimes witnessed, even now, of domestic discord, vice, and unutterable misery, which afford dreadful glimpses of what must await every family which is not a family "in Christ Jesus." Inexpressibly dreadful is it to behold in this day of grace and mercy, the hideous selfishness of sin, which can make parents sacrifice their very children, and that for ever, to their own degrading self-indulgence! Many a one called a father or a mother, robs the children of their food and clothes, and murders their soul and body—and for what?—for whisky!—yes! for this they sell themselves and their families to Satan!—what care they, if they can only *get drunk!*—while others, who are sober and "respectable," sacrifice them as surely to their own love of ease, of wealth, of fashion, or of mere worldly distinction.

It is possible that some of my readers are disposed to object to these statements as being "too extreme;" as if they over-

looked the fact, that there are very many, perhaps the great majority of those we meet with in everyday life, who belong neither to the pious nor to the depraved; who have not received anything *like* that godly upbringing which, in some of its leading features, has been described in these pages; but who, nevertheless, are useful and honourable citizens; amiable and beloved members of their own families; kind and considerate neighbours; staunch and loyal friends! There are, indeed, many such in the world, whom to know is to love and value. And of these there are not a few who may be possessed of a deeper and more enduring life, which they have received through a Home Education too, conducted, perhaps, in a very imperfect, unsystematic, and peculiar, yet, in the main, *Christian* form—but who are rashly condemned by those who have had greater advantages, and are set down as "worldly," "ungodly"—because they do not come up to *their* standard, and pronounce their "shibboleth," nor express that inner life with the words, or in the fashion, which a particular time or "school" may sanction. But making allowance for such cases, others undoubtedly occur, in which there *has* been in youth a Home Education conducted without religion, as there is now a manhood spent without piety; but a manhood characterized, nevertheless, by all the amiable, honourable, and attractive traits of character which have been already alluded to. Such cases, however, only illustrate the principles which have been advanced in these parting words. They prove that the character of the family generally, corresponds to the character impressed upon it by Home Education,—that parents, according to the end they aim at, and the labour they bestow in attaining it, will have "*their* reward." So that they who seek for their children honour, industry, prudence, kindness, usefulness in society, and the like, may be rewarded accordingly, but not otherwise. As they did not desire that *God*, above all, should be loved, and His favour, above all, enjoyed by their children, they are, consequently, not disappointed when such ends as these have not been attained. But let me say to parents who thus act, What *security* have you, except in real Christian principle, that all the weak defences of natural character, however else cultivated, shall not, at any moment, give way before temptation to the flood of evil passion, and your child be drowned in his own iniquities But should no such *visible* destruction of natural character take place here, and should the life of the child so brought up pass away in the unbroken sunshine of worldly favour and prosperity, gladdened every day by the deserved respect of society, and the intercourse of loving friends, and in the enjoyment of those rewards which an affectionate, generous, and honourable man can never fail to receive,—can this, I ask, satisfy those who believe in Jesus Christ?—who believe His words to be true?—who believe that "unless born again we cannot see the kingdom of God?"—who believe that "the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance upon those *who know not God*, and that *obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ*; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power?" (2 Thes. i. 7-10.) Oh! suffer your children to go to *Christ*, to be made Christ-like, and "forbid them not."

Let parents be warned by the case of the young man who came to Jesus, who could say, in reference to the discharge of his duties towards his "father and mother," and fellow-men, "All these have I observed from my youth;" and of whom it is recorded, that "Jesus beholding him loved him!"—yet who went away sorrowful, for he lacked one thing essential to his wellbeing,—faith to accept of Jesus, and His life of holiness and love, as the true *life* of man, and a willingness, consequently, to part with everything inconsistent with his thus taking up His cross, and thus "following his Redeemer!" (Mark x. 17-27.)

And now, parents, what more need I say to you than to exhort you once again, to go yourselves and your children habitually in prayer to that God—in whose name as Father, Redeemer,

Sanctifier, they were baptized,—for grace to help you in every time of need, which, as sure as it is truly desired, you shall obtain "according to His glorious riches." You are not serving a hard master, who reaps where he hath not sown! but one most compassionate and loving, who pities our infirmities, knows our frame, and remembers we are dust; who in love has committed to you at least this one precious talent, that of training up your children in the way they should go; and who, if you *sincerely* endeavour to improve that talent, will, in spite of innumerable shortcomings and defects, accept of your poor services, and graciously reward them, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

THE CHILDREN OF THE RIGHTEOUS BLESSED.

"As for me, this *is* my covenant with them, saith the Lord: My Spirit that *is* upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever."

"There is no promise of the Bible that is more full of consolation to the pious, or that *has* been more strikingly fulfilled than this. And though it is true, that not *all* the children of holy parents become truly pious; though there are instances where they are signally wicked and abandoned, yet it is also true, that rich spiritual blessings *are* imparted to the posterity of those who serve God, and who keep His commandments. The following facts are well known to all who have ever made any observation on this subject:—1. The great majority of those who become religious, are the descendants of those who were themselves the friends of God. Those who now compose the Christian churches the world over, are not those generally who have been taken from the ways of open vice and profligacy, from the ranks of infidelity, or from the immediate descendants of scoffers, drunkards, or blasphemers. Such men *usually* tread, for a few generations at least, in the footsteps of their fathers. The Church is composed mainly of the descendants of those who have been true Christians, and who trained their children to walk in the ways of pure religion. 2. It is a fact, that comparatively a large proportion of the descendants of the pious themselves, for many generations, become true Christians. I know that it is often thought to be otherwise, and especially that it is often said, that the children of clergymen are less virtuous and religious than others. But it should be remembered, that such cases are more prominent than others—that they attract attention—and especially that the profane and the wicked have a malicious pleasure in making them the subject of remark. The son of a drunkard will be intemperate without attracting notice, for such a result is expected; the son of an infidel will be an infidel; the son of a scoffer will be a scoffer; of a thief, a thief; of a licentious man, licentious, without being the subject of special remark. It is expected, and is regarded as a matter of course. But when the son of an eminent Christian is profane, licentious, or an infidel—when he treads the path of open profligacy, it at once excites remark, because *such is not the usual course, and is not usually expected;* and because a wicked world has pleasure in marking the case, and calumniating religion through the prominent instance of imperfection and sin. But such is not the common result of religious training. Some of the most devotedly pious people of this land, (America,) are the descendants of the Huguenots who were expelled from France. A very large proportion of all the piety in this country, has been derived from the 'Pilgrims' who landed on the rock of Plymouth, and God has blessed their descendants in New England and elsewhere with numerous revivals of religion. I am acquainted with the descendants of John Rogers, the first martyr in Queen Mary's reign, of the tenth and eleventh generations. With a single exception, the oldest son in the family has been a clergyman; some of them eminently distinguished for learning and piety; and there are few families now in this land a greater proportion of whom are pious, than of that family. The following statistical account, made of a limited section of the country, not more favoured or more distinguished for piety than many others, accords undoubtedly with similar facts which are constantly occurring in the families of those who are the friends of religion. The Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society made a limited investigation this year, (1835,) for the purpose of ascertaining the facts about the religious character of the families of ministers and deacons, with reference to the charge so often urged, that the 'sons

and daughters of ministers and deacons were worse than common children." The following is the result:—In 268 families which he canvassed, he found 1290 children over fifteen years of age. Of these children, 884, *almost three-fourths are hopefully pious;* 794 have united with the churches; sixty-one entered the ministry; only seventeen are dissipated, and about half only of these became so while with their parents. In eleven of these families, there are 123 children, and *all* but seven pious. In fifty-six of these families, there are 249 children over fifteen, and all hopefully pious. When and where can any such result be found in the families of infidels, of the vicious, or of irreligious men? Indeed, it is the great law by which religion and virtue are spread and perpetuated in the world, that God is faithful to this covenant, and that He blesses the efforts of His friends in endeavouring to train up generations for His service. 3. All pious persons should repose on this promise of a faithful God. They may and should believe, that it is His design to perpetuate religion in the families of those who truly serve and obey Him. They should be faithful in imparting religious truth—faithful in prayer—faithful in a meek, holy, pure, and benevolent example; they should so live, *that their children may safely tread in their footsteps;* they should look to God for His blessing on their efforts, and their efforts will not be in vain. They shall see their children walk in the ways of virtue; and when they die, they may leave the world with unwavering confidence, that God will not suffer His faithfulness to fail—that He will not break His covenant, nor alter the thing that is gone out of His lips."—Psalm lxxxix. 33, 34.—*Barnes on Isaiah* lix. 21.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

"There are, then, you will perceive, two sorts of influence belonging to man; that which is active or voluntary, and that which is unconscious;—that which we exert purposely, or in the endeavour to sway another, as by teaching, by argument, by persuasion, by threatenings, by offers and promises,—and that which flows out from us unawares to ourselves. . .

"If the doubt occur to any of you, in the announcement of this subject, whether we are properly responsible for an influence which we exert insensibly;—we are not, I reply, except so far as this influence flows directly from our character and conduct. And this it does, even much more uniformly than our active influence. In the latter we may fail of our end by a want of wisdom or skill; in which case we are still as meritorious in God's sight, as if we succeeded. So, again, we may really succeed, and do great good by our active endeavours, from motives altogether base and hypocritical, in which case we are as evil in God's sight, as if we had failed. But the influences we exert unconsciously will almost never disagree with our real character. They are honest influences, following our character, as the shadow follows the sun. And, therefore, we are much more certainly responsible for them, and their effects on the world. They go streaming from us in all directions, though in channels that we do not see, poisoning or healing around the roots of society, and among the hidden wells of character. If good ourselves, they are good; if bad, they are bad. And, since they reflect so exactly our character, it is impossible to doubt our responsibility for their effects on the world. We must answer not only for what we do with a purpose, but for the influence we exert insensibly.

"You must not conclude that influences of this kind are insignificant, because they are unnoticed or noiseless. How is it in the natural world? Behind the mere show, the outward noise and stir of the world, nature always conceals her hand of control, and the laws by which she rules. Who ever saw with the eye, for example, or heard with the ear, the exertions of that tremendous astronomic force, which every moment holds the compact of the physical universe together? The lightning is, in fact, but a mere fire-fly spark in comparison; but because it glares on the cloud, and thunders so terribly in the ear, and rives the tree or the rock where it falls, many will be ready to think that it is a vastly more potent agent than gravity.

"The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stirs and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults. The law of human influence is deeper than many suspect, and they lose sight of it altogether. The outward endeavours made by good men or bad to sway others, they call their influence; whereas it is, in fact, but a fraction, and, in most cases, but a very small fraction, of the good or evil that flows out of their lives. Nay, I will even go further. How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose

manners and character is so decided, as often to thwart their voluntary influence; so that whatever they attempt to do, in the way of controlling others, they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend! And it will generally be found, that where men undertake, by argument or persuasion, to exert a power, in the face of qualities that make them odious or detestable, or only not entitled to respect, their insensible influence will be too strong for them. In all such cases, the voluntary influence of men will not even compose a fraction, however small, of what they do."

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE IN THE FAMILY.

"We begin our mortal experience, not with acts grounded in judgment or reason, or with ideas received through language, but by simple imitation, and, under the guidance of this, we lay our foundations. The child looks and listens, and whatsoever tone of feeling or manner of conduct is displayed around him, sinks into his plastic, passive soul, and becomes a mould of his being ever after. The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that, for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table: and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which, if wrong, no patience of discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no future exposure utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellowmen, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children."—*Sermon on Unconscious Influence, by Rev. Dr. H. Bushnell, U. S.*

Poetry.

WHY THUS LONGING?

Longing, thus for ever sighing,
For the far off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching
All the restless yearnings it would still:
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be
Thou no ray of light and joy
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that the crowd applauses,
Not by works that give the world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown

Daily struggling, though enclosed and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty-striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

ANON.

MORNING HYMN.*

Now that the sunny gleaming bright,
Implore we, bending low
That He, the uncreate Light
May guide us as we go.

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove:
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

And while the hours in order flow,
O Christ, securely fence
Our gates, besieged by the foe
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to thine honour, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend,
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favour end!

* The above translation of a beautiful old mediæval hymn, appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 148, p. 324.

HOW TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR.

Let us begin the year with solemn reflection—and say, with Job, "When a few years are come I shall go the way whence I shall not return." Let me not only believe this; but think of it, and feel the importance of the sentiment. Yes, in a little time I shall be no more seen. How—where—shall I be disposed of? The seasons will return as before; but the places that now know me will know me no more for ever. Will this be a curse? or a blessing? If I die in my sins I shall return no more to my possessions and enjoyments; to the calls of mercy; to the throne of grace; to the house of prayer! If I die in the Lord, I shall—oh! blessed impossibility! —return no more to these thorns and briers; to this vain and wicked world; to this aching head; to this throbbing heart; to these temptations and troubles, and sorrows and sins.

Let us begin the year with self-inspection—and say, with the chief butler, "I do remember my faults this day." We are prone to think of the failings of our fellow-creatures, and often imagine because we are free from *their* faults that we are faultless. But we may have other faults; we may have worse; and while a mote is in our brother's eye, a beam may be in our own. Let us be open to conviction. Let us deal faithfully with our own hearts. Let us not compare ourselves with others, and especially the more vile of our fellow-creatures; but with our advantages; with our knowledge; with our professions; with the law of God.

Let us begin the year with a determination to abandon whatever appears sinful—and say, with Elihu, "If I have done iniquity, I will do no more." Should the evil course or the evil passion solicit, let it plead in vain while the Saviour-Judge says—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell."

Begin the year with pious and personal dedication—and say, with David, "Lord, I am thine; save me." Through Him who is the way yield yourselves unto God. It is your reasonable service. He has infinite claims to you. You will never be truly your own till you are His.

Begin the year with relative religion; and if the worship of God has never been established in your family, now commence it—and say, with Joshua, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A family without prayer is like a house without a roof. It is uncovered and exposed; and we know who has threatened to pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His Name.

Begin the year with fresh concern to be useful—and ask, with Saul of Tarsus, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Let me look at my condition; my resources; my opportunities. How can I glorify God and promote the welfare of my fellow-creatures? Is there not a Bible to circulate? Are there not Missionaries to support? Are there none perishing for lack of knowledge that I can myself instruct? Have I no irreligious neighbours to reclaim? Are there no poor to relieve? No widows and fatherless to visit?

Begin the year with more conduct in the arrangement of your affairs, and resemble Ezra and his brethren, who "did according to the custom, as the duty of every day required." God has said, let every thing be done decently and in order. Much of your comfort will arise from regularity in your meals, in your devotions, in your callings; and your piety will be aided by it. Have a place to receive everything; an end to simplify, it; a rule to arrange it. Leave nothing for the morrow that ought to be discharged to-day. Sufficient for each period will be its own claims; and your mind ought to be always at liberty to attend to fresh engagements.

Finally. Time, this short, this uncertain, this all-important time, upon every instant of which eternity depends, will not allow of our trifling away any of its moments. Resolve therefore to redeem it. Gather up its fragments that nothing be lost. Especially rescue it from needless sleep; and if you have hitherto accustomed yourself to the shameful indulgence of lying late in bed, begin the New Year with the habit of early rising; by which you will promote your health and improvement of every kind, and live much longer than others in the same number of days—and say, with David, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."

And if this be your determination, the season will be the date of your happiness. God himself says, "From this day will I bless you."—*Jay's Morning Exercises.*

WATER A MIRACLE OF CREATION.

"Is there any one who can elevate his mind above that indolence of observation and dulness of feeling, which result from the daily impressions of familiar objects? There are such: for of them is he to whom Nature has granted the power of seeing her as she deserves to be seen, and of teaching others how she ought to be contemplated. It is the poet of Nature who should write the history of water. Familiar, even to neglect, this is a wonderful substance, and we forget to admire; beautiful, and we do not note its beauty. Transparent and colourless, it is the emblem of purity: in its mobility, it is imbued with the spirit of life: a self-acting agent; a very well in the unceasing river, the dancing brook, the furious torrent, and the restless ocean: speaking with its own voice, in the tinkling of the droping cavern, the murmuring of the rill, the rush of the cascade, and the roar of the sea-wave; and even, in the placid lake, throwing its own spirit of vitality over the immoveable objects around. And if its motion is the life of the landscape, it is, at rest, the point of contrast and repose for the turbulent multiplicity of the surrounding objects: a tempering shadow in reflecting the bright picture, and as the mirror of the sky, a light amid darkness; while it is the colour to enhance what it contrasts, whether in its splendour or its shade.

"Its singular oppositions of character are not less strikingly. Yielding to ever impulse, unresisting, even to light, it becomes the irresistible force, before which the ocean promontory crumbles to dust, and the rocky mountain is levelled with the plain below;—a mechanical power, whose energy is without bounds. Of an apparently absolute neutrality, without taste, without smell, a powerless nothingness, that deceptive innocence is the solvent of everything, reducing the thousand solids of the earth to its own form. Again, existing at one instant, in the next, it is gone, as if it were annihilated: to him who knows not its nature, it has ceased to be. It is a lake, and in a short time it is nothing; again it is that lake, and it is a solid rock. It is rock crystal at one instant, and in the next it is invisible; while the agent of its invisibility transports it beyond the earth, that rock is air! Thus sailing the heavens, it descends again unchanged, again to renew the same ceaseless round: for ever roaming between the earth and the vacant regions of space; wandering about the earth below in the performance of its endless duties, and though appearing at rest, resting nowhere. This and more is water: powerful in its weakness, and powerful in its strength; an union of feebleness and force, of incessant activity and apparent tranquillity, of nullity and ubiquity, of insignificance and power, *a miracle of creation!*"—*M'Culloch.*

MEMOIR OF DR. GRANT,

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.

Part II.

They were invited, soon after their arrival, (at Oroomiah,) along with the resident missionary, Mr. Perkins, to a wedding; and when there, were greeted by the assembled throng with shouts of "Welcome! welcome!" and on retiring, the same words were reiterated; and many of the people rushed forward to kiss their hands. The hearts of the missionaries were melted in gratitude to God for these demonstrations of interest, and the unbounded access they had to all classes. "Oh! what hinders," exclaims Mr. Perkins, "that the Lord may not shed down His Spirit upon us, and upon them, and gloriously revive His work in the midst!"

In Dr. Grant's first letter to his brother, he gives the following detail of their mode of life and occupations:—

Our time is so much occupied, that it is very difficult to write all the particulars that would interest our friends. I usually prescribe for forty or fifty patients in a day, teach my class of Persians, give lessons to my students, and superintend the secular affairs of the Mission; and I have little time enough left to learn two difficult languages, be-

sides my other studies and contingent labours; still my health is very good, and I was never more happy. We have not had quite as cold weather as we have seen in America; but the cold has been very uniform for two months past. This city, Oorooomiah, is said to contain 20,000 inhabitants, and the plain, 200 villages. Here all the inhabitants live in the city, or villages; and there are no fences to the fields, excepting the gardens and some of the vineyards, which are extensive.

In another letter, addressed to his mother and sister, after receiving the intelligence of his father's death, he thus writes:—

Our prospects still continue as encouraging as ever. . . . The school for teachers on our premises is very flourishing, and numbers at present about forty scholars, who are making rapid progress in their studies. Mr. Perkins has commenced translating the Bible into the vulgar tongue. Multitudes of the sick of every description daily crowd our house for medical prescriptions. It is no uncommon thing for patients to come a three, four, or five days' journey to procure relief. It is, indeed, sufficient to repay one for all the self-denial and suffering incident to a missionary life, to witness the sincere and artless gratitude manifested by these poor people when relieved from suffering.

A month afterwards he communicates to his sister the tidings that her *nephew, Henry Martyn, had joined the Mission*—thus playfully announcing the birth of a son. He thus concludes his letter,—

There is much that is interesting, and some things discouraging, or rather that call for strong faith, and should make us feel our weakness and insufficiency. . . . I trust we feel something of the responsibility of our station. Every moment calls for incessant labour, and our duties continue to increase. In a class I instruct in English, Mussulmen and Nestorians study the gospels together; and we render it all into Turkish, which is the universal language here. I talk much more in this language than in English; but it will be a long time yet before I can speak it as well on all subjects. My patients are very numerous, and often come three or four days' journey. Some of these who come quite blind, return seeing. Not a week passes but I operate for cataract, and often several times a-week. I trust that much suffering will be relieved. Oh! that I might be made instrumental in opening the eyes of the spiritually blind! The people are poor and oppressed in the extreme, and this is a great hindrance to our work. People say that they have to work every moment for their bread, and to pay their taxes. At least, they cannot provide food, and attend to study too. Thus, while they desire instruction, they grow up in ignorance.

Sickness now attacked the Missionaries. In October, 1836, Dr. Grant writes to his mother,—

The Lord has been visiting us by sickness for some months past. I have had two or three attacks of fever, and, on the 16th ultimo, was brought to the confines of eternity by a sudden and violent attack of the cholera. . . My eyes have been so much inflamed as to render it necessary to take a large quantity of blood, to mercurialize me, and blister freely. Of blisters, I had ten upon my neck and arms. Mrs. Perkins and our dear babes have also had ophthalmia. Mr. Perkins and the ladies have all had two or three attacks of fever. Mr. P. has been brought very low. For three or four days he knew nothing that passed. . . . . Fortunately, I was able, though with much effort, to attend upon them, and to direct prescriptions for myself; and the Lord has, in great mercy, raised us all up again. We desire to sing of His faithfulness and loving-kindness all the days of our life. Do you imagine that such trials may have shaken my confidence of being in the path of duty? No, my dear mother; while expecting that another hour might be my last, my faith was strong, and I could have testified to all the world of the excellency of the missionary cause; certainly, I could not have departed in a better. . . . The season has been unusually sickly here; but our work has progressed. Even while I had ten blisters upon me, I kept about and superintended the affairs of the Mission; Mr. Perkins being absent. I have lost but little time in consequence of all my sickness.

The first letters from America had brought him the tidings of his father's death: and now he was called on to mourn the loss of a brother, about whose spiritual state he had been deeply concerned, and to whom he had frequently written in terms of the most affectionate solicitude. These bereavements, coupled with the death of the gentlemen to whose

care he had committed his children, occasioned him deep sorrow and anxiety.

The following extract from a letter to his sister, dated January, 1837, is interesting, as shewing the importance he attached to *the prayer of Christians in behalf of Missions*. She had mentioned that not a *concert* of *prayer* passed in which they (the Missionaries) had not an interest. To this he replies,—

We are greatly supported by such an assurance, and would earnestly entreat all who have an interest at the mercy seat, to pray with unceasing importunity for their brethren and sisters who are toiling and rapidly wearing out their lives among the benighted and perishing. Will not Christians, who are in the common embrace of the Church, and surrounded by every means of grace, pray for our personal holiness, and preparation for the great and awfully responsible work in which we are engaged? We have constantly to contend with the great adversary of souls, and live under every unbelieved influence which the unregenerate can throw around us. True, we find in the dens of wickedness which are rolling around us into the gulf of despair, a constant incitement to exertion. But we have well-nigh sunk under the magnitude of our work, aided by an untried climate. In my last communications, I gave some account of the sickness in which all our number shared so largely, and which brought Mr. Perkins and myself to the very borders of the grave. He was still unable to labour; and although weak and suffering from the effects of disease, I could not bear to see all our important labours suspended. I therefore exerted myself to manage our boarding-school, and three *schools* which we had established in the surrounding villages—taught my class in English, and gave medicines to the multitude of sick who came to be healed. In a word, I had the whole care of the Mission to sustain: and although fearful of the consequences, I hardly knew whether I could better support such an amount of labour, or see the consequences of suspending it. For a long time I was supported, until Mr. Perkins was able to resume his labours: but, five weeks past, I have suffered severely, and have scarcely been able to leave the house. My symptoms are now improving, and I hope ere long to resume my work.

There have been some encouraging appearances of late, particularly manifest in our Sabbath school. But we need the reviving, soul-converting influence of the Holy Spirit, without which all our labours are vain. In our behalf, entreat Christians to pray earnestly that God would revive His work here, and bring up the thousands who are called by the name of Christ, to engage as faithful labourers in His vineyard. As yet, we have no reason to believe that any of them are His true disciples: but they have God's *holy word* in their hands, and if we are faithful, what may we not hope? It is *prayer, prayer* that is needed. . . . . We need more missionaries here, but *I would rather not*, for even their influence would not avail by the *Arm of God*; and I hope none but such will come.

To Dr. Ira Grant, he writes:—

My prayer is, that God, in His infinite mercy, may overrule all His afflictive dispensations for the advancement of His cause and kingdom. I hope that followers of Him who had not where to lay His head, will think less of accumulating the wealth of this world, and more of using it for the spread of the Gospel. Is not God teaching His Church by the pecuniary distress He has brought on the country, that they should not trust in uncertain riches, which take to themselves wings and fly away? When will *Christians*, the purchase of a Saviour's blood, learn to lay up their treasures in heaven, and be more rich towards God? What a different state of things would be seen? Oh! that we could see so much anxiety to invest funds in Bible, tract execution, and missionary stock, as there is in railroad and bank stock! If Christians could feel the blessedness of living wholly to God, what a different state of things should we see in the Church! I feel more and more satisfied, that before the world is converted, *the Church* must come up to a higher and holier standard of consecration to God. Christians must feel that the great business of life is to be co-workers with Jesus Christ in saving this lost world. Instead of taxing all the energies of their souls and bodies to heap together a little of the glittering dust of earth, their daily inquiry should be, What can I do to honour my Saviour, and save my dying fellow-men from the dreadful thraldom of sin? What can I do to pour the light of the Gospel upon the darkness of heathenism, and fill the earth with the glory of God? These are motives worthy of all the powers of Gabriel, and they should be first in our mind when we lie down, and when we rise up. We should carry them to our farms, our workshops, and our country-houses. We

should feel that our time, our property, our influence, our children, all belong to God. *We are not our own.*

Dr. Grant was well entitled to make such an appeal to his fellow-Christians, for he "had made great sacrifices for the cause of the Redeemer; giving his property and himself, and *all*, to advance it; he knew the blessedness of giving, as well as the responsibility." . . . . "As he had made sacrifices in leaving his children, he properly threw the responsibility of their right training on the Church."

The notices of failing health become more frequent. Each succeeding letter contains some such allusion to it as the following:—

My own health is such, that I have attended to the various missionary duties which devolve upon me, such as prescribing for the sick, superintending the village schools and our Sabbath schools, teaching a class in English, receiving and returning visits, &c. But yet I am far from well. Since the attack of the Cholera, which brought me so low eighteen months ago, my stomach has often rejected all kinds of food almost as soon as I had eaten it, and before it had time to experience any change. I have hitherto found partial relief from taking free exercise on horseback; and my plans of labour for the ensuing summer will require this kind of exercise almost daily, and often constantly. The climate, however, appears to be very prejudicial to my constitution, and although I hope to be useful for some time, perhaps for years, I expect to labour in weakness and pain. But if I only suffer for the cause of Christ, and am permitted to be a co-worker with Him, I will count it all joy, and toil on, rejoicing in the precious truth, that "there is a rest for the people of God."

Again, he writes in the same strain in November of the same year, 1838,—

The most prominent symptom under which I labour, is *irritability* of the stomach, inducing it to reject my food more or less frequently—often every meal for days together. It is, undoubtedly, the effects of the hostile climate; of course it occasions much suffering; but I do not mind that so long as I have strength to labour, as I have most of the time. What the result may be, is only known to our heavenly Father. But in this I rejoice, that He will order all things well. Nor do I feel anxious for the future, or whether my work is long continued, provided it is well done. I trust I feel willing to do or to *suffer* the will of God in this matter; and blessed be His name, there remaineth a rest to His people, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Twin daughters were now added to his family. His wife, he says, was in comfortable health. He knew not how soon he was to be called on to resign her. She died the following January, after fourteen days' illness. Her death was most edifying; but as her Memoirs have been published, we shall pass on to the succeeding events of Dr. Grant's life; suffice it to say, in the words of his biographer, that "He who tried his faith thus severely, also gave him grace to sustain him under the burden of his affliction, and they seemed necessary to prepare him for the arduous labours and severe trials to which he was to be subjected during the remainder of his brief and weary pilgrimage."

In the Autumn of 1839, he made a tour through Mesopotamia and Assyria. At Mardin, in Mesopotamia, he and his companion nearly fell a sacrifice to the bloodthirsty Koords, who had slain several of the chief men of the city. They returned to a convent four miles distant, seeking the protection of the patriarch; were, however, pursued by a party, amounting to a hundred men, and only escaped through a division among their enemies; some saying, "What have these men done that we should shed their blood?" And others, "Why should we injure the patriarch who has done us no harm?"

"After visiting the ruins of Nineveh," (we quote his words,) "I set out on the 7th October, on a tour in Central Koordistan, or ancient Assyria. You know I have been long anxious to visit the Nestorian Christians inhabiting the almost inaccessible mountains of the lawless and sanguinary Koords. God has at length prepared the way for me, and brought me safely through their country; and after a deeply interesting visit of six or seven weeks among the Nestorian mountains, I have at length reached my former residence in ancient India. The result of my visit to that hitherto inaccessible region, where no European had before penetrated, I trust will prove highly subservient to the cause of Christ. The way

appears now to be open for the missionary to enter that most interesting and promising field. . . . . My journey through that part of the country was an arduous and difficult one, but highly interesting and satisfactory."

The Board now gave him permission to visit America. He availed himself of it, as it appeared desirable to him that he should have a personal interview with the Prudential Committee preparatory to labours among the mountain tribes. It was also necessary to make arrangements for his children. Ere he had completed his preparations for returning home, his twin daughters died. In 1840, Dr. G. revisited America. His stay was short, as he wished to visit London to arrange for the publication of his work, entitled, "The Nestorians; or, the Lost Tribes," simultaneously there and in America, and to reach "Mesopotamia in season, to avoid the hot winds of the desert, which are dangerous to the traveller in July and August."

It was a remarkable interposition of Providence that hindered Dr. Grant from embarking in the ill-fated President, as he had designed to do.

CHOLERA.

"Shall I now mention that thundercloud, which is the topic of general conversation, which all look out for, and which no one sees till it strike him or his? To me it comes like a majestic tempest, mighty to make the most careless solemn, and to impress the boldest scoffer with the feeling of his dependence on a higher, an irresistible power. The world has, in part, learned what that means, 'God is a living God.' From His gifts of immediate good, the sun which He guides in its course, the blessings which He sends, the health which He bestows, the peace He guards, the harvests He blesses, they will not perceive that He is the living God. So now, through the fearfulness of His judgments, they must learn what manner of care His is. He is there on the earth, and walks among men with searching eyes, and marks from the thunder-path of His solemn progress, if any will seek to know Him. You will calmly contemplate what fills so many with terror and trembling; it is good for man that his comfort be disturbed, and his poor pride humbled; his wandering heart, thus bruised, is prepared to receive the seed of faith; it takes root, and rises, and bears the fruit of the fear of God. Great precaution will everywhere be used, too much will be done to prepare *against* death, too little to prepare *for* death."—*Life of Rev. H. Mowes.*

EMIGRATION.

"Let the spirit of emigration and colonization be awakened in a few hearts, and who knows but those who trouble us may turn out to be some of our best men?—men into whom God has put great strength for the worthiest ends, though hitherto it has been perverted to bad ends? What a multitude of people there are in England who are troublesome just because they have energies which they do not know how to use, and which, perhaps, on this soil they will never learn to use, except for mischief! What a number of brave spirits, who cannot understand why they are sent into the world and wish themselves well out of it! What hearty young men, tearing their souls to pieces with rationalist and communist doubts, which would settle themselves in action if they could find a field for it! What stout churchmen spending good zeal upon baby questions about surplices and altars! What good liquor evaporating in froth and fury in speeches at Protestant associations! What capital men, who are giving up body and soul to defend the six points! What noble hearts formed in God's image destroying themselves in the saloons of Belgravia, in the gin-shops of St. Giles! Now, a true, divinely-taught Englishman might fuse together these stone elements of power and of confusion, and make them the stones of a glorious temple in some far-off region of the earth. Out of much worse and more discordant materials were the cities and churches of Christendom raised. We are not born an age too late; the good day may be at hand."—*Politics for the People.*

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

...n infant in its mother's arms,
And left it sleeping.
Years passed—I saw a girl with mother's charms,
In sorrow weeping.

...passed—I saw a mother mourn her child,
And o'er it languish.
... brought me back—yet through her tears
nniled,
In deeper anguish.

I left her,—years had vanished,—I returned,
And stood before her;
A lamp beside the childless widow burned—
Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her,—whom I left in tears
On God relying:
And I returned again in after years
And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair,—
A wife, a mother,—
And then a childless widow in despair,
Thus ended a brother.

And thus we meet on earth, and thus we part
To meet, oh! never.
Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart,
To live for ever.

Foreign Correspondence.

FRANCE.

DEAR BROTHER,

Whilst I have been endeavouring to give you a correct idea of the present position of the Established Reformed Church of France, the secession which had been represented as so alarming an affair, has exhibited its true character and extent in a meeting which has been long maturing, and was actively gathered from all parts of the country. The evidence thus furnished of the complete failure of their original expectations—the transformation of the plan of a Free Church into that of a union with some dissenting bodies—and, finally, the abandonment of Presbyterianism, which was set aside in order to make room for Congregationalism, are topics so interesting, that I am induced to interrupt the course of my narrative in order to touch on these ecclesiastical news. I do not know what will be said in foreign parts of the United Synod; but I will make it as clear as day to your readers—

1*st*, That they have found it impossible to organize a Reformed Free Church in France.

2*d*, That it was necessary to have recourse to the Dissenters, in order to form any Synod at all.

3*d*, That the Congregationalist Dissenters managed to sell their assistance, which they knew to be indispensable, to their new friends, at such a price that Presbyterianism has been sacrificed.

And 4*th*, That the union of Church and State has been formally condemned, though originally openly maintained; and the friends of National Establishments, like the supporters of Presbyterianism, have been obliged to yield in the Synod to the Dissenters and Congregationalists.

I should tell you, in the first place, that the Synod, though it thought necessary to preserve that name, is no Synod at all. Thirty-one *churches* (we shall see immediately the meaning of that word) sent representatives. These delegates represented chiefly various shades of Congregational dissent. *The sum total of the disruption of the National Church, amounted to three ministers and three laymen.* This part alone says enough for *the disruption.* After a whole year of exertion, of warfare, of newspaper articles, of correspondence, of journeys at home and abroad, six members to compose the Synod! The necessity of opening the door to admit other elements besides the Church of France, is very obvious; but the door was opened so wide, that English and Swiss dissent rushed in, nipped the Free Church in the bud, strangled it before it was born.

How this was accomplished, it is difficult to explain, as the Synod thought proper to keep its sittings secret. Members only were admitted. While the Synod of the Established Church of France, like that of Scotland, courts public inspection, this Synod—we do not know by what name to designate it—judged obscurity to be indispensable. It opened and closed in darkness. We are told, however, that the most affecting harmony prevailed among them, and that they were perfectly satisfied with their work.

Of these thirty-one churches, hear what says a religious newspaper of high character and extensive circulation:—"We say nothing of two places of worship reckoned as two churches; the Chapel Taitbout and the Chapel Saint Maur, are classed as two distinct churches, though they have no separate funds, and the

same directors: and they had four deputies in the Synod. No doubt, there are churches within churches. A pious family is a church of itself in Scripture language; but if we are to use the word in its ordinary signification, we may ask what are the Free Churches of Vincennes, of Montenaire, of Toulouse, and others which need not be named? We were perfectly ignorant of their existence, and were not a little surprised to hear of them. Ten or twelve persons without organization, *without a name*, and without a place of worship, did not seem to us to form a very regular congregation, nor did it ever occur to us, that they should be represented in the Synod by one or by two deputies. Many more important churches than these, have we seen born and die: and it appears to us, that for the present, the only purpose they can serve, is to make an appearance on paper."

It may be, that the seceders are satisfied with the success of their movement: but not less so, certainly, are their brethren of the Established Church, to see that a denomination which reckons more than 700 ministers, and above *seven hundred*, has furnished to the Separatist Synod a complement of *only three ministers and three laymen*. The public will judge on what side the satisfaction is the best founded.

But what we have now to say respecting the ecclesiastical constitution elaborated in August last with closed doors, will prove still more clearly the points we have advanced. If the National Church element was swamped in the Dissenting element, in reference to the number of delegates who adhered to each respectively, it was much more so in the articles of the Constitution. In the first place, any church which proposes to join the United Synod, "must receive no assistance from the State." At the time of their secession from the Established Church, Messrs. Frederic Monod and Gasparin declared repeatedly, that the question of Church and State was not the cause of their separation. M. de Gasparin had indeed recently published a book, in which he distinguishes between the *independence of the Church*, which he demands, and its separation from the State, which he does not demand. "Let us insist on *independence*," says he, "instead of insisting on separation. *Independence* is a doctrine written on every page of the Bible; *separation* nowhere." M. Frederic Monod held the same views. His ministry of twenty-five years' standing in the National Church, the journal which he edited, his ordinary conversation, all proved this: but in order, I doubt not, to secure the support of the Dissenters, they were reduced to the necessity of repudiating the past, and of inscribing in the constitution of the Free Church, that which, according to their own confession, "was not to be found in any part of the Bible."

This is not all. The obligation to reject State commission, sprung from a necessity which imposed other and still harder conditions. We have in France, beyond the pale of the Established Church, among pure Dissenters, a certain number of Derbyists, or Plymouth Brethren, Irvingites, Baptists, &c., whom it would be impossible to draw into the Union if the points of difference were touched at all. Should they, then, insist on infant, or on adult baptism? On baptism by sprinkling, or by immersion? Should they adopt a close, or an open communion? Was the ministry to be held a special office of Divine appointment, or an arbitrary arrangement of a temporary character, and revocable at pleasure, according to the opinions or caprices of the people? There was no hope of opening on all these. Accordingly, *all these points are passed over in silence*. This appears incredible; but, nevertheless, it is most certain. After a year of toil and labour, behold! a constitution which, neither of baptism, nor of the Lord's Supper, nor of the ministry of the Word!

No trace of discipline is to be found in the constitution of the Union. The third article merely says, that every church shall have its own. But what sort of discipline is it to be? Who is to appoint the ministers?—the elders? How many are there to be? What are to be their duties?—their rights? How are the ministers to be consecrated? On whom do they depend?—on each church?—or on the Synod? Are they alone to have the privilege of administering the sacraments? Or are they to share this duty with the laity? Not one of these questions is answered, or even mentioned. It is evident, *that out and out Congregationalism, the absolute sovereignty of each flock, has triumphed, and that Presbyterianism, the only form of Church government which the Church of France ever conceived or practised for three centuries, has been completely sacrificed*, by men who, nevertheless, quitted the National Church with the professed object of carrying with them the system of their ancestors, but, in reality, to dash it in pieces at the first step of their progress!

(To be continued.)

Missionary Intelligence.

THE JEWS.

SERMON BY DR. KRUMMACHER.

Leaving "the Pastoral Conference," held in Berlin last summer, Dr. Krummacher preached in the Louisenstadter Church a very eloquent and powerful sermon on Ezekiel xxxvii. 21-28, "And say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I will take the children of Israel from among the heathen, whither they be gone, and will gather them on every side, and bring them into their own land," &c.* Besides a short introduction, the sermon consists of three parts. In the first of which, the Jews are considered as witnesses of the truth of God's providence and revelation; in the second, as the people of the covenant; and in the third, as the future missionaries of the world. Of the whole of the third head, as setting forth the views of such a celebrated man as Krummacher, concerning the future destiny of the Jewish nation, we subjoin the following version:—

"But when shall Israel's time come? Perhaps soon. Certain it is, that the Scriptures place the universal conversion of mankind in connection with the commotions and changes of the so-called *last time*, and especially in close connection with those divine judgments which are then to befall and annihilate the kingdom of antichrist; and the reign of antichrist is hastening to its end,—Satan's time is fulfilled. The huge machination to overturn the old Christian world with its faith, its views, its opinions, its morals, and its laws; and to substitute, in its room, a new-world, grounded on the principles of a hell-enkindled philosophy, in which no God and no immortality shall be believed, but in which man shall be his own God, his own corrupted caprice, his only law, and temporal gratification his *only heaven,—this Satanic machination* is already well-nigh matured! The war, which is now kindled under blood-red banners, is no longer a strife of political principles, but in its inmost nature, a campaign of extermination, led by the ungodly against the saints, by anarchy against all supremacy of law, by fanaticism against every Christian thought,—a storming of heaven.—an armed conspiracy against that which is divine in every form and revelation; and but wait—wait but a little, and it will clearly manifest itself as such! Before we have lethought ourselves, the last squadron of the prince of darkness shall be arrayed on the battle-field; and beside the banner of the man of sin, will float the sister banner of the Holy One. And Israel, too, for of this the Scripture speaks plainly, will add to that fearful power, its fire-breathing contingent of impoisoned troops; and, according to the prophecy of the old Jacob, 'Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider shall fall backward.' Remember, O Prussia, that thou, with thy King, art first of all hated, and threatened with destruction from that factious rabble! There must still be in thee a sound kernel of moral strength, a might of faith, of piety, and of true attachment to the ordinances of God, or thou wouldst not be regarded by the enemy as the representative of the kingdom of God. But beware, beware! Thou carriest the enemy in thine own bosom. Grasp thy breastplate and thy shield. When the Lord shall come to judgment in storm and in tempest, thou wilt also receive they portion. But while this judgment shall be to the one as scattering lightning, it shall be to the other as a refreshing shower; and in its train shall succeed the conversion of Israel.

"And Israel being converted!—Oh! even before consulting the Scripture record, I can imagine what a great and ennobling manifestation that will be. It will be such a manifestation as the race of men has never yet seen. The whole of that rich capital of gifts and mental endowments, which still remains in this wonderful nation, as in an inexhaustible mine, and even now are so powerfully manifested, albeit generally in an unhallowed manner, shall then be

* The entire discourse is to be found in the thirty-third annual publication of the *Neueste Nachrichten aus dem Reiche Gottes*, pp. 326-335.

disclosed, and freed, and excited, and purified, and sanctified for the service of holiness! The acuteness, the wit, the fancy, the ingenuity, the power of language, all purified by the Spirit of holiness, and subject to the peaceful sceptre of the at-length-known King of Israel after repentance; for the transgression of two thousand years has broken the heart of the people, after that Israel, among the thunders of Sinai, before the tables of Moses, and in presence of the revelations of their prophets, to whom, with a giant unbelief, they have shut their hearts, when they shall have bathed themselves in a flood of tears. O Zechariah, I know, even without thy announcement, that 'in those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have seen that God is with you.' O Ezekiel, thou needest not assure me that the heathen will then discover that Jehovah is *the Lord* who maketh Israel blessed, when His sanctuary shall be among them for ever. We believe, even without thee, O Paul, that the conversion of Israel will be a resurrection to vivalage, *life from the dead*. We know and believe, that the man-child, born of the fleeing woman, clothed with the sun, and of whom it is declared, (Rev. xii. 5,) that he will *rule all nations with a rod of iron*,—that is, as a missionary, subject them to Christ,—is none other than Israel in the time of his restoration. Israel returns back to his land under the banner of the heavenly Jerusalem, and henceforth fulfils his high calling as the missionary of the east. With what marvellous effect did not the first assembly at Jerusalem influence all around! But think of *all* Israel filled with the Holy Spirit, and arrayed on the Lord's side! That will be the glorious legion—that the phalanx of God, that will subdue the world!

"Thus it is a noble work to which we dedicate our exertions, and a burning light of mighty expectations in which we accomplish our labour. Oh! help us! We are building the fairest temple that the world ever saw. Let Israel have a place in your hearts,—he is worthy of your inmost adoption, and of your warmest love. Prophecy unwearedly to the wind, that He may come from the four winds, and breathe upon the slain. Assuredly He will not delay. Yes, the time approaches, it is nigh at hand, when Israel, in a still more noble sense, will say with the Roman emperor Julian, *O Galilean, thou hast vanquished at last!* Blessed be the King of Israel! Amen."

IRELAND.

OPERATIONS OF THE IRISH SOCIETY.

We rejoice in publishing the following statement regarding the Irish Society of London, instituted in 1822, for promoting the Education and Religious Instruction of the Native Irish, through the medium of their own language. Though widely circulated, it may be new to many of our readers:—

The Irish Society labours in the native districts, where upwards of 3,000,000 of the population speak the Irish language.

Its operations are carried on in almost every county in Ireland.

Seven Irish-speaking clergymen are in connection with it, who read the Liturgy, and preach the Gospel in the native tongue.

Ten congregations of converts have been raised up, or are now ministered to through the instrumentality of the Society. Two [illegible] Galway—two in the county of Cork—and six in Kerry.

Many Roman Catholics, not included in those distinct congregations, have been brought, through the blessing of Almighty God, upon the Society's labours, to renounce the errors of Rome, and are now incorporated with old Protestant congregations.

Some *groups* of converts, who have been instructed by the Society, are asking for Irish clergymen to be located amongst them.

The Bible in the Irish language is extensively circulated by means of the Society.

Several applications have been made for the Book of Common Prayer in the native tongue, for the use of the more advanced converts.

There are now 800 *teachers* connected with it, who instruct the native Irish in reading the Word of God. Since the commencement, 300,000 *individuals*, chiefly adults, have thus been taught to *read the Scriptures*, many of whom embraced the Protestant faith.

The cost of instructing each pupil is ten shillings and sixpence.

The Superintendent of the Clonmel district states:—

"Within the last twelve months, the spread of the Scriptures among the peasantry of my district, has been such as greatly to astonish me. The number of

schools increased from about 20 to 92, and the pupils in proportion, and the circulation of the Scriptures accordingly."

More than 100 *Scripture Readers* are employed, who read the Irish Bible in the cabins, or to groups of the peasantry at work in their fields, or by the roadside.

Several Roman Catholics, who have been taught to read the Irish Bible, have not, during life, had sufficient courage to come out from the Church of Rome, and yet, when dying, have received grace "earnestly to contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," and have departed rejoicing in Christ Jesus the Lord, the only name "under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

There are not a few instances of members of ribbon or other illegal associations having been converted through the instrumentality of the Society, and now employed in teaching their countrymen to read the Word of God. Wherever the native Irish have been instructed by the Society, they have become loyal subjects of our Queen, and abstain from all connection with the treasonable practices and illegal associations, which are so hostile to the peace and prosperity of the kingdom.

By means of the Society, a professorship of the Irish language has been established in Trinity College, Dublin; and exhibitions have been founded for Irish divinity students.

The following extracts from a letter from the Rev. D. Foley, who has recently visited Ventry, in the county of Kerry, an interesting field of the Society's labours, will show the change which, through God's blessing upon His own Word, in the tongue "understanded of the people," has taken place there:—

"In the year 1836, there was not a single Protestant in Ventry,—neither school, nor church, nor parsonage, nor minister, nor congregation; there were numbers, indeed, who had long been taught the Word of God in their own tongue, and who were Protestants in everything essential but the profession, which they had no opportunity to make.

"I beheld, also, with no small interest, the tottering old Romish chapel, standing in gloom and solitude, the only disagreeable object in view. There was a time when its holy water was the ablution the villagers of Ventry sought—when its Latin mass and Irish imprecation were charged to them with all the awe and terrors of superstition—when its pair of lighted candles on the altar were to them instead of the lamp of God's Anointed, now brightly elevated in the adjoining church—and when the little bell, shaken at intervals, was to them in place of the 'joyful sound;' and where the awful curse went forth from embroidered vestments against the converts, and those who should hold intercourse with them—'God scatter them as small birds before the hawk,'—'God melt them as snow before the rising sun.' But, behold, how changed now! There is not a single individual resident in the village who is not a Protestant, save one old woman."

The inhabitants of England, Wales, the Highlands of Scotland, and of the distant colonies, all hear, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God; and the Committee lay the above statements before the Christian and benevolent public, that the means may be afforded them to send clergymen and teachers to the 3,000,000 of the native Irish, to give them religious instruction in the language which they can understand.

Notices of Books.

Intercessory Prayer; its Duties and Effects. By G. W. Mylne. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 1849. Pp. 401.

We have been much pleased with this little volume. The object of its author is to enforce the duty of prayer; and this he does by adducing from the Scriptures a carefully arranged selection of proofs, that God is not merely the *hearer*, but also the *answerer* of prayer. Shewing the blessings that have always attended upon the fervent effectual prayer of the righteous man, he demonstrates how unscriptural are the views of those who look upon God as a being—

"Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love,
Ought to implore were impotence of mind."

Our limits will not permit us to give any extracts; but we can promise, that those who consult the work, will find in it ample scriptural proof of the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Grace and Truth. By Octavius Winslow, M.A. London: G. F. Shaw, 1849. Pp. 343.

The work before us, which is designed to form a companion to the "Glimpses of the Truth as it is in Jesus," consists of a series of discourses on some of the most momentous topics of Christianity. Without aiming at being anything like a systematic treatise on the themes of the title-page, it enlarges upon, and illustrates the Grace and Truth of Him who, though the only-begotten of the Father, yet condescended to dwell among us. We do not, however, mean to review the work, for Mr Winslow's too well known, and too much appreciated, to need any commendation of ours. Like all his other writings, the one before us is of an eminently practical character. Perhaps the style may be objected to as somewhat too diffuse; but the author is so evidently speaking out of the fulness of his heart, and with so deep a sense of the importance of the message entrusted to him, that we can hardly look upon this as a fault in a work of this nature. The deep-toned piety that prevades the volume, shews that the writer is speaking from his own experience, while the frequency and the fervour of his appeals to sinners, evinces his earnest desire that others also should see and know the truth as it is in Jesus. We select for quotation a passage from his discourse—God comforting the disconsolate.

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

"What an untold blessing to one believer may be the dealings of God with another! As 'no man liveth to himself,' so no Christian is tried and succoured, wounded and healed, disciplined and taught, for himself alone. God designs, by his personal dealings with us, to expound some law of His government, and to convey some lesson of instruction to the mind, or to pour some stream of consolation into the heart of others. Thus the experience of one child of God may prove the channel of peculiar and immense blessing to many. God, in this arrangement, is but acting in accordance with a law of our nature of His own creating,—the law of reciprocal influence. No individual of the human family occupies in the world a position isolated and alone. He is a part of an integral system. He is a member of a complete and vast community. He is a link in a mighty and interminable chain. He cannot think, nor speak, nor move, nor act, without affecting the interests and the well-being, it may be, of myriads. By that single movement—in the utterance of that one thought—in the enunciation of that great truth—he has sent a thrill of sensation along an endless line of existence. Who can tell where individual influence terminates? Who can place his finger upon the last link that vibrates in the chain of intelligent beings? What if that influence NEVER terminates! What if that chain NEVER ceases to vibrate! Solemn thought! In another and a remote period, in a distant and an undiscovered region, the sentiment, the habit, the feeling, once, perhaps thoughtlessly and carelessly, set in motion, has gone on working for good or for evil, owned and blessed, or rejected and cursed of Heaven. Nothing can recall it; no remorse, nor tears, nor prayers, can summon it back; no voice can persuade, no authority can command it to return. It is working its way through myriads of minds to the judgment-seat, and is rushing onward, *onward*, ONWARD, through the countless ages of eternity! Thought is immortal. Its propagation is endless. It never dies, and it never ceases to act. The forest oak, beneath whose waving boughs we sit to-day, and which perhaps sheltered and shaded the Druid in his senseless worship centuries ago, 'owes its form, its species, and its tint, to the acorn which dropped from its remote ancestor.' And still the seed is falling, and the winds, bearing it away, are dropping it where it will take root, and spring up, and mount heavenward, and extend its branches; and generations yet unborn will come and worship, perhaps, the living and true God under its green foliage. Such is the history of personal character and of individual influence. Borne along upon the stream of time, who can calculate the good, or compute the evil, or descry the end of a single life? My soul! aim to live in view of this solemn thought!

"But especially is this true of the child of God. When Paul penned the letter to the Church at Corinth, he was with his companions in circumstances of deep trial. He was 'cast down,' and disconsolate. God sought to 'stay His rough wind in the day of His east wind,' by sending to him an affectionate Christian minister and beloved brother.

"'Nevertheless,' writes the apostle, in recording the fact, 'God, who comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus.' He who wrote these words has long since been in glory; and yet the experience he then traced upon the page, has been, and is still, telling upon the instruction, the comfort, and the holiness of millions, and will go on telling until time shall be no more. Remember, my reader, you must quit this world; but your influence will survive you. Your character and works, when dead, will be moulding the living; and they, in their turn, will transmit the lineaments and the form of a mind whose thoughts never perish, to the remotest posterity. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh.' What an expressive epitaph! A truer sentiment, and one more solemn, never breathed from the marble tablet. The dead never die! Their memory speaks! Their character speaks! Their words speak, and speak for ever!"

Barnabas; or the Christianly Good Man. Three Discourses. By the Rev. JOHN BROWN, *D.D., Senior Minister of the United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh.* Edinburgh: A. FULLARTON & Co.; and W. OLIPHANT and SONS. 1849.

We have much pleasure in recommending these discourses for their sound practical views of divine truth: and we consider the circumstances attending their publication, deserving of mention and of commendation. They are "affectionately inscribed by the author to George Stone, Esquire, the faithful friend of more than thirty years, by whose desire they are published, and at whose expense a copy of them is presented as a parting gift to each of his fellow-church-members of the United Presbyterian Congregation of Broughton Place, Edinburgh."

It is refreshing, in these days of perpetual change and severance, to have the records of "a faithful friendship of more than thirty years'" continuance brought before us; and Mr. Stone has given proofs of an enlightened and Christian regard to his fellow-worshippers, in presenting them with a gift so fitted to do them good.

The discourses before us we consider *truly seasonable, sound, and judicious, exhibiting a healthful and manly tone of* mind in the author.

We quote two short passages to justify our favourable opinion of these discourses. The first is on

A GOOD MAN.

"That the term 'good,' viewed as descriptive of moral character, is, if we judge by the standard of Scripture, currently employed even in Christianized society, in a very lax and reduced sense, is a matter of notoriety. Let a man be but cheerful, harmless, and amusing, and he will pass with many for a good man. If, in addition to this, he is free from open vice, honest in his dealings, frugal and industrious in his habits, a kind relative, and a good neighbour, he will pass for a very good man. If he is still further open-hearted and benevolent, hospitable to his friends, and kind to the poor, he will then be considered as a remarkably good man; and if he crown all by a regular attendance on the public ordinances of religion, and a general conduct, which gives him a fair standing as a member of some respectable ecclesiastical body, he will be thought just as good a man as can reasonably be expected to be met with in this world; and he would throw out a suspicion, that, after all, it may be doubtful whether such a man be a good man—that in such a character there may be something essential to real goodness wanting, that there may be something lacking, and that the one thing needful, would be almost sure to be set down, as a man who in principle was impracticably rigid, and, in practice, uncharitably censorious.

"Yet, ... a man may possess all the qualities, and be distinguished by all the habits we have enumerated, and not be good at all in the only true sense of that term."

Let us hear our author further on the character of

BARNABAS.

"It appears from the statement of Luke, here (Acts xi. 24) and elsewhere in this book, that Barnabas was full of the Holy Ghost, that he was full of faith, that he was not a lover of this world, that he found in religion the chief business and the chief enjoyment of life, that he was the object of the dislike and persecution of wicked and worldly men, that he zealously endeavoured to make other men religious, that he sought to relieve the bodily as well as the spiritual necessities of his fellowmen, and that though *a good, a very good man, he was not a perfect man.*

"These are the leading lineaments in

Barnabas' moral character, ... and while we contemplate these features in succession, let each of us look inward, and see if their counterpart, this family likeness is found there: for assuredly, if it is not, then that individual is not what Barnabas was,—a good man."

Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature.

We have not, by any means, always been able to coincide with the sentiments expressed in this Journal, but as we have deeply at heart the object which it is intended to promote, and as we firmly believe that the more general the support it receives, the more consistent and sound will its views become, we heartily wish it all success, and would recommend it as an important auxiliary to all biblical students.

Gleanings.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF CHRIST.

The crucifixion of Christ stands alone in the history of man. It was the last and darkest depth of human criminality. The original fall, and the rejection of the Redeemer, are the two saddest pages in the story of our race. But mournful as is the former, it has never, probably, left the impression upon the heart which is at once produced by all those dread accompaniments that prepared and embittered the last sufferings of the meek and merciful friend of man. He had been only known as the dispenser of unpurchaseable blessings; as a man patient of suffering beyond the experience of living men, prompt to sacrifice every guiltless comfort to the slightest wish of those around Him—rejoicing with every innocent joy, and weeping with all who wept. His unbounded powers had ever been at the service of humble affliction. No one had ever dared to breathe calumny against the profound purity of His life. None, like Him, had ever united abhorrence of the sin with love and pardon for the returning sinner. In claiming to be the Messiah of prophecy, He disturbed no temporal throne; in claiming to be the Messiah of the heart, He but asked, one would think, what no generous spirit could refuse. Such a being as this was among us to die a death of violence; men framed like you and me destroyed Him . . . . And it is still in man's power to reiterate and prolong His death until He come to judge the long succession of His crucifiers. St. Paul delivers to us the tremendous truth, that there is in man a continued capacity of "crucifying afresh *the Son of God;*" *a power to act over* again all the scene of His torture—to league with the malignant priests and the scoffing soldiers—to buffet the unresisting cheek—to bind the crown of thorns.—*Professor W. A. Butler.*

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

Of Christ's future coming—the true advent-season of eternity—though much is known, much too is hidden. There are secrets the Divine Bridegroom whispers not: that the "Spirit and the bride" may still say, "Come." Between the Church and the Church's Head, there still subsists, even in this intimate union, a mysterious separation; and on the period of that separation, a holy reserve. It has already lasted for ages, and we cannot dare to predict at what epoch it is to close. The veil that hangs before the celestial sanctuary is still undrawn, and it is vain for us to "marvel," as of old the expectants of Zecharias, that the high priest of our profession "tarrieth so long in the temple." He has willed it, that, certain of His eventful arrival, we should remain in uncertainty as to its destined moment. "The times and the seasons which the Father hath put in His own power." He would have us desire, and expect, and conjecture, but not dare to define.

Every provision of Divine wisdom is liable to human perversion, the more admirable they are in merciful arrangement, the more easily is their delicate mechanism of motives disordered. The very uncertainty respecting the time of Christ's coming, which was meant as a perpetual stimulant to watchfulness, is abused to security; and exactly as the invisibility of the Creator, which is His perfection, produces the miserable creed of the atheist, the obscurity that veils the hour of judgment, though meant in merciful warning, *persuades the ungodly heart that none is ever to arrive.*—*Ibid.*

The first step towards happiness, is to correct our false opinions concerning it.—*Atterbury.*

One duke is as impossible as one twin.—*John Sterling.*

The wise only possess ideas; the other part of mankind are possessed by them.—*Coleridge.*

Voltaire thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, and painting pictures of them; while, in truth, the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face.—*John Sterling.*

Humility is the soul's grave, into which she enters, not to die, but to meditate and inter some of her troublesome appendages.—*Jer. Taylor.*

Such is the charity of the Jesuits, that they never owe any man any ill-will, —making present payment thereof.—*T. Fuller.*

He never looked over the threshold of heaven that cannot more rejoice that he shall be glorious, than mourn at present that he is miserable.—*Bp. Hall.*

Suddenness finds weak minds secure, makes them miserable, leaves them desperate. The best way, therefore, is, to make things present in concert before they come, that they may be half past in their violence when they do come.—*Bp. Hall.*

Divine truth is better understood as it unfolds itself in the purity of men's hearts and lives, than in all those subtile niceties into which curious wits may lay it forth.—*John Smith.*

Learn to despise the world; or, which is a better compendium of the duty, learn but truly to understand it; for it is a cozenage all the way; the head of it is a rainbow, and the face of it is a flattery; its words are charms, and all its stories are false; its body is a shadow, and its hands do knit spiders' webs; it is an image and a noise with a hyæna's lip and a serpent's tail; it was given to serve the needs of our nature, and instead of doing it, it creates strange appetites, and nourishes thirsts and fevers; it brings care, and debauches our nature, and brings shame and death as the reward of all our cares. Our nature is a disease, and the world does nourish it; but if you learn to feed on such unwholesome diet, your nature reverts to its first purities, and to the entertainments of the grace of God. —*Jer. Taylor.*

They that will be feared of many must needs be afraid of many.—*Roger Hutchinson.*

Every state is set in the midst of danger, as all trees are set in the wind; but the tallest endure the greatest violence of tempest.—*Jer. Taylor.*

Repentance is a great volume of duty, and godly sorrow is but the frontispiece or title-page.—*Jer. Taylor.*

Madness rarely discovers itself merely by unnecessary deviation from the usual modes of the world. My poor friend, Smart, shewed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the streets, or in any other unusual place. Now, although, rationally speaking, it is greater madness not to pray at all, than to pray as Smart did, I am afraid there are so many who do not pray, that their understanding is not called in question.—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

By what instruments soever a holy life is advantaged, use that, though thou grindest thy spears and arrows at the forges of the Philistines.—*Jer. Taylor.*

The excellency of a holy life, is the best argument of the inhabitation of God within the soul.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Were the happiness of the next world as closely apprehended as the felicities of this, it were a martyrdom to live.—*Sir T. Browne.*

He that took clay and spittle to open the blind eyes, can make anything be collyrium; but He alone can do it.—*Jer. Taylor.*

Piety practised in solitude, like the flower that blooms in the desert, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight those unbodied spirits that survey the works of God, and the actions of men; but it bestows no assistance on earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the sacred splendour of beneficence.—*Dr. S. Johnson.*

He that proves a certain truth from an uncertain argument, is like him that wears a wooden leg when he hath two sound legs already; it hinders his going, but helps him not.—*Jer. Taylor.*

INFANT SCHOOLS.

Is it found, that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase among families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made; and they have made, and are making a good many.—*Coleridge.*

THE WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. KRUMMACHER.

LUKE vii. 36-50.

PART I.

WHAT a story is this! Is it possible to find one more precious, more inexhaustible in its consolatory significance? Is it not itself as "an ointment poured forth," filling the house with its sweet odour, and giving health to the sick? Lofty were the tones of David's harp. But here are better strains. No story in the Gospel shews us more clearly what we have in Christ and in what attitude, with regard to Him, we become partakers of the fulness of heavenly grace. Let us, then, linger for a time in deep reflection before this Divine picture, and let us fix our eyes first on the sinner, and on her approach to the Lord; then on the reception which she met with from Him.

May the Lord own and bless our discourse, and, in an especial manner, fit it to prepare our hearts for the Holy Supper, of which we hope this morning to partake.

I.—A Pharisee had invited the Saviour to his table. It is hard to say what moved him to this. Enlightened, converted, believing in Christ, the disciple of Gamaliel was not. It is out of the question to suppose, that he took a warm interest in the Nazarene. Whether it was that the compassionate Saviour had conferred on him, or on some of his relations, a benefit for which he considered himself bound to shew his gratitude by a feast prepared in His honour; or whether Simon was one of those people who dream of acquiring to themselves the fame of an unfettered spirit, and a high degree of mental culture, by understanding how to value, with unreserved, unsectarian enthusiasm, careless of the circumstances under which it appears, every talent, originality, or intellectual gift which comes under their notice.—I can as little determine, as whether it was merely the hope of procuring for himself and his guests an interesting and agreeable evening, which moved the Pharisee, for once, to invite the much-talked-of Galilean to his table. This much is certain, that there is an interest in Christ which looks like reverence, yea even like faith and love, and yet is far from making any one a Christian. The interest manifested by Simon, can scarcely, in its nature, have gone beyond this. Further, we may rest assured, that whatever the carnal-wise heart may feel for Jesus and His doctrine, is rejected as base coin before the throne of God, and that man would much rather invite the Lord to His table, than sit down at that which He has spread, and is much more inclined to make a feast for Him, than to lie humbly at His threshold, and to live on the crumbs from His table. But it is not thus that we can ever reach the goal. Whoso cannot submit to live upon alms, cannot be His disciple. "The Son of Man," He says himself, "is not come to be served, but to serve, and to give His life as a ransom for many." Haply thou servest Him as few do, be it as a zealous confessor of His name, or an active promoter of His kingdom; be it as a friend of missions, or as a missionary, or in whatsoever other way. With all this zeal thou mayest be lost; nay, thou art lost if thou art not of the number of those who, in the consciousness of their poverty, seek, before all things, that Jesus should serve them with the fruit of His blood, with His salvation, with His grace. The "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me," makes the Christian; not the sentimental exclamation, "Blessed are the breasts that suckled thee." The "Cast me not away from Thy presence," does it; and not a mere admiring exclamation, "Never man spake like this man." The humble, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," receives the blessing; and not the professed readiness to serve, of "Good Master, I will follow Thee whithersoever Thou goest." The cry for help, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on

me," goes to His heart; and not an enthusiastic "Hosannah!" hailing Him on His victorious way. The Saviour did not hesitate to accept the invitation of the Pharisee; His mission was to the sinful and the lost.

Whilst He, the all-bountiful Lord, sat at table, a scene took place which the Holy Spirit has seen meet to preserve for us in unfading brightness. For what do you desire to see? The innermost experience of a true Christian, or the unveiled heart of the great Friend of sinners? Both are vividly reflected in this scene. "Behold," says the story, "there was a woman in that city." Some have thought to recognize Mary Magdalene in this woman; whether justly or not, it is impossible to say. Luke calls her emphatically "a sinner," thus appearing to indicate the nature of her guilt. A nearer inquiry does not become us. Let us not dare to stir up the recollection of sins which God in Christ has sunk into the depths of the sea. Whom we meet on the ground of a living faith, Him know we no longer after the flesh. "The old has passed away, and behold all is become new." When we meet with the woman to-day, it is already different with her from what it was yesterday, or the day before. The chains of darkness which bound her, are unloosed; the strong dungeon in which Satan had shut her, is broken. A clear light from God has fallen upon her heart, the dark scene of her past life lies unveiled before her. She sees plainly her lost condition, and the thunders of judgment echo through her agonized and prostrate soul. Poor sinner! what can she do? She will, she must change. The old familiar paths of sin are dreadful to her now; she loathes every step she ever made upon them. But how expiate her past guilt? How appease God's wrath, and escape the curse she has merited? She feels deeply, that sighs of flame and tears of blood could not do this. How long may she have battled with despair in her solitary chamber! All that surrounded her here on earth was embittered to her; all that attracted and charmed her in heaven, was barred against her. She neither knew the road thither, nor how to find a guide. Then the name of Jesus reached her. To hear this name, to see the dawn break upon the night of her soul, to feel a joy like that of the miner buried in his shaft, when he hears approaching the spades and pickaxes of those who come to deliver him; all this was with her simultaneous. It was with her as with the shipwrecked mariner, when amid the roar of the waves he hears the stroke of the lifeboat's oar. The name of Jesus was to her as the music of paradise; and henceforth the innermost thought of her soul was, "Thou art the Lord, on Thee am I cast, and Thou only canst help me!" He must become hers; He himself, or—deeply she feels it—there is for her no more hope of salvation! She thinks, If I have Him I have God; and God the Lord is alone sufficient for my need. She seeks not merely to be delivered from hell, not merely to be admitted into heaven. A soul whose sorrow for sin is grounded in love, and not in fear alone, may be placed amid the glories of a thousand heavens, and yet not find peace. Amidst all these splendours, she will stand weeping and asking, "Where is the Lord, whom I have offended?" Where are His eyes full of compassion? where His look announcing mercy to me? Her paradise consists not of this, or of that, however precious; but is grounded in the consciousness, "My friend is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the roses."

You may imagine what the woman felt on the day that the tidings reached her that the Saviour was in the city, and sat even then at the table of Simon the Pharisee. On the instant she arose and hastened to the man of her hopes. Timid reflection would have made this step difficult to her; but for a heart, that in the sense of its guilt strives for pardon, there are no obstacles on the way to Jesus. Doubtless Jesus is in the house of a stranger, where she is threatened with bitter contempt; for her flight to the Friend of Sinners may well be esteemed as an acknowledgment of her errors. But what matters this to her? How willingly will she endure it, as the wonted punishment of her transgressions! Yes, indeed,

it matters not though man judge hardly of her, if the Sun of Righteousness greet her with a smile. Is not this a noble boldness, prompted by the thirst after Him who is the life? How earnestly do I desire to see it in you all! You need it to become blessed.

But how can you come, ye who are whole, to that kingdom of Christ which is for the sick; ye who are rich, to those mansions He has prepared for the poor: ye who are righteous, to the feet of Him who offers pardon; ye who are able, to pay to that Throne, before which the ransom paid by another alone is accepted? Awake from the dream of self-idolatry into which a false lullaby has plunged you,—behold the image of your soul as it really is, in the mirror of God's truth; and be not dismayed, for at the sight, to *you*, too, shall come the all-conquering boldness of an earnest desire for salvation; your lips, too, shall proclaim the watchword of faith, "Thou must be mine, Lord Jesus, at whatsoever price!" If, then, any one is awakened, let him not dream of mountains where there are none. The way to the Throne of Grace is an open way. Ceremonies are not needed here as before the thrones of the great ones of the earth. Here it is said, "Come as best thou canst come." Here introductions are not needed as there. Enter as a child to His home; thy necessity is thy letter of introduction. Take no thought for thy dress; come as thou art, naked, or in rags; here thou shalt be clothed. Take no thought for thy language; the groanings of the heart are eloquence here. Here gifts are not taken. But given. Nothing is wanted here but a heart emptied of self, and the open hand of faith. Here it is said, "Open thy mouth wide, and let me fill it." There sits here upon the throne, a man who is our brother,—a high priest, who was in all things tempted as we are, and who can indeed have compassion on our weakness; a friend, who delights in going forth to save the children of men, whose meat and drink it is to seek and to save that which is lost. Here are no barriers; neither hedge, nor rampart, nor wall. Here there is a free open road. Therefore exclaims the Apostle to the Hebrews, (iv., 16,)—"Let us draw nigh with joyfulness;" that is, with free, strong, unfettered courage, "to the Throne of Grace."

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

"LOOK UNTO ME," says Jesus Christ; but professing Christians, instead of having their eyes fixed upon Christ, have, in many cases, turned their backs on Him, and are looking for salvation, some to one object, some to another. Be assured, readers, they who maintain that their works can justify them, are not the only individuals who have erred from the way. There are many who bitterly condemn such a doctrine, and who talk with sorrow of such ignorance, who are not looking to Christ themselves. There are many who profess a belief in the doctrines of free grace, and who can talk of these doctrines; who, instead of looking to Christ with the look of the humble penitent, look to their creed; and because it is what they suppose to be orthodox, imagine that all is well with them. But Christ says not, look to your opinions, or look to your creed, but "Look unto Me." Then, again, there are many who spend day after day in perpetual bustle, busied with meetings, and preachings, and societies, and with new schemes of philanthropy,—things good in themselves, but who make these hurtful by putting them in the place of the Saviour; and who look to their activity and their philanthropy for salvation, instead of looking to Christ. And again, what a number there are, who, instead of looking through the means of grace to the Cross of Christ, gather round some favourite preacher, and raise him to the place of Christ, and say, "I am of Paul;" or, "I am of Apollos;" or, "I am of Cephas!" What a number there are who exalt frail erring men to the throne of Christ,—who look to them as if their word were law, and their every opinion truth; and who care not about the Gospel, unless it come from the mouth of their favourite preacher,—from their Paul, or their Apollos, or their Cephas! Oh! surely these are not looking to Christ for salvation; surely they do not know that Jesus hath been exalted

a King and a Saviour; that He calls, "Look unto me, and be ye saved;" and that the preachers of the Gospel, whatever their gifts, are appointed by Him, not to stand betwixt His cross and sinners, but to point to that cross, and to say unto the dying souls of men, "Look unto Christ and be saved." Methinks this delusion, so hurtful and so widespread, argues a sad want of relish for "the sincere milk of the word." This deifying of the vessel, shews an indifference about what is contained in it, just as it shews a man to be but little oppressed by thirst, when, instead of quaffing off what the cup contains, he prefers examining and admiring the cup itself. It is the water which the cup contains, not the cup itself, which the thirsty man feels to be precious; so it is the Gospel which flows from the lips of the preacher, that the awakened sinner loves and delights in; and just as it is the water, and not the cup, which refreshes and strengthens the parched and weary traveller; so it is Christ, and not the preacher, who saves the dying sinner; and therefore doth he cry aloud, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Look, then, to Him, O *guilty* sinner, as thine only *priest*, to pardon thy guilt—to intercede for thee as an advocate with the Father—to answer Satan's accusations against thee—and to render thy person and services acceptable with God! Look to Him, *ignorant* sinner, as thy *prophet*, able and willing to teach thee by His word and Spirit the will of God for *thy* salvation. Look to Him, O *weak and defenceless* sinner, as thy great and glorious *king*, able and willing to impart to thee, and continually sustain in thee that "life of God," which He manifested while on earth, and to "keep thee by His power through faith unto salvation!" "Look unto Jesus," as "all in all," and "be *ye saved!*"

M. N.

Hymn.

Oh! let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And Death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding past
We heed not; but the past,—the past
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers gliding free
To that unfathomed boundless sea,
The silent grave;
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
Then all are equal. Side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state;
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes! the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

To Him alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and Wise:
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common lot;
But the world comprehended not
His Deity.

O Thou, that for our sin did'st take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature did'st ally
By mortal birth,

And in that form did'st suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently,
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh! pardon me!*

MEMOIR OF DR. GRANT,

MEDICAL MISSIONARY TO THE NESTORIANS OF PERSIA.

Part III.

On the 14th of June, 1841, Dr. Grant thus sketches his future plans in a letter to his brother, Dr. Ira Grant:—

In a few days I hope to pursue my way by the route I travelled last summer to Van a Julamak; and after visiting the patriarch, and the mountain Nestorians, to go on to Mosul to join my associates, and introduce them to the mountains.

I trust the Lord will go with me, and take care of me, so long as He has work for me to do on earth. It seems as though the rest of heaven would be peculiarly sweet after the cares and toils of a missionary life. The work never seemed more arduous or difficult than it does at present, and never did I feel more sensible of my unfitness for the work. What am I, that I should be employed in so glorious a work?

Again, in October, 1831, he writes, announcing his safe arrival at Mosul:—

I reached Mosul on the 25th of August, after a somewhat perilous journey, and just in season to administer relief to my new associate, the Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, whom I met here for the first time. To all human appearance, his prospects for life would have been small had I not reached here when I did; and he could not but feel that the Lord had sent me at the most unexpected moment for the preservation of his life. You will have heard of the death of my other associate, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, who fell by the way, three or four days' ride from this. His wife survived less than a week after her arrival at Mosul.

Writing to the Rev. W. Gridley, in whose charge he had left one of his children, he alludes to these trying bereavements:—

In this mysterious providence the Lord has, no doubt, some wise design. May it not be to appeal to the churches at home in tones that the living missionary could never utter? God is now speaking to us again, in the dispensations of His providence, regarding the mountain Nestorians. Never was fervent prevailing prayer more needed than it is for the Nestorians in the mountains at this moment. They are in sore trials. About the time I left the mountains last August, they were invaded by an army of Koords and Turks on the north. More recently they have been besieged by a Turk's Koordish army on the south and west, sent against them by the Pasha of Mosul.

In another letter, he says:—

When Christians pray as they ought, which implies the culture of a deep and lively interest in the cause, *the treasures of the Lord will be full to overflowing*. . . . We are sadly perplexed for want of help. . . . Work enough for twenty men lies before us.

In September of the same year, 1832, he again writes Mr. Gridley:—

I am once more a *mountain pilgrim*, and for the fourth time a *solitary one*, so far as regards missionary associates. During the last two months I have traversed these wild mountains in almost every direction, and having decided upon a site for a station, have purchased a lot, and commenced building. I laid the corner-stone of the *first mission house* in the Nestorian mountains a week *ago* at Ashita. I have also made a beginning in opening schools on a small scale. My first has twenty scholars,—have engaged native helpers, the best to be found,—am trying to dispense the *precious* Gospel.

On the same subject he writes his mother:—

* From a translation, by Longfellow, of a poem composed by Cojias de Manrique, a Spanish poet, who flourished in the last half of the 15th century. He died young, and was killed in battle. A portion of the poem from which the above is extracted, was found in his pocket in the field of battle.

Through the friendship of the chief of the Koords, the patriarch, and the people generally, I have been able to travel and labour where the safety of another person would have been quite doubtful. . . . I have laboured from village to village, from house to house, in every part of the mountains, which I have now traversed in all directions, though wars and rumours of wars have resounded on every side during the past year; but I have pretty well learned the lesson taught by our blessed Saviour, "Be ye not troubled." . . . The Lord has been very gracious in the preservation of my health.

Again and again does Dr. Grant, in his correspondence, express his deep conviction of *the aid to be derived for the missionary cause from Christians at home.*

"The hope of the missionary cause," he writes to Mrs. Gridley, "re is mainly with the spirituality of the churches at home, and in the converts who are added to their numbers. My ardent prayer is, that the latter may be a race of more devoted spiritual Christians than any that have preceded them. There must be an entire consecration to the service of God before the world is converted; and as the day draws near, I trust that the young disciples especially will feel, that upon them rests new responsibilities. Our fathers, and the elder members of the churches, have done well in beginning the missionary work, and bringing it up to its present position. But this is only a beginning of the work to be done, and the labours of our missionaries hitherto have been, for the most part, only *preparatory*. Much preparatory work still remains to be done; but when it is accomplished, and God in His providence has prepared the way, as He is fast doing, we may expect such an outpouring of the Spirit as has yet never been witnessed."

His views *on Christian union* in connection with missions, are singularly interesting:—

"'The great desideratum,' he writes his brother, 'in my opinion, is to get more of the Spirit of Christ infused into all parties in the Church; and then, as each of His true followers reflects *His image*, each will be recognized by the others as a branch of the same 'vine.' Upon the fundamental principles of faith we are agreed; and we have one common object to accomplish—the conversion of the world: one common enemy to encounter, with whom all our united energies are required in the conflict. Under whatever cognomen or uniform we have enlisted, let us go forth to the conflict, like the various regiments in a great army, at the command of one redoubtable commander, and we shall find a *union of heart* springing up and cementing, of far more value than any unity of forms or name. How is it that that apostolic preacher, Knapp, is so cordially welcomed by Christians of other denominations? Is it not that he has so much of the apostolic spirit—so much of the *millenium* in his heart and life? The same spirit will produce union anywhere; and it is the only spirit that will produce it."

Troubles hemmed him in on every side. His chosen field of labour was invaded, not only by lawless Koords and Turks, but by still more subtle foes,—viz., by Popish, and *Semi-popish* emissaries, as he designates those of the High Church party from England. The Moslems, too, began to view his labours with a jealous and suspicious eye. His life was twice in jeopardy, but was saved by his own intrepidity in presenting himself before the authorities with the boldness of conscious innocence. In spite, however, of every difficulty, he projected another visit to the mountains in Spring, even though he would then be constrained to rely for protection on the treacherous, sanguinary Koords, the oppressed and humbled Nestorians being no longer in a position to afford any. But his plans were changed, his children required "his personal presence for a time," and though "his health was tolerable, he never felt quite well, and needed a respite from the cares and perplexities, more than the toil of missionary life." He had lain the case of his children before Dr. Anderson, (the chief Secretary of the Board,) and his answer was, "I think you had better go home and look after your children." Unwilling as he was to leave his missionary work, and his *loved* Nestorians, yet he felt that the events of the last few months, by interrupting the plans of the mission, had prepared the way for his absence. He therefore wrote his mother on the 23d of March, 1844, that "if *nothing unexpected* intervened," he might hope "to stand once more on the shores of America."

. . . But in less than a fortnight, he lay on his death-bed; and just one month from the time that he indited his last letters, "he fell asleep in Jesus." He died at Mosul, April 24, 1844, aged 34. "His afflictions," says Dr. Smith, "were many, his toils were arduous, and the burden of his cares and sorrows were almost beyond the power of human endurance. No wonder he sunk so soon. His was a life of toil and tears. His last was his greatest affliction, and which he felt the keenest—the desolation of his missionary field, which he had begun successfully to cultivate. As the seed was springing into life, it was crushed into the dust." . . . . The disease which terminated his life was Typhus Fever, caught in attendance on the people he so *loved*, among whom it had prevailed as an epidemic, committing fearful ravages among them. At first no alarm was felt about him, as his illness was supposed to be merely an aggravation of the symptoms of the complaint from which he had so long suffered. . . . But he did not recover as usual. He was seized on the 5th of April. For some days he was able to give advice for himself. On the 14th h requested Dr. Smith, who had lately joined the mission, to pray with him in behalf of it, "placed as it was, by the overthrow of the independence of the Nestorians, in a very trying situation." After Dr. Smith had concluded, he offered a short, but appropriate prayer for the same subject. "Such a prayer!" says Mr. Laurie in his letter to the Board. "Nothing uncommon in the blessings sought for, nothing strange in thought or language; but uttered with such a holy fervour as gave new meaning to the most familiar words." . . . This was on Sunday,—"No one yet apprehended danger. Monday came, and reason had fled. No wildness—no passion. A smile was ever on his face." He thought he was journeying, and asked his attendant how long he might remain and rest? "Just as long as you please," was the reply. "No," said he, "I wish just as the Lord pleases, no more." . . . His motherless children were often in his thoughts. "My dear children, God will take care of them. God will take care of the cause in which their father is embarked." . . . . . Sometimes he would plead the cause of missions with the churches at home. Sometimes he thought he was alone in his closet. "Jesus, my only Saviour, my only Saviour; O my Saviour; yes, there is my Saviour; I hope in infinite mercy, through Christ, my only Saviour." He *spoke not* of wanderings, and perils, and deaths often braved for Christ's sake. . . . No word of worthiness, but a precious atonement, revealing infinite mercy for the lost, was the object round which gathered his thoughts when loose from all control, as to an accustomed theme—a theme they loved." And so he lay for seventeen days. . . . . . And when he died, though his associates watched anxiously for a little interval of reason before he left them, that they might inquire of his state, and speak of Jesus, there came none. . . . . He was never aware that he was about to leave his earthly friends, till he found himself suddenly, as we trust, among the redeemed above. What a surprise was that! The grief of mother and children could not have borne such a testimony to the power of a holy life, as did the rough tears of a Turkish governor, and the sorrow of a people, who, though taught to think evil of him, and stand aloof from him while living, yet could neither restrain their sobs nor their commendations as they crowded round his grave.

On the 25th of October, 1844, his surviving associates, seeing no prospect of being able to resume operations in the mountains for *some* time to come, left the sad scene of trial. Eight Missionaries had gone,—three only lived to return,—two of them mourned the loss of their dearest friends. The widow left behind her the graves of her husband and children; and yet their thoughts were, not *all sad*. *One* soul—there might be more—but, at least, *one* soul, they trusted—had been brought to love the Saviour; and as they thought of the eternal bliss of *that one soul*, and the good that he might be the means of effecting before entering on that bliss, they felt

that *that* reward was more than enough for all they had endured.

They had found evangelical religion at Mosul associated in the minds of the people with infidelity and crime. Inquiring minds henceforward will know that they are not alone in their dissent from error, and their loathing of a dead religion. The Bible has been left to witness for its author, and point the lost to one Redeemer.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Note.—Mr. Layard, in his work on Nineveh, has given the following gratifying testimony in favour of the American Mission and Dr. Grant:—

"They (the Missionaries) were most zealous and worthy men; and had their plans succeeded, I have little doubt that they would have conferred signal benefits on the Nestorian Chaldeans. I never heard their names mentioned by the Tiyari, and most particularly that of Dr. Grant, without expressions of profound respect, amounting almost to veneration." "Dr. Grant, who published an account of his visit to the mountains, fell a victim to his humane zeal for the Chaldeans in 1844. After the massacre, his house at Mosul was filled with fugitives, whom he supported and clothed. Their sufferings, and the want of common necessaries before they reached the town, had brought on a malignant typus fever, of which many died, and which Dr. Grant caught whilst attending the sick in his house. Mosul holds the remains of most of those who were engaged in the American Missions to the Chaldeans."

Note.—See also Notices of the Massacre of the Nestorians, and of the American Mission, in No. II., p. 45, of this Magazine.

WHY DO YOU OBJECT TO AID FOREIGN MISSIONS?

No. II.

In a former number of this magazine, we considered the validity of one reply which was frequently given to this question,—viz., "There is enough to do at Home!"* But there are many other objections against foreign missions which are often made by those who profess to be members of the Church of Christ. The only one we notice at present may be thus stated:—"Missionaries have done little or nothing in the way of converting the heathen. It is true that we hear flaming accounts in missionary reports and speeches of what they have accomplished. But they deceive churches at home, in order to keep up subscriptions, or they are themselves deceived. We have heard different accounts from unprejudiced civilians, who have visited those countries where alleged conversions are said to have taken place. Depend upon it, if the heathen are to be converted, it must be by very different means from those now employed; for if it was God's will that *missionaries* should convert them, why have they hitherto failed in doing so?" Those who travel beyond the circle of the ardent friends of missions, and who have opportunities of becoming acquainted with the sentiments upon this subject of many educated men, (who are, on the whole, well-intentioned and disposed to do good, but who have not carefully weighed the claims of foreign missions,) will be able to recognize the objection we have stated as one familiar to their ears. We shall try and meet it as fairly, fully, and briefly as possible, by examining the several parts of which it is composed.

"*Missionaries have done little or nothing in the way of converting the heathen.*"—To this statement we must give more than one reply. We might say, generally, that if the Lord has given a clear and unequivocal command to His Church, to "preach the Gospel to all nations," promising to be with His Church while so doing, "even to the end of the world;" then must all objections whatever, however numerous, however plausible, however weighty, yield to the simple fact,—*to preach the Gospel is Christ's will!* It might well excite wonder, and lead to serious inquiry as to

* See No. II., page 23.

its cause, if the preaching of the Gospel were not followed by those results which it was designed and is fitted to accomplish. Yet the absence of all such anticipated results, however strange and unconceivable this might be, could form no legitimate ground for disobeying our Lord's will. The position of a regiment in a battle, might, for many reasons,—such as its never being permitted to fire a shot, or engage immediately with the enemy,—be a very mysterious and unaccountable fact to soldiers and officers. But the commands of the general, and not apparent or immediate *results*, would be recognized as a sole and sufficient ground for keeping their position.

2. In the history of God's dealings with man, we perceive many facts analogous to this supposed one of fruitless missionary labours, yet quite consistent, nevertheless, with such missionary labour being God's will. Noah was a "preacher of righteousness," and a missionary to the old world. But though he laboured for 120 years, by word and example, he made few converts—not even the members of his own family; for Ham was unconverted then, and his descendants in Africa have not been converted since! But Noah "obeyed God," and his preaching did a great moral work in the world. He was a witness for the truth: and righteously condemned the world, if he did not save it. Nor let us forget that our blessed Lord Himself mourned for the unbelief of those to whom he ministered. "He came to His own, but His own received Him not;" "He was despised and rejected of men;" "Neither did His brethren believe on Him?" All the teaching of the Jewish nation through His servants the prophets, and latterly by Himself the Son, was ended in bitter tears, and in these words of sore complaint, "How often would I have gathered you; but ye would not!"

3. Supposing it were true that missionaries had made no *converts* from heathenism; or that all among them who profess Christianity (for it must be admitted as a fact, that many thousands *do* profess it who were once idolaters) have been actuated solely by selfish motives, we would bid the objectors consider the immense difficulties which, humanly speaking, are in the way of converting to the *truth* and *life* of Christianity a people sunk from infancy in ignorance—having prejudices and superstitions long rooted in their minds—the slaves of sensual passions—averse, perhaps, to even mental exertion—and yet called upon not only to receive revealed truth, and follow a self-denying life, but also, it may be, to suffer sore persecutions for conscience sake. Let him consider, also, the *short period* during which Protestant missions to the heathen have been in operation—the *long period* required by a missionary (should his life be spared!) to acquire a knowledge of the language, habits, and manners of a people—the few hundreds who have hitherto laboured among the millions abroad; and, finally, let him consider how much may be accomplished which the eye cannot easily discover, in preparing the ground for the seed, and in sowing that seed long before a harvest is reaped, and a *visible* result obtained—and no candid man would give up the cause of missions even if, up till this moment, it *appeared* to be fruitless.

4. We have, however, been arguing as if this part of our supposed objection were true,—as if missionaries *had* done little or nothing in the way of converting the heathen. But we *deny* this statement, and assert, that the very opposite of it is the truth. The success of Christian missions abroad, has been far more than the Christian Church at home had any *reason* to expect, considering the feebleness of her efforts, the small number of her labourers, the parsimony of her contributions, and the coldness and unbelief of her prayers! We can appeal *to facts* as to what missions have accomplished. This we do with unbounded confidence, and deepest thankfulness to God. These facts, however, we cannot give in this paper. But if any of our readers wish to know them, abundant sources of information are at their command.* It is deplorable how ignorant

* See, *for instance*, the paper upon Mission Statistics in the first number of this Magazine, also the table printed in No. V., p. 120; and even the missionary intelligence communicated from time to time in our own very limited space.

many professing Christians are of what the Lord is doing among the heathen. How can we pray, "Thy kingdom come!" yet never take the trouble of inquiring whether our prayers are ever answered?

"Missionaries have done nothing!" Instead of attempting, at present, a sketch of what they *have* done throughout the world in advancing the cause of humanity —which is inseparable from the cause of Christ—let us mention one or two anecdotes out of hundreds to the same effect which we might relate. The Missionary Williams *discovered*, twenty-six years ago, the island of Raratonga, having a population of many thousand souls. Last summer a native chief of Raratonga, who labours as a Christian catechist among his people, came to London. He called at the museum of the London Missionary Society, and requested the Secretary to shew him one of the idols from his native island, which his father once worshipped, as *he had never beheld one in his life!* So completely had idolatry been extirpated from his country, during a period to which even his memory did not reach, that *the first idol he ever saw was in London!* We were told this fact, which speaks volumes, in visiting the museum a few days afterwards. This recalls another anecdote which we cannot help recording. Sixteen years ago, when the success of missions to the South Seas was debated in some of our leading periodicals, we happened to meet the captain of a South Sea Whaler, who was visiting some of his friends in Scotland. He was a highly intelligent, and pious man. We asked him this question,—"Do tell us your honest opinion from what you yourself have witnessed as to the effects of missions in the South Seas; have the missionaries done good?" He looked surprised, and being unacquainted with the sentiments of the speaker, he addressed him as one opposed to missions. His reply we will give as nearly as we can recollect it, in his own words,—"I am no *arguer*, nor do I know what you think in this country about missions, nor what these have done in foreign parts which I have not visited. But I will tell you what happened to myself. A few years ago I was shipwrecked on a coral reef which surrounded an island in the South Seas. I had heard that several years before, an American Whaler had met with a similar disaster in the same place, and that all the crew as they landed were cruelly massacred and eat. We had little hopes of escaping a like terrible fate. Our boats were all stove in, or swept away. A fearful sea was breaking over us; but all the crew with myself, got safe upon the reef. By and bye we saw the natives at a distance approaching in crowds, and puting off in their canoes upon the still water inside the reef. We all felt that we had escaped one form of death for a worse; but we resigned ourselves into the hands of God. Judge of our surprise when we saw the natives decently dressed; think of our amazement when they welcomed us with joy, carried us to their boats, took us to their homes, and treated us like brothers! Upon the next Sabbath, I worshipped with those people in the house of God. I partook along with them of the Lord's Supper; and sung praises to God with the old Psalm tunes I had not heard since I was a boy in Scotland! I do not know," he added, "what *you* think of missions; but I know what *I* think of them!" With this anecdote, which we prefer giving to any more statistical tables, we leave this subject for the present, promising to return to it in our next number.

TAHITI.

"As the evening drew to a close, I strolled beneath the gloomy shade of the bananas up the course of the stream. My walk was soon brought to a close by coming to a waterfall between two and three hundred feet high; and again above this there was another. I mention all these waterfalls in this one brook, to give a general idea of the inclination of the land. In the little recess where the water fell, it did not appear that a breath of wind had ever blown. The thin edges of the great leaves of the banana, damp with spray, were unbroken, instead of being, as is so generally the case, split into a thousand shreds. From our position, almost suspended on the mountain-side, there were glimpses into the depths of the neighbouring valleys; and the lofty points of the central mountains,

towering up within sixty degrees of the zenith, hid half the evening sky. Thus seated, it was a sublime spectacle to watch the shades of night gradually obscuring the last and highest pinnacles.

"Before we laid ourselves down to sleep, the elder Tahitian fell on his knees, and with closed eyes repeated a long prayer in his native tongue. He prayed as a Christian should do, with fitting reverence, and without the fear of ridicule, or any ostentation of piety. At our meals, neither of the men would taste food without saying beforehand a short grace. Those travellers who think that a Tahitian prays only when the eyes of the missionary are fixed on him, should have slept with us that night on the mountain-side. . . . .

"On the whole, it appears to me, that the morality and religion of the inhabitants are highly creditable. There are many who attack, even more acrimoniously than Kotzebue, both the missionaries, their system, and the effects produced by it. Such reasoners never compare the present state with that of the island only twenty years ago, nor even with that of Europe at this day; but they compare it with the high standard of Gospel perfection. They expect the missionaries to effect that which the Apostles themselves failed to do. Inasmuch as the condition of the people falls short of this high standard, blame is attached to the missionary, instead of credit for that which he has effected. They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifices, and the power of an idolatrous priesthood—a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world—infanticide a consequence of that system—bloody wars, where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these have been abolished; and that dishonesty, intemperance, and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of Christianity. In a voyager to forget these things *is* base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far."—*Darwin's Naturalist's Voyage*, pp. 410-11, 414.

JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

PART I.

IT is singular how few there are that know anything of the details of Howard's life. Though his name is in every one's mouth,—though he is known not in England only, but throughout Europe, and indeed throughout the civilized world, not as A Philanthropist merely, but preeminently as THE Philanthropist,—we question if there are many who know more about him, than that he was an earnest and zealous good man, who made the reformation of prisons and of prisoners the business of his life. As to the particulars of his life, and of his journeys, regarding the motives that animated him in his self-devoted career, few entertain anything beyond the vaguest notions. This has arisen, no doubt, principally from the want of any good account of his life and labours. This want, we are inclined to think, Mr. Dixon's work* will not by any means worthily supply; though it has, it must be admitted, given it a popularity utterly disproportioned to its merits. The life of a mere philanthropist Mr. D. might have written, but the life of a Christian philanthropist, which Howard was, is a task altogether beyond his province, as well as that of the modern school of humanity-mongers, to which he seems to belong. His style, too, is ludicrously high-flown and bombastic; while we cannot too highly reprobate the eagerness with which he seizes upon every opportunity of speaking evil of dignitaries, and of vending his absurd, and apparently semi-republican crotchets.

Still, with all its faults, and they are neither few nor small, the work is not without its value. It gives us, within a moderate compass, a pretty full account of Howard's labours and journeys, both abroad and at home; and it makes us acquainted with many of the particulars

* *John Howard and the Prison World of Europe*, by Hepworth Dixon. Jackson and Walford, London, 1849.

of his private life, which Mr. Dixon's enthusiastic admiration for his hero has prompted him to search out. It is not, however, our intention to review the book, to criticise its tone, or to enlarge upon its blemishes; but merely to avail ourselves of the information it contains, in giving a brief sketch of those labours that earned for John Howard the title of a benefactor of the human race.

Strange to say, both the date and the place of Howard's birth are somewhat uncertain. His biographer thinks that he was born at Clapton, in Middlesex, in 1726. His father was a merchant in London, and the architect of his own fortunes. His mother died when he was an infant, so that he was not privileged to enjoy the inestimable blessing of a mother's teaching. Of his early years, almost nothing is known. Being, from his birth, of a sickly and delicate constitution, his life seems to have been preserved only by the greatest care. Indeed he never altogether got rid of this delicacy of constitution. To the end of his days he was subject to a weakness of the chest, and to attacks of fever, that frequently brought him to the brink of the grave. As a child he was altogether unnoticed. At school he gave no symptoms of that indomitable energy which, in after life, prompted him to combat single-handed with abuses the growth of centuries. Destined by his father for a commercial life, he was apprenticed to a grocer in the city; but before the period of his apprenticeship had expired, the elder Howard died, leaving a very considerable property to be divided between his son and daughter. Having engaged in business simply in obedience to the wishes of his father, Howard no sooner found himself his own master, than he made arrangements for terminating his apprenticeship. This done, he determined to inform his mind, and to restore his health by foreign travel. For several years he was thus occupied: and we may well believe that the experience then acquired was of signal service to him in his subsequent journeys. Soon after his return, we arrive at a very curious and characteristic incident in his life. While suffering under a severe illness, he was lodging with a Mrs. Loidore, who, by the care and devotion with which she nursed him—a stranger in her house—made a profound impression upon him; so much so indeed, that upon his recovery he considered it his duty to make her an offer of his hand and fortune. At this time he was 25, while Mrs. Loidore is described as an ordinary looking woman of 52, and so great an invalid, that for twenty years she had not known what health was. At first she refused him—a piece of magnanimity which Mr. Dixon places far above Cæsar's refusal of the Roman crown; but at length she yielded to the indomitable will of her suitor, and they were married. The union, however, was but of short duration. At the end of three years she died, sincerely lamented by her husband. The blank occasioned by her death, again awakened in Howard's mind the desire for action. From his earliest years labour had been with him a habit, idleness was intolerable; he could not dream away his energies. And as he had not then discovered the great work given unto him to do, his restless instinct, and his desire to benefit his fellowmen, again drove him forth to the world. This time he resolved to visit Lisbon, which had just been almost destroyed by the frightful earthquake of 1755, and to stretch out a helping-hand to its miserable inhabitants. But God had otherwise ordained. The vessel in which he sailed, was captured by a French privateer, and he was carried a prisoner of war into Brest. There he and the crew of the vessel were treated with the utmost barbarity. Before they reached Brest, "they were kept for forty hours without food or water; and when they were landed, they were kept for several additional hours without nourishment in a dungeon dark, damp, and filthy beyond description. At last, a leg of mutton was brought and thrown into the cell, as horse-flesh is thrown into the den of wild beasts, for the starving captives to scramble for, tear with their teeth, and devour as they best could, while they were compelled to sleep upon the cold floor, with nothing but a handful of straw to protect them from the noxious damps

and noisome fever of their overcrowded room." Here it was, we doubt not, that the seed was sown which afterwards brought forth a harvest so plentious and so glorious. Here Howard learned from bitter experience the frightful state in which the prisons of Europe then were. As he himself says in the preface to his first report on the State of Prisons, "What I suffered on this occasion, increased my sympathies with the unhappy people whose cure is the subject of this book." The seed, it is true, lay dormant for many years. Perhaps even Howard himself had almost forgotten his captivity at Brest. But the seed, though dormant, was not dead. In God's good time it sprang into healthy and vigorous life, and engaged him in that "circumnavigation of charity" which won for him an imperishable name.

After a time, and after suffering many hardships, he was permitted to return to England, on giving a pledge that if he did not succeed in procuring a suitable exchange for himself, he would return to his captivity. This exchange, however, he effected. No sooner had he done so, than he set about relieving the more pressing wants of his fellow-prisoners whom he had left in bondage, and of endeavouring to effect their deliverance. This, at last, he had the satisfaction of accomplishing after considerable exertion. Having succeeded in these, his first efforts in the cause of philanthropy, he settled down at Cardington, his estate near Bedford, where for many years he lived in the quiet unostentatious discharge of his duties of a country gentleman. Unfortunately we do not possess, in either letters or diaries, the materials for forming a trustworthy estimate of his character, and of the course of his mind's development during either these, or the previous years of his life. It is easy to see, however, indeed it must be evident from the bald outline we have given of the events of his life, that his ruling principle was a deep sense of duty, and a conscientious discharge of what he believed to be laid upon him. From his earliest years, Howard seems to have lived under a deep sense of religion. Having imbibed from his father the strict tenets of Protestant dissent, he adhered to them through life. Knowing his relation to God, his anxiety was to obey His laws, and to walk in accordance with His will. We may perhaps doubt whether, on occasions such as that of his marriage, he did not stretch the feeling of duty to too great an extent. But this we may be sure of, that in this, as in every other matter, he followed what he conscientiously believed to be the path of duty. As to his peculiar doctrinal views of this period of his life, we have no evidence in the volume before us. Indeed, this is a point on which Mr. Dixon, consistently enough, it must be admitted, with the general character of his work, leaves almost unnoticed. Howard's deep sense of sin, and trust upon the redeeming merits of a crucified Saviour, are phases of his character that Mr. Dixon cannot fathom; and which, therefore, he seems inclined to ascribe to monomania. Were it not for some extracts quoted from letters and diaries written by Howard during his travels, we should have but little in Mr. D.'s work to guide us in forming a true estimate of his character in this respect. These, however, shew that his anxious discharge of duty was not a mere attempt to pacify his conscience. They prove that he felt his sinfulness and his need of a Saviour, and that all his hopes were built upon the righteousness and finished work of Christ. We find him, for example, in 1770, "recording God's goodness to the unworthiest of his creatures, solemnly surrendering himself to Him, and begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit." We find him "hoping for a more tender conscience by greater fear of offending God, a temper more abstracted from the world, more resigned to death or life, a thirsting for union or communion with God." Ah! he adds, "the wonders of redeeming love!—free, sovereign, rich and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature; but where sin abounds, I trust grace superabounds; even I have still some hope—what joy is that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ."

Such passages as these, of which we find a few in Mr. Dixon's work,—and no

wonder they are few, when we find him avowing, that had they been uttered by one but his hero, he would have accounted them fanaticism, if not mere raving madness,—tell us what was the key-note of Howard's character. They shew, that in the discharge of his duties, to which he attended so carefully and so unshrinkingly, "the honour of God and the spread of the Redeemer's name and Gospel," were his constant aim. Feeling himself vile, seeing "sin, folly, and imperfection in every action," he yet felt that "duty was his, though the power was God's." Bearing in mind, then, this, let us follow him in his course, and let us mark the life of one animated by such a spirit.

Upon sitting down on his Cardington estate, he immediately set to work to improve it, and to carry out his plan for ameliorating the condition of his poorer tenantry. In these endeavours he was encouraged and aided by his second wife, to whom he was united in 1758, and who seems to have been in every way worthy to be the helpmate of such a man. The houses of the labourers on his estate were —as, alas! the houses of too many of the labouring class both in England and Scotland, to the disgrace of our landed proprietors, still are—dirty, ill-built, ill-drained, and ill-ventilated, utterly unfit to be the residence of human beings. Howard at once saw, that so long as they were compelled to reside in such miserable huts, it was utterly impossible that they could be elevated in the scale of civilization; that so long as their houses were uncomfortable and uncleanly, it was impossible to make them active, industrious, and domestic. Knowing that "cleanliness is next to godliness," he saw, that before any improvement in their habits could be expected, it was essential that their physical condition should be improved. He, therefore, built a number of comfortable cottages, to which he transferred his labourers, absolutely requiring of all of them "habits of industry, temperance, and observance of the Sabbath." He also established schools, engaging and paying the teachers, and exercising over the scholars, as he did over his cottars, a sort of patriarchal authority.

To Howard's example in this respect, we cannot too strongly draw the attention of our readers. We would remind them, that "property has its duties as well as its rights;" and we would tell those of them to whom God has given possessions and influence, that they are responsible to God for the use they make of the talents he has given them. There are two points to which, when speaking upon this subject, we would direct especial attention,—the houses of the working classes, and the relation in which the master stands to his workers.

We shall say nothing of the *bothy* system, which, despite the tide of reprobation that has flowed upon it from every quarter, still maintains itself in many parts of the country, to the disgrace of Scotland. But we must deplore the wretched condition of the houses of the agricultural labourers and miners in many districts. Again and again have we seen families of six or eight individuals—father, mother, and children; the elder of whom were almost grown up—residing in a miserable, ill-thatched, clay-floored cottage, of *one* apartment. Now, how, in the name of common decency, to put it upon no higher grounds, could such a family cherish a proper sense of propriety and decorum? Can we be surprised that they should fall into vice? Can we expect that the younger members of a family in which the decencies of life are daily and hourly violated, the moralities of conduct should be carefully and firmly observed? And can we wonder, that when cholera or fever finds its way into such overcrowded, and therefore filthy abodes, it should commit the most fearful ravages? This is a matter in regard to which a heavy responsibility rests upon our proprietors and our farmers, our mine-owners and our mine-lessees. Amid the present competition for work, and pressure for the means of subsistence, the poor workman is often compelled to take up his abode in a house at which his heart revolts; while being rented from year to year, or it may be from month to month, it is, of course, impossible to expect that he can expend either money or time, which is his money, in making the

improvements necessary to render it comfortable. Is it surprising, then, that when this is the case, the wife, finding her efforts to maintain cleanliness utterly unavailing, should gradually subside into a slattern, and that the husband, unable to find comfort or cleanliness at his own fireside, should take refuge at the public-house? Though, then, it be, *for the time*, a saving to the master to let the houses remain as they are, we doubt if it be so *in the end*, even putting altogether out of view the responsibility that attaches to him; for we feel assured, that good, respectable, and self-respecting servants, cannot co-exist with filthy, unhealthy houses. We are glad to see, however, that our proprietors are daily becoming more and more alive to a sense of their duties in this respect. Gradually are we seeing the old hovels destroyed in which our *hinds* and our miners lived, and replaced by comfortable two or three-roomed houses. We saw lately in the newspapers, a most gratifying account of the exertions of the Duke of Bedford, who has, within the last few years, built for the agricultural labourers upwards of 300 houses, each two stories high, and containing four apartments; and we have heard, that the Duke of Buccleuch has, on several of his estates, taken from the tenant-farmers all control over their labourers' houses, with the view of carrying out ameliorations of the same kind. The houses, too, in his colliery villages, as well as in those of the Marquis of Lothian, and others of the neighbouring proprietors, are very models of comfort; while in the schools attached to them, the accommodation is most ample, and the attendance very large. In their benevolent labours we wish them all success, and we trust that others may go and do likewise.

Howard held, and every Christian must also hold, that the duties of landlords and masters do not end with the erection of comfortable houses for their dependents. This they must do, but they must do more. They must not merely provide for their physical well-being, they must also attend to their moral and religious instruction. Of course, there are limits to this obligation. We are no advocates for masters intermeddling too much with their dependents, or doing anything that can, in the slightest degree, resemble putting any constraint on their consciences. But surely those who originate large public works, incur a most serious responsibility, and are called upon not merely to take care that the means of education and of religious instruction be accessible to all, but also to insist, as Howard did, on "habits of industry, temperance, and observance of the Sabbath." These, however, are duties which we fear are too often forgotten. There are too many masters who look upon their workmen as so many machines or horses, and who, provided a certain quantity of work be done, a certain quantity of iron or coal put out, are perfectly satisfied. They imagine, that their connection with their workmen ends there; that having paid them their wages, they have nothing more to do with them. To all applications for aid in ameliorating their condition, they turn a deaf ear. The work has been established, it may be, on a barren moor, far from school or church. One or two thousand souls have been collected together, who are thus left destitute of the means of grace. Can it be doubted, that, in such a case, it is the duty of the originator of the work to provide for those whom he has collected together a full equipment of church, a minister, and schools?

While in the very act of writing the preceding paragraph, we have received the *Home and Foreign Missionary Record* for January, containing a letter from the minister of Dairy in Ayrshire, that affords ample proof of the truth of our remarks. Within these few years, large iron-works were established in the parish, and the population was at once doubled, while the church and school accommodation, which had been utterly insufficient for even the native population, was not at all increased,—no steps having been taken by the companies to provide for these wants. The consequences have been, as might have been expected, fearful. For details, we must refer to Mr. Stevenson's letter. We quote merely a

few sentences:—"Of the general mass, the debasement is extreme. Many cannot read—the education of the young is neglected—multitudes of parents oppose it altogether—religious training is unknown—masses of the children are unbaptized—and many who have arrived at the years of maturity, were never in a church in their lives. The Sabbath is observed only as a day of idleness and self-indulgence, not seldom of gambling and card-playing,—drunkenness is next to universal, while imprecation, blasphemy, and pollution, mingle in conversation, the children learning to blaspheme as soon as they can speak." Well may such a state of matters, in a civilized country, be called lamentable and alarming; and awful is the responsibility that rests upon those who gather together such multitudes without making any provision for their spiritual welfare.

Howard's example, and the anxiety he manifested for the welfare of his dependents, have led us into this somewhat lengthy degression. We shall not, however, grudge the space occupied, if it aid in the movement now being made to improve the dwellings, and to ameliorate the condition of the working man.*

For several years Howard lived quietly on his estate at Cardington, acting the part of an enlightened and benevolent country gentleman, surrounded by a prosperous and contented tenantry, and devoted in his attention to the duties of his station, and with no wish, no desire beyond it. But a blow came that rent his heart, and sent him forth to the world to seek for some work that might employ his latent energies. His wife, to whom he had been most tenderly attatched, and who seems to have been a woman in every way worthy of the love of such a man, died in giving birth to a son,—their first and only child. To Howard the blow was an awful one; and though, from his calm and well-governed temperament, it is not likely that he evinced his grief by any violent demonstration, there can be no doubt that her death left a void in his heart that was never filled up, and that to her loss were due his public labours. How dear her memory was, may be gathered from the following passage:—

"No tongue," says the biographer, "can tell, no pen can describe, the awful misery of the bereaved husband. . . . By temperament Howard was calm and undemonstrative; but there were depths in his nature not easily fathomed. His love for his wife had been an illimitable passion. The day of her death was held sacred in his calendar,—kept for evermore as a day of fasting and meditation. Everything connected with her memory, how distantly soever, was hallowed in his mind by the association. Many years after her demise, on the eve of his departure on one of his long and perilous journeys across the Continent of Europe, he was walking in the gardens with the son whose birth had cost the precious life, examining some plantations which they had recently been making, and arranging a plan for future improvements. On coming to the planted walk, he stood still; there was a pause in the conversation; the old man's thoughts were busy with the past: at length he broke silence—'Jack,' said he, in a tender and solemn tone, 'in case I should not come back, you will pursue this work, or not, as you may think proper; but remember, this walk was planted by your mother, and if you ever touch a twig of it, may my blessing never rest upon you.'"

With the death of his wife, Howard's private life may be said to end. In our next number, we propose to give a sketch of his public life and of his public labours.

"My death will be no more regarded by the world than a fly or a worm; but to myself it is of infinite consequence."

"What will the next hour do for you that this cannot?"—*Adams.*

"The good man wishes to *be* virtuous, the hypocrite to appear so."

"He is rich who hath enough to be charitable; and it is hard to be so poor, that a noble mind may not find a way to this piece of goodness."—*Religio Medici.*

* We would refer to Dr. Geo. Bell's *Day and Night in the Wynds of Edinburgh*, for a fearful picture of the vice, and misery, and wretchedness of the lower classes of our large towns. While we fear that many of the Doctor's own suggestions are nothing but what he quaintly terms "dodges," we cordially concur with him in thinking, that the beginning must be made by improving the houses of the poor.

Hymns.

(Composed by the Rev. John Newton, on the occasion of Two Anniversaries of his Wife's death, which took place December 15, 1790.

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

Forget her! No. Can four short years
The deep impression wear away.
She still before my mind appears—
Abroad, at home, by night, by day.

Oft as with those she loved I meet,
Her looks, her voice, her words recur;
Or if alone I walk the street,
Still something leads my thoughts to her.

What she desired, while yet alive,
Has all the force of law to me;
'Tis my joy to watch and strive
That nothing may neglected be.

While thus self-pleased, my conscience spoke,
And roused me from my soothing dream:
"Vain worm! regard my just rebuke,
Nor longer glory in your shame!

"Did she, or could she interpose,
To save you from the wrath of God,
From all your sins, and fears, and foes,
And seal your pardon with her blood?

"This Jesus did; but can you say,
His love and death are thus your theme,
Abroad, at home, by night, by day;
And all you do, is done for Him?

"Is it for His dear sake alone,
Your friends have in your heart a share?
Are all His friends esteem'd your own,
Whatever party name they bear?

"Her dying words are not forgot;
Are His as constantly in view—
A law and rule to every thought,
To what you say, and what you do?

"The sensibility you boast,
Of an unfeeling heart is proof;
If faint to Him who claims it most,
For whom you cannot feel enough!"

Well may this charge my spirit sink!
Thy mercy, Lord, is all my plea:
How vile and base am I to think
So much of her—no more of Thee!

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Lord has heal'd the wound He made,
And caused my grief to end.
How weak was I to be afraid
Of such a faithful Friend!

I trembled when I saw the knife,
I knew my heart must bleed,
I would have pray'd, "Oh! spare my wife!"
This is a wound indeed!

But soon His tenderness and skill
Relieved me from alarm.
He cut, but cheer'd me with a smile,
And bid me fear no harm.

From Him who died my soul to save
From sin's desert and doom,
Who gave me all I had, or have,
Surely no harm could come.

What He appoints, I now perceive
Is all in mercy sent.
My part is only to believe,
Submit, and be content.

Content! that word's too faint to use,
I should, I *do* rejoice;
Unable for myself to choose,
I glory in this choice.

From many cares and fears my mind
Was by the stroke set free
It broke the ties which much confined
My thoughts, vain world, to thee.

Now, as on rising ground I stand,
Reviewing what is past:
I see that He prepared and plann'd
My path from first to last.

Then let me change my sighs to praise,
For all that He has done.
And yield my few remaining days
To Him, and Him alone.

I hope to join her soon again,
On yonder happy shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor pain,
Shall ever reach us more.*

* The above hymns are little known. They are given in the appendix to a sermon preached in 1755, by the Rev. Dr. Gill of London, entitled, *The Glorious State of the Saints in Heaven*, and reprinted, (by W. P. Kennedy, St. Andrew Street,) with an introductory notice by the Rev. D. T. K. Drummond of Edinburgh. We cordially recommend it as being full of instruction to the Christian, and of consolation to the afflicted.

Foreign Correspondence.

FRANCE.

Part II.

"In order thoroughly to appreciate the enormous concessions of Messrs. Gasparin and Monod, the difficulty of their task must be taken into consideration. Separating from the Church under the idea that they were about to carry along with them a large portion, perhaps the best portion, of the Protestantism of France, they found themselves, as I have already said, on the day of the opening of the Synodal Assembly, with a very meagre retinue,—three ministers and three laymen! If the great secession they had anticipated had been realized, they would have remained masters of themselves, and they would have founded a Free Church, properly so called. Morally obliged to open the door to Dissenters, they were constrained to submit to their conditions, instead of dictating to them. This necessity was rendered still more inevitable by peculiar circumstances, well known to the religious public in France, but with which your readers cannot be acquainted, and which throws great light on the whole transaction,—I mean the personal importance of certain Parisian Dissenters, and their previous intercourse with the two originators of the Secession. The Dissenting Church of Paris has been, ever since its formation twenty years ago, under the direction of three or four persons, as eminent for their piety and talents as for their influence and wealth, their prodigious activity, their cultivated understanding, their close correspondence with the religious world, their admission to the festivals of all religious societies, bible, missionary, tract, &c. One curious fact will serve to shew the extent of their influence, and the strange position they occupy. There is a periodical which has, for many years, been the sole organ of the Established Protestant Church of France. Well! the editorial committee of this paper was composed of the directors of the *Dissenting Church*. And would you desire to know who, under this Dissenting committee, was the official and only publicly recognized editor?—M. Frederic Monod, minister of the Established Church of Paris! You ask how this would possibly go on. I reply by relating a striking anecdote: Ten years ago I was in England, in the midst of brethren who appeared to take a lively interest in our Church. They were Anglicans. I happened, while speaking of a lately organized society, to express fears of its dissenting tendencies, shewn by incontestable facts. "But," said one of our friends present, "if that were the case, how would it escape M. Monod, who is a minister of the National Church, and also a member of the committee of that society? and why has he not resigned? Is M. Monod not a minister of the National Church?" It was very difficult for me to reply to these questions, especially as I had no wish to attack the character of one whom I myself held in high esteem, which also they could not understand, unless they knew as much as I did. A sudden idea struck me; there was an analogous case which, as it was connected with England, they would comprehend much better. "You are acquainted," said I, "with the worthy and excellent Baptist Noel?"—"Perfectly." "Very well; invest the worthy and excellent Monod with his name and position, and you will understand me. Frederic Monod is the Baptist Noel of the Church of France; Baptist Noel is the Frederic Monod of the Church of England."—"Oh! very well; that makes it quite clear." Ten years afterwards, this conversation, which I had forgotten, along with many others, was recalled to my recollection by an English newspaper, which announced that Noel had seceded from the Church of England; and by a French newspaper, which announced that Monod had seceded from the Church of France. The same year, almost the same month.

There was no necessity to be a prophet to expect this result, knowing, as I did, the connection and intercourse which subsisted between M. Monod and the founders of the Dissenting Church of Paris, who were, at the same time, the originators of a journal whose object was to popularize dissent. M. Monod, the confidential associate of the men of Taitbout Chapel,* and of the *Semeur*, must needs, in the day of conflict, either gain his friends to his side, or be gained to theirs. But there is in the leaders of the dissenting party a perseverance of mind, a distinctness of plan, a far-sightedness, a calculation of chances, a logical vigour, and an enthusiasm in favour of their

* A Dissenting Chapel, and a journal in the interest of the Dissenters.

principles, which, though compensated in M. Monod, by qualities perhaps of a superior nature, yet rendered it much more likely that he should be brought to serve the purposes of his old dissenting friends, than that he should dictate a line of conduct to them. On the approach of the Synod, which was to constitute the union, the chapel, Taitbout, which had existed for ten years without a constitution, made haste to form one for itself, in which, of course, the union of Church and State was explicitly condemned. Then, when M. Monod came to ask his old friends to join him, they agreed, but on condition that he should join them. This accounts for the Synod requiring its churches to receive no assistance from the State. Constrained to choose betwixt the State and Taitbout, he bade farewell to the State. It appears, however, that this was not done without extreme vexation, if we are to believe the journal already quoted, which says, very categorically, "Other members of the Synod were not quite decided on this point; we know that they would be by no means reluctant to receive a salary from the State; and the private knowledge which we have of their wishes, enables us to add, that if they have not obtained it, this is not owing to any fault of theirs. They have knocked at the door of our Church, and would have been very happy to have been permitted to enter."

As for M. de Gasparin, it must have cost him still more; for in the book formerly mentioned, he attacked most severely the principles of the Dissenters. I cannot quote at length; but a few words will be sufficient:—"We should not express our views fully," says M. de Gasparin, "if we did not point out the still more fatal consequences which may follow from the system of the separatist churches. After having cherished the spirit of judging, the spirit of pride, the carnal spirit, the sectarian spirit, they are in danger of sliding down the slope which conducts to religious radicalism, to the denial of the ministry and of the church, to Darbyism, (Plymouthism.)" And, at last, it is to this system that M. de Gasparin is constrained to unite himself. That the Dissenters should rejoice in this, we can easily understand; for they have gained some noble hearts, some bold and conscientious men; but the promoters of a Free Church have something else to do than to rejoice, if they would only open their eyes. In the bosom of the national Synod they had displayed the most impressive zeal and eloquence to accomplish a secession; they withdrew alone from the place of its meeting; two members, already closely bound, as we have already seen, to dissent,—two out of eighty, formed the whole of the secession from a body in which there remained such men as Adolphe Monod, Chabrand, Vermeil, Caillatte, Rosselity, Lissignol, Bonifas, Cadoret, &c. It appears that this should be sufficient, *prima facie*, to indicate the character of the disruption, so different from that of Scotland, or of the Canton de Vaud. However, they did not lose courage, and addressed to all France a solemn appeal, in which appear the following words:—"We hope, at the approaching meeting, to see more than one member of the Synod who is still hesitating." Not one member of the Synod appeared at the meeting! Was this the cause of their joy?

Their object, said they, was to reconstruct the Reformed Presbyterian Churches of France. But not only have they proved unable to preserve the characteristic features of these churches, but they have been obliged, in forming their present union, in the constitution of which appear so many important blanks, (several of which we have noticed,) to admit, on the other hand, by way of compensation, principles against which they had contended all their lives, and which on that page where Presbyterianism and National Religion can find no place, make a complacent display of Voluntaryism and Congregationalism. Is it this, perhaps, that has occasioned them so much joy?

One word on the real character of the thirty-one churches which sent representatives to the Synod. Six months after the secession, I happened to be in one of the largest cities in France. I visited there a great number of respectable families; the approaching Synod was frequently the subject of conversation; no one talked of going there. There was not the slightest hint of opening a place of worship.

The only person who was suspected of sympathizing with the secession party, was a Swiss, long known to be inclined towards dissent. On my return to Paris, what was my surprise to hear the Free Church of that very city spoken of,—a church quite invisible and undiscoverable while I was there! *Ab uno disce omnes.* I ought to mention, however, that a delegate from that Church appeared in the Synod; this was the Swiss dissenter just mentioned. I imagine that he was more than a delegate of the Church, and that

actually formed the whole Church himself; he might have said with a certain sage, "*Omnia mecum fero.*"

Do you wish to have the true history of the pretended Free Church of France in a few words? Nothing more simple. Certain brethren whose praiseworthy activity and not less praiseworthy desire to extend the influence of their own ideas, were straitened in the National Church, accustomed themselves to close their eyes against the advantages of the National system, and to exaggerate the advantages of Voluntaryism, to such an extent, that gradually and unconsciously their hearts seceded from the official position in which they still remained. Nothing was wanting but an opportunity of following, without reserve, their dominant inclination. This opportunity was furnished after the Revolution of 1848, by the refusal of the National Synod (convoked in September, at Paris, after the lapse of 86 years) to take up at that time the consideration of a Confession of Faith in one sense or other. Seizing on this refusal, (which I will return to, and consider at length in some future communication,) they gave it out as the only ground of their secession, and left us, trusting to be followed by a great number. This expectation was completely disappointed. Some expressions of regret, and some wishes for improvement, had been mistaken for sympathy. The feeble echo awakened by the retiring of Messrs. Gasparin and Monod, obliged them to change their plan; and despairing of the cause, they threw themselves into the arms of the Voluntaries. Thanks to the movement, they have succeeded in bringing about, not a Free Church, but a union of Dissenters,—a union in which harmony is purchased at the expense of silence on every point of difference, and by suffering each to do what seems good in his own eyes. It is, in fact, nothing more than a little Evangelical Alliance of Voluntaries. There existed already, indeed, a great Evangelical Alliance; and we could not see the advantage of creating another, the chief feature of distinction in which should be, that it excludes all the brethren of all National Churches, without exception. What account do the members of the Free Church of Scotland give you of the Free Church of France? Will the ardour of their sympathy for the free element, even when nothing but a shadow, so far get the better of their love of Presbyterianism, and the principle of National Establishments, as to induce them to unite with the French deputies? And when they come to Scotland to solicit their support and countenance, will they be cautious enough to inquire whether they ought to abet a system which, according to M. de Gasparin, "nourishes the spirit of pride, the sectarian spirit, and the carnal spirit?" It is at any rate desirable that they should understand each other, and know what they are about."—PARIS, *Dec.* 1849.

Missionary Intelligence.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MISSIONS IN INDIA.

THE only reason why we have given so little information regarding the Missions of our Church in India, is, because we could derive our information almost solely from the pages of the monthly *Missionary Record*, which, we must presume, most of our readers possess who are members of our Church. We need hardly say, that we take the most lively interest in those Missions, and in all that pertains to their welfare; and that we recognize them as being, under God, among His chief instruments for sustaining that life in the Church at home, by which alone they can themselves be maintained abroad. Let our brethren in India be assured, that, in spite of abundant coldness and indifference to the cause of missions in Scotland—which is a source of humiliation and sorrow to many Christian pastors and people—there are, everywhere, those who watch their work with intense interest—who share, in spirit, their "joy of harvest," and their sorrow when "the labour of the husbandman" *seems* to fail—who pray for them, for those who labour with them, for the pupils committed to their charge, and for the converts in the midst of temptation and suffering. If missionaries only realized how many hearts they cheer at home by their earnest ministrations as messengers from the Church;—if converts, who remain stedfast, and adore the doctrine of

their Lord and Saviour, only knew how they helped Christ's cause everywhere, and gave occasion "to abundant thanksgivings unto God in their behalf;"—if apostates, in esteeming it more profitable to gain the world and lose their soul, and in preferring the pleasures of sin for a season, to true life now and for ever—only knew the evil they do by the dishonour thus cast upon the cause of truth, and by giving the enemies of the Lord an occasion to blaspheme,—*all* would feel the vast importance of their position, and the great talent which the Master has committed to their care. And if professing Christians—pastors not excepted—realized what *they* could accomplish in behalf of the cause of Christ abroad, by their own prayers and labours in its behalf at home, we would not witness the lethargy and deadness which, alas! have crept over too many parishes and congregations in our land.

In the meantime, we have much gratification in recording and grouping together the following facts regarding our India Missions. Our extracts are from exceedingly interesting letters, (which have been published in the October and December numbers of the *Record*,) addressed by a member of the Church of England, resident in Calcutta, to Mr. Smith, Fochabers. The Church of Scotland is under deep obligation to this correspondent for his kind communication:—

CALCUTTA.

1.—A VISIT TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S INSTITUTION.

After describing the various buildings which meet the eye during a three miles' walk to the Institution from the house in which he resides in Calcutta, he says,—

"Then comes the General Assembly's splendid Institution, with its substantial and beautiful missionary's dwelling-house. We enter by the strong iron gate-way. A neat garden-plot lies between us and the flight of steps which leads up to the west verandah; all round by the rail-bounds of the compound, a border of flower shrubs gratifies the eye; and within, at stated intervals, fine trees are growing up, which at once beautify the grounds, and afford a pleasant shade for the boys, who, in play-hours, cluster round them. Hundreds of cheerful boys, with books in hand, grouping within and without the building, greet us as we drive round to the handsome eastern portico. Passing the library room, well stocked with books and experimental apparatus, we enter the spacious hall. The great bell has ceased its clang, the boys have hastened in and encircle the great hall, well knowing the daily solemn opening business. The doors are closed—loiterers shut out—silence is called, and about 700 lads, of little growth and large, surround, with sober aspect, the missionary. The Rev. Mr. Anderson stands in the centre, and with clear, bold, yet well-heard accents, lifts the voice of praise to God for another day, and of prayer for His gracious blessing on the day's work, 'for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.' Ah! for the virtue of that blessed name to rest upon this house, and all the labours here, with joy endured,—hard, trying, and unremitting labours, as I know they are! Oft have I thought, *Would* I might help—just *help* in such work—in this, or in our own Church Mission Schools! But gifts of teaching are not mine, nor circumstances, nor do other calls admit.

"Now the boys, with cheerful willingness, haste to their several classes,—the hall resounds with many such, their lessons, spelling, &c. Four classes in the long, wide verandah to the west, one in the east, and a fine large class in the mission-house. The higher classes are engaged in the side-rooms; and a splendid class of little fellows—some very little—have the south-west room all to themselves; eyes, ears, mouth, hands, feet, all engaged in recitations, gesticulations, and most difficult evolutions;—this is the infant school department. Altogether, an average attendance of *seven hundred and thirty* daily fill the Institution. Is not this heart-cheering—glorious, I had said? Surely the very numbers should, as a loud call, be *felt* by Scotland to send out more labourers,—four missionaries, at the least, should be on the spot,—sickness oft may lay up one, and then another. The present three will soon, I hear, be reduced to two, owing to the acceptance of a chaplaincy by the Rev. Mr. Herdman. Oh! that I could persuade dear Scotland to be only reasonable in this thing! Can the two, or even three missionaries, long stand the harrassing wear and tear of such work, as I *know*, and you well know, *fill*

their hands, engaging their earnest thoughts both night and day?

. . . . . .

Our time being now expired, we were trained to leave; my friends expressing their satisfaction and delight at all they had witnessed; the one a canny Scotch surgeon, saying, he would bring others to see the Institution, and witness for themselves that there *was something doing!* And, indeed, if it were possible to transport this excellent Institution, with its teachers and scholars just as they are, to Scotland, I think all the people, all Scotland, would crowd to see it, and would feel highly gratified with it; and one sure result, at least, would follow,—they would spare no pains, nor expense, to supply it with good missionaries, having the love of Christ constraining them to labour herein.

"In a former visit, when the Rev. S. Hasell accompanied me, Mr. Mackinlay also being present, I had the gratification (and you know how much so to me) to witness the examination of the higher classes in metaphysics and logic. But I cannot go on as I would, the post-hour being near closed."

2.—A VISIT TO THE ORPHAN REFUGE.

The same writer thus describes his visit, at a subsequent period, to the Orphan Refuge and the Assembly's Institution:—

"I will tell you about a visit I paid a few days ago to the Orphan Refuge in Circular Road. You may remember its situation,—a little to the south of our house,—just beyond, and no mean associate either, in design or outward appearance, of the European Female Orphan Asylum, (a noble institution, established by the good Mr. Thomson of the old, or Mission Church.) The lofty gateway is well supported on either hand by rows of very high *debdars*,* thickly foliaged, standing a firm band of mighty sentinels along the wall front; the extensive compound is crowded with fruit and other trees, all very luxuriant and green just now,—the high waving cocoa-nut rejoices among them, and seems to rise higher here than anywhere else,—a venerable China lime, which, when in flower, scents the air with its fragrant odour, stands before the portico, and to the left a *Leechee*, (I think it is,) overcrept and festooned with a lilac creeper; here a marble flight of steps leads to a landing-place, and thence you step into a really beautiful hall, with its high ceiling, and coloured glass windows; on its right lies the comfortable dormitory, and on the left the school-room. Then there are pleasant rooms, lower and upper, on the west, and some curious ones on the top of all. Beyond the house in this direction lie the various out-offices; and there, too, lies extended the fine wide tank, whence at morn and even-tide the girls draw water. But let us return to the school-room, with its substantial table for books and work in the centre, and on either side the gallery forms, with rows of girls in blue striped frocks and white *chadders*, the maps and pictures on the nice white wall. It is, indeed, a model of a school-room. Miss Savile was so good as to let us hear the girls read, and say some of their everyday lessons. They read well, and seemed to understand what they read; for, at a request, they gave the meaning of English words in Bengalee. A higher class read a part of St. John's Gospel, 4th chapter, *in Bengalee*, explaining and answering in English questions put by the Rev. J. Anderson, and shewed a fair knowledge of Scripture. Among the little girls, one, very diminitive in stature, repeated, at my request, the morning hymn beautifully, and read and spelled little words admirably. I looked at their hemmings and other needle-works; some carpet-work, too, was nicely done by the oldest, and by far the most intelligent girl, named Fuljahn. I enclose a capital translation made by this girl of a little story, from Bengalee into English. It is one of a series of little 'Bengalee Reward Books,' which have begun to be published, and which originated with Mrs. Weitbrecht of Burdwan. I first saw them in the hands of a lady, Mrs. P., (a member of the Old Church, and a daughter of one of the respected elders of the Kirk,) who takes a very lively interest in all missionary work, and who intends distributing some of the 'Reward Books' in the Agurpara School.

"Last Monday was a native holiday, and yet there were 621 boys present in the Institution at Cornwallis Square. Three weeks ago, I heard, on a day there were 852, a good average for the sickly season. Messrs. Ogilvie and Anderson have both suffered from the prevalent influenza; otherwise they have been wonderfully preserved in health. Last Tuesday week I went across the square to the chapel; it is an unpretending, though neat little structure, with *chuprail roof*, supported on strong wooden pillars, and matted round. It stands close by Banerjeas' *pucka*

* The evening resort just now of the stalking, bone-devouring, high-flying Adjutants, which are disturbed at night by numbers of flying-foxes, who are fond of the fruit of these trees.

church, and is capitally situated for commanding an audience of the passers-by. Bipro-churn Chuker-utty addressed the people, who soon came in large numbers, from Matth. iii. 2. After having read a good part of the chapter, he divided his subject thus:—1st. Who said, 'Repent ye?' 2d, Whom did he address? 3d, What is repentance? 4th, The effects of it." . . . . . We omit an interesting sketch of his sermon here given by the writer.

"I rejoice that Biproo used a great deal of Scripture quotation, and little of his own reasonings. He has not a sufficiently full voice: but I think him a capital Bengalee speaker, and, I believe, an effective one, sometimes using very pleasing illustrations; as, when speaking of repentance, 'Mookh phiraio' (turn, turn the face,) he referred to a boat hurried down by the current, requiring, as the first measure towards stemming the same, to have its face, *mookh*, prow turned. 'I thought yes, and to have its sails filled with the gales of grace.' During this part, a young man, in the midst of the people, protested against the preaching, saying, 'We know what is right, and can do it; we have learnt from our fathers.' After some passes between them, young Sircar became angry; and by and bye, as we all left the chapel, he called out and threatened Biproo, 'Wait till I catch you in a dark night, I'll take your life.' These are mere words, but they indicate bitter feeling."

We have before us an interesting letter from a native catechist, about to be employed in Calcutta by the Edinburgh University Missionary Association, which, with other matter connected with the India Mission, we must defer publishing until our next number.

Notices of Books.

Expository Discourses on the First Epistle of Apostle Peter. By John Brown, D.D., Senior Minister of United Presbyterian Congregation, Broughton Place, Edinburgh, and Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church, &c. Two Volumes. *Second Edition.* Pp. 502, 567.

We notice this work, not for the purpose of criticising or reviewing it, but simply with the view of diverting the attention of our readers to its very great merits. Indeed, the fact of its having, though of somewhat considerable size, reached a second edition within about a year of its publication, is of itself sufficient to put it without the pale of our criticism; while anything like a lengthened review of such a work is altogether precluded, both by the nature of our *Magazine*, and by the limited space to which, in our notices of books, we are compelled to confine ourselves.

The volumes before us are admirable, both in plan and in execution. Consisting of Expository Lectures on the First Epistle of Peter, they are substantially a commentary, though in a somewhat peculiar form. To employ Dr. Brown's own words, "They are not a continuous comment on words and clauses, nor do they consist of scholics or annotations, nor of lectures in the sense in which this word is ordinarily employed in Scotland, nor of sermons, either on select passages or on the successive verses of the sacred book, which is its subject. The epistle is divided into paragraphs, according to the sense,—of course varying very considerably in length. Each of these paragraphs embodying one leading thought, forms the subject of a separate discourse, in which an attempt is made to explain whatever is difficult in the phraseology, and to illustrate the doctrinal or practical principles which it contains; the object being, not to discuss, in a general and abstract manner, the subjects which the text may suggest, but to bring clearly out the Apostle's statements and their design; and to shew how the statements are fitted to gain the objects for which they are made."

Such is Dr. Brown's own account of the *plan* of his work, in the execution of which he has, in our opinion, been eminently successful. The work combines the peculiar advantages of the commentary, the lecture, and the sermon. While there is no parade of learning, it is yet evident that there is no want of learning on the part of its author. He has however given—and rightly we think, when we remember that the discourses were preached to a general audience,—not the process, but the results of his research. He gives the bones of a verbal criticism, but he covers them with the living breathing flesh of a practical exposition.

What we most admire, however, is the skill with which our author has divided the epistle into paragraphs, laying down the boundary of each section, and seizing

upon its leading idea. Our discourses, therefore, partake a good deal of what we are in the habit of calling "lectures;" with this marked difference, however, that instead of a certain number of verses being taken, without much regard to their connection, and a few expository and practical remarks made upon each, the cardinal thought is alone attended to, and the Apostle's words are employed merely in illustrating and enforcing the contrast truth. We have thus, as we said, a combination of the lecture and sermon, admirably calculated to bring out the full and the true meaning of the Scriptures.

It would have afforded us much pleasure to have given a specimen of the work; but our space prevents our quoting one sufficiently long to give an adequate idea of the value: and we therefore conclude with recommending it to our readers.

Lectures on the Religious History of the Slavonic Nations. By Count Valerian Krasinski. 5s. 6d. Edinburgh, 1849.

In a previous number we announced this publication by Count Krasinski, the able author of *Panslavism and Germanism*, and *History of the Reformation in Poland*,—works which afford more information than any others in our language regarding the present state of the Slavonic nations, and which give the best account of the great Panslavistic movement that will, we are satisfied, ere many years elapse, convulse Europe to its centre. Whether the movement will be *immediately* for good or for evil; whether it will forward civilization, and foster the spread of religion and religious freedom; or whether it will cast Europe back two or three centuries, we cannot tell: God only knows. But believing that the movement *is* coming,—that the present position of Russia is a symptom of its existence and gradual growth,—and that the Slavonic nations, numbering 80 millions, will be called upon, ere long, to act a prominent part on the stage of the world; we hold it to be the duty of every one to make himself acquainted with the condition, and more especially with the religious condition of these nations. We have, therefore, peculiar pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to this new work of Count Krasinski, which contains, within a very moderate compass, much valuable information regarding the past history and present state of religion among the Slavonians. The volume consists of five chapters, the first of which treats of the Slavonians in general,—the second, of Bohemia, of the Reformation there, of the wars of the Hussites, and the triumphs of Ziska and Procop, and of the almost total suppression of Protestantism there by the Emperor Ferdinand,—the third and fourth, of the rise, progress, and decline of the Reformation in Poland,—and the fifth, of the rise and present organization of the Russian Church. Such a work, treated by one so able and so intimate with the details as Count Krasinski, is necessarily full of interest and instruction, and records, by terrible facts, the infamous proceedings of the Jesuits in almost extirpating Protestantism out from Poland. We are sure the perusal of the work will confirm the high encomiums awarded to the lectures when delivered in Edinburgh last year.

Polyglott Bible. M'Phun, Glasgow.

This is at once the neatest and cheapest, and, taking into account the maps, &c., with which it abounds, the most useful edition of the Bible which has ever come under our notice.

The Highway of Holiness. By the Rev. Walter Weir, *Minister of Longformacus.* Edinburgh: M. Macphail.

We desiderate many such useful contributions as Mr. Weir, in his unpretending volume, offers to the Christian reader. Its subject and its structure are both to our taste. It aims at a faithful inculcation of that holiness of heart and life "without which no man can see the Lord," in a style terse and unambitious, and, for that reason, perspicuous, and suited to the comprehension of the humblest. He traces the pilgrim's course in his *Highway of Holiness* from its commencement to its close. He describes his opening struggles—his subsequent conflicts—the sources of his weakness—the secret of his strength—until he leaves him a conqueror within the gates of the heavenly city. The volume is full of Scripture references. Indeed, its chief value consists in there being a running commentary on a succession of passages appropriate to the theme he plainly and practically discusses.

The author acquaints us in his preface, that the subject first arrested his attention in the course of some walks in his parish, and that he was led to transcribe into their present shape the few jottings then made. We shall be glad to learn that some others of our country brethren are engaged with such thoughts as these in their solitary musings.

THE WOMAN THAT [illegible] SINNER

TRANSLATED FROM THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

PART II.

Whilst the Saviour sat at meat in the house of the Pharisee the lost sheep and the woman entered, her eyes red with weeping. Without looking around her, as if there was no one in the room but He, she hastened to Jesus, and "stood behind at His feet." Not as if she mistrusted His love. No, she placed all her confidence in it, but she did not esteem herself worthy to appear before His face: therefore did she sink thus with unspeakable humility at His feet. And when there, she took a box of ointment which she had brought with her. Imagine not that she meant therewith to do the Saviour a service. What need had the Lord of All of her ointment? But she did herself a service. The ointment spoke what, in the emotion of her soul, her voice broken with sighs refused to utter. You are well aware that love cannot be imprisoned in the heart. Love will out, will manifest and declare itself. Where words fail, it must express itself in deeds; and here the ointment gave it a voice. And is it not thus with all the good works of the true Christian? Are they not symbols which give a voice to the heart and to its love? When the repentant woman brake the box over the feet of Jesus, and the precious ointment flowed forth upon them, oh! who would not at once have understood the meaning that prompted this action? "Lord," would the sinner say, "what I am, and what I have, is thine! Had I a thousand crowns I would throw them at thy feet, for thou art worthy! Ah! if Thou wouldst receive me, my whole being, and all that I have, for time and eternity, how should I be blessed! I should desire nothing more on earth or in heaven!" This and much more the ointment expressed; and with its perfume a heart thirsting for salvation flowed out at the feet of Jesus.

And the poor sinner had more than her [illegible] something more beautiful and precious to [illegible] tears of godly sorrow for her sins, tears of holy love over a glance of peace and pardon from Him. These tears are the dew-drops on God's vine, which give the first promise that the tender branches have not left all fruit. These drops are the mirror on which them see that the Sun of Righteousness has arisen on this poor sinner. Such tears of Adam's ransomed children are the brightest jewels in their Redeemer's crown. Oh! that you also had such tears wherewith to wash His feet. Tears indeed you have, but for what? Tears for the loss of some perishable good; tears for the injury of your worldly honour; tears for every despicable trifle. Why then no tears of concern for the salvation of your immortal souls? Why no tears of longing for salvation and deliverance? Is there no cause for such tears? Have I perchance the honour of addressing an assembly of saints, who never have broken the divine law, but who have ever loved God the Lord with the whole heart, and of whom, therefore, each one is his own mediator and redeemer, and can appeal to right and justice, instead of praying for mercy? Would it were so! But are ye not sinners even as others, and can you without the grossest misunderstanding of God's law, dare to lift the first stone against a transgressor of whatsoever sort? And yet no tears! This is indeed one of the most sorrowful spectacles beneath the sun. "For blessed," says the Lord, "are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted. Woe unto you," he adds, "who laugh now, for ye shall weep!" And when it comes to this weeping, then flow those unblessed tears which never more bedew the gracious plant of a new life, and in whose bitter despair-dark flood the star of forgiving mercy is never reflected.

Besides the spikenard and the tears with which the repentant sinner bathed the feet of the Lord, she had yet another offering. After she had with the deepest humility wiped with her hair the tears from His feet, she began to cover them with kisses of adoring love and homage. Those kisses were the flowers of that hope in the mercy of Jesus, which already springs up in her bosom. How will her soul "blossom as the rose" under the full enjoyment of assured forgiveness! How beautiful already is the divine life that is even now budding in her heart! how much more beautiful will it become when the sun of heavenly love shall have unveiled upon it the fulness of its splendour!

Willingly would our eyes linger longer on that touching spectacle at the feet of Jesus; but we are disturbed in a manner as painful as it is unexpected. A jarring discord breaks the celestial harmony of the scene. There is joy among the angels of God at what has happened; the Pharisee, I scarcely know on what grounds, is vexed and displeased. Till this moment he has not appeared wanting in sympathetic feeling. But how sad it is to have no relish for those scenes in which celestial beings delight! Full of secret displeasure and bitterness, he said, (but restrained by his better feeling, only to himself,) "If this were a prophet he would know what sort of a woman this is who touches him." Listen to these words! How wretched were our condition if, in our deepest necessity, we could cast ourselves for sympathy nowhere but on the cold and narrow human heart! How just and wise was David's choice, infinitely rather to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of man. Simon! thou mayest be a saint after man's judgment, but what art thou when measured by a higher standard? How blind thou seemest then, how self-righteous in thy blindness, how hideous in thy self-righteousness! "What sort of a woman this is." How repelling is this expression, and how Pharisaical! "Who touches him." What a frigid recognition of that precious outpouring of enthusiastic love and adoration wherewith she sank at the Saviour's feet! "She is a sinner!" Oh! son of Gamaliel, what then art thou? "If he were a prophet he would know it." Yes, indeed, had He come only as a prophet, only as a rabbi, only as a doctor of the Law, he would, in many things, have acted very differently. What would have become of our "griefs and sorrows" which He willingly bore?—where had been that deep poverty wherein "He had not where to lay His head?"—where His martyr-path to Golgotha?—where that desolation in which He felt Himself abandoned of God?—where that dreadful death upon the tree accursed by an ancient oracle of God? All this had been an inexplicable enigma, had His mission been only that of a messenger of God. But He came to save sinners, and to become a Mediator for those who had fallen under the curse of the law. But the Pharisee, puffed up in His fancied virtue, dreams not of this. Nevertheless we know that Jesus was a prophet, and Simon too shall experience this in a way to shame him for his unworthy doubt. The Lord gave a clear answer to his unspoken accusation. When standing in the breach and holding His shield over the object of his attack, He said to him, "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto you;" and after the Pharisee, by a "Master, say on," had shewn himself ready to hear, He gently, but for that very reason the more impressively, unveiled to him in a parable the hidden sin of his heart:—"A creditor had two debtors, the one owed him 500 denarii, the other 50; but as both of them were unable to pay, he forgave it them. Say, then, which of these two will love him the most?" The Pharisee, who like David when he heard Nathan's parable of the ewe-lamb, did not see that it was pointed at himself, replied, "He to whom he forgave the most." "Thou hast rightly judged," replied the Lord; and then made a truly overwhelming application of the parable.

With unutterable condescension He turned to the woman, whilst He said to Simon, "Seest thou this woman?" (as if He had said, look at her well, she will soon appear to thee in a very different light.) "I am come into thy house," (mark the grace and favour which has been accorded

to thee?) "thou hast given me no water for my feet; but this woman has washed my feet with her tears, and dried them with the hair of her head. Thou hast given me no kiss; but she, from the time she came in has not ceased to kiss my feet. Thou hast not anointed my head with oil, but she has anointed my feet with ointment. Therefore say I unto thee, many sins are forgiven to her, for she has loved much," (or loves much; both are contained in the Greek expression.) "But to whom little is forgiven, he loves little."* Mark the rich significance of these words, "Two debtors!" Not the woman alone is a sinner; thou too art a sinner, O disciple of Gamaliel! Both are debtors; both unable to pay, equal before the Throne of God, alike needful of His grace. The woman, a child of the truth, sees her state, and seeks the Mediator; the Pharisee, entangled in his delusions, smites upon his breast, and turns from Him. The repentant woman receives forgiveness, the sins of the self-confident hypocrite are reckoned to him. Hence their different position in relation to the Lord: "She loves much;" and this her love is not the procuring cause, but only the consequence and fruit of the grace already accorded to her, and of that which by faith she anticipates. Simon's heart, on the other hand, remains narrow and cold; and what is this coldness towards the Lord, but an unmistakeable sign of his ungracious state? So rises, ere we are aware of it, the despised sinner from the dust of her humiliation, far above the proud Pharisee. His unbending self-righteousness receives the sentence of justice, the penitent's longing for salvation is answered by the outpouring of all the blessings of Divine favour and absolution. Oh! listen to the storm of condemnation which is heard in those words of the Lord against those who feel not their need of a Mediator; but listen, too, to the still soft voice of compassion which they breathe for the hearts which cannot live without Jesus. And say which would you rather be,—the admired Pharisee in the deceitful light of his superficial sanctity, or the despised self-abased woman over whom is shed the rainbow brightness of Divine forgiveness? Is not the decision easy? We esteem her blessed whose feet are standing on the way of life. But woe to thee, Simon, thou art asleep upon a bank of flowers: but what an abyss yawns beneath it! After the Lord had ended his discourse to the Pharisee, he addressed to the repentant one at his feet the sweetest words that can fall upon the ear of a repentant sinner: "Thy sins are forgiven to thee," said the Lord, with the calm and majestic confidence of omnipotence; and thus the weight that lay upon her heart was removed, and she was delivered from the fear of Divine justice. The guests looked upon each other with surprise, and murmur, "Who is this that forgives sins also?" But we no longer ask this; for we know who He is, and we know also the blood-besprinkled ground whereon He conquered, and obtained the power to forgive sins.

The Lord heeded not the murmurs of these "whole ones, who needed no physician;" but as if to overwhelm the penitent with His favour, He continued to her, "Thy faith hath saved thee!" You perceive how the lips of Eternal Truth again name to us the only bridge by which man can reach his salvation. This bridge is and shall be faith in Him, the Atonement and Friend of sinners, and not works; but a faith which worketh by love, and is a life of God in the soul. The Lord finished His address to her with those words so rich in promise. "Go in peace;" as if He had said, leave thy sorrows, cast away thy cares; for to whosoever has faith, the invitation to God's Sabbatic rest has sounded. Lead, in the power of that mercy thou hast already experienced, a new life, and the joy of the Lord shall be thy strength.

Enough for the present. We have left untouched many precious instructions contained in the text. It is impossible to exhaust such a subject in an hour. Would that such scenes were renewed among us! He who was once with such surpassing love the Friend of sinners, has not left the earth. Now, as then, He is found of all who seek Him with the whole heart. And if He is ever to be found of

those who long after salvation, then assuredly at His Holy Supper. Here then approach Him. Fall silently in spirit at His feet. To your tears, to your kisses, add the precious ointment of child-like prayers for His grace; and doubt not, to you too He shall address the consoling words, "Your sins are forgiven you! *Go* in peace!"—Amen.

H. L. K., *Tr.*

THE GLANCE.

When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed e'en in the midst of youth and night
To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin;

I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
Passing all cordials made by any art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, e'en able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
His swing and sway:
But still thy sweet original joy
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but opened, and seal'd up again;
What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love!
When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine spend in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In heaven above.

HERBERT.

JOHN HOWARD,

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

PART II.

AT the close of our previous sketch of Howard's life, we left him mourning the loss of his second wife, and apparently stunned by the blow. For a time he strove, in the management of his estate, in attending to the welfare of his dependants, and in the care of his infant son, to divert his mind from the melancholy that had taken possession of him. For eighteen months he remained in seclusion at Cardington, when, by the advice of his medical attendants, he set out for the Continent, where the greater portion of the next four years was spent. From these travels it is evident that he derived much benefit. The excitement of travelling, and the change of scene, proved a relief to his surcharged heart, while they also afforded a temporary outlet to his unemployed energies. Howard had not at that time discovered his mission: but God was slowly though surely leading him to it. The death of his wife had plunged him into the furnace of trial. This affliction was sent to aid in weaning his soul from mere local ties, and in preparing him for his great work. His travels at this period had the same tendency. They made him acquainted with the languages of continental Europe, and with the habits and customs of the people, thus giving him a vantage-ground for his subsequent labours. In Italy, France, Holland, and Germany, three years were spent. His course we need not follow; but to the understanding of his character, in order to show what were the motives under which Howard habitually acted, we quote several passages from his diaries. They demonstrate his deep, his fervent piety; they show that a sense of his duty to God was his governing principle, and that his earnest desire was to labour in that field which God should mark out for him. When read with the light afforded by his subsequent career, we must be convinced that they are not mere words of course, —not the mere verbiage of a man with whom such language is habitual,—but the genuine outpouring of a soul deeply impressed with a sense of duty, and desirous of serving God in everything.

In February 1770, we find him at the Hague, recording his self-communings with God in the following terms:—

"I would record the goodness of God

to the unworthiest of His creatures. For some days past I have been in an habitual serious frame—relenting for my sin and folly—solemnly surrendering myself and babe to Him—and begging the conduct of His Holy Spirit. I hope for a more tender conscience, by greater fear of offending God—a temper more abstracted from this world—more resigned to death or life—a thirsting for union and communion with God. Oh! the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope have even I—through redeeming mercy—that the full atoning sacrifice shall ere long be made. Oh! shout, my soul. Grace, grace! free, sovereign, rich and unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature—but where sin abounds I trust grace superabounds—even I have still some hope—what joy in that hope!—that nothing shall separate my soul from the love of God in Jesus Christ. My soul! as such a frame is thy delight, pray frequently and fervently to the Father of spirits to bless His Word, and thy retired moments to thy serious conduct in life. My soul! let not the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to thine eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful unto death."

But the most important and that we possess for unfolding his character, is a Solemn Covenant drawn up at Naples in May 1770, and fortunately preserved among his papers. Though somewhat long, we present to our readers a portion of

HOWARD'S COVENANT.

"Oh! my soul! keep close to Him in the amiable light of redeeming love! And amidst the snares thou art particularly exposed to in a country of such wickedness and folly, stand thou in awe and sin not. Commune with thine own heart. See what progress thou makest in thy religious journey. Art thou nearer the heavenly Canaan—the vital flame burning clearer and clearer?—or are the concerns of a moment engrossing thy foolish heart? Stop: remember thou art a candidate for eternity. Daily, fervently, pray for wisdom. Lift up thine heart and eyes unto the Rock of Ages,—and then look down upon the glory of this world! A little while longer and thy journey will be ended. Be thou faithful unto death. *Duty is thine, though the power is God's. Pray to Him to give* thee a heart to hate sin more—uniting thy heart in His fear. Oh! magnify the Lord, my soul, and my spirit rejoice in God my Saviour! When I consider and look into my heart, I doubt, I tremble. So vile a creature! Sin, folly, and imperfection in every action! Oh! dreadful thought! I carry about with me a body of sin and death, ever ready to depart from God. And with all the dreadful catalogue of sins committed, my heart faints within me and almost despairs; but yet, my soul, why art thou cast down—why art thou disquieted? Hope in God and His free grace in Jesus Christ! Lord, I believe; help my unbelief! Shall I limit the grace of God? Can I fathom His goodness? Here, on His sacred day, I once more, in the dust before the eternal God, acknowledge my sins, heinous and aggravated in His sight. I would have the deepest sorrow and contrition of heart, and cast my guilty and polluted soul on His sovereign mercy in the Redeemer. Oh! compassionate and divine Redeemer! save me from the dreadful guilt and power of sin: and accept of my solemn, free, and, I trust, unreserved, full surrender of my soul, my spirit—my dear child—all I own and have into Thy hands! How unworthy of Thy acceptance! Yet, Lord of mercy, spurn me not from thy presence. Accept of me. I hope—vile as I am—a repenting, returning prodigal. I glory in this my choice—acknowledge my *obligations* as a servant of the Most High. And now may the Eternal be my refuge, and thou, my soul, be faithful to that God that will never forsake thee. Thus, O Lord God, even a worm is humbly bold to covenant with Thee. Do thou ratify and confirm it, and make me the everlasting monument of Thy mercy. Amen amen amen. Glory to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, for ever and ever. Amen. Hoping my heart deceives me not, and trusting in His mercy for restraining and preventing grace—though rejoicing in returning what I have received from Him into His hands—yet, with fear and trembling, I sign my unworthy name, JOHN HOWARD."

It is affecting to be told that the Covenant was renewed with all formality at Moscow, in 1789, a few months previous to his death.

Howard, upon his return to England, about the end of 1770, settled down at Cardington, where he again entered upon those plans for ameliorating the condition of his countrymen which had formerly engaged his own attention, and that of his wife. But the time, the set time was

now come, when he was to begin the work given him to do. Elected in 1773 Sheriff of Bedford, he resolved that the office should not be on his part a mere matter of dignity, and its duties a piece of form. He personally presided in the court, he visited the prisons, and he witnessed the extortion, and rapacity, and cruelty that had long reigned there.

What he saw in Bedford induced him to prosecute his inquiries, the results of which were of such a nature, as to lead him to resolve upon devoting his life to the reformation of prisons,—a task sufficient to employ all his energies, and to call forth all his benevolence.

It is difficult for us to form any idea of what the prisons of Great Britain were but seventy years ago. At present, if we hear any complaint in regard to prisons, it is that they are too good—too much like palaces, and that their inmates are so well cared for, that many of the laboring poor might envy them. But at that time their state was such, that even though our limits permitted, the details are of such a character as to be altogether unfit for our pages. Every vice run riot there. Religious worship and instruction were almost totally neglected; no restriction was put upon the sale and use of spirits to every kind of prisoner; indeed, in some cases, the profits of the sale constituted the only pay of the jailor; men and women were often confined together; gaming was openly permitted, while blasphemy of every kind was habitually indulged in. Prisons were, in truth, schools of iniquity, over the doors of which Dante's words might with propriety have been engraven,—"Leave all hope ye who enter here;" for the older prisoners made it their business to corrupt the younger, and thus to make them sevenfold more the children of the devil than themselves. "To *rot* in prison," was, in those days, no mere figure of speech, as will be evident from the following description of some of those visited by Howard:—

"At Nottingham, the jail was built on the declivity of a hill; down about five-and-twenty steps were three rooms for such as could pay for them; the poorer and honester prisoners were compelled to descend twelve steps more, into a series of cells cut in the solid rock for their reception, only one of which was in use at the time—a cavern, twenty-one feet long, thirty broad, and seven feet high; in this horrible hole human beings were sometimes immured for years.

"At Knaresborough the debtors' room had no fire-place, an earthen floor, and was very offensive from the common sewer of the town running through it uncovered. A short time before Howard's visit, a man had been put into it, but knowing the place, he took his dog with him to defend him from the vermin. In a few days the dog was actually devoured, while its master's hands and face were so bitten as to present to the eye nothing but three great and loathsome sores."

Such was the state of the prisons of England seventy-five years ago, as gathered from the reports of Howard. We refer our readers to the volume before us for similar details regarding the prisons at Southampton, Leicester, Ely, Plymouth, and other towns in England. It seems almost impossible to realize the idea, that in the reign of George III., and almost in the memory of men still alive, such atrocities should have been tolerated by a Christian legislature in this country. But such was the case. Nor were they easily put an end to. So many had an interest in the continuance of these abuses, that much opposition had to be encountered in redressing them. But Howard was not a man to be dismayed by opposition, or to be daunted by the frowns of officials. By his indefatigable exertions, he succeeded in securing the attention of the legislature to the enormous evils of the prison system, and was summoned before a committee of the House of Commons, to read a report of his survey, and to be examined thereon. So highly were his labours appreciated, that the thanks of the House were conveyed to him by the Speaker, for his humanity and his zeal.

In the midst of another year spent in labours of the same kind, he stood candidate for Bedford about the end of 1774. Fortunately for the cause of humanity, he was defeated, and thus left at liberty to pursue his great work.

Having now examined a great proportion of the prisons of England, he next resolved upon making an inspection of the prisons of the different Continental states. It is, of course, impossible for us here to follow him in his "circummavigation of charity." To do so would occupy a far greater space than we have at our disposal. Suffice it to say, that within the twelve years ending in 1784, he visited the principal cities of the whole of Europe, except Turkey, and inspected their jails; he travelled upwards of 42,000 miles, and expended on his travels, in relieving the sick and freeing debtors, above L.30,000!

During his former tour he had devoted much of his time to the contemplation of the beauties of nature and art. He had revelled amid the luxuriance of the fertile plains of Italy; he had gazed with rapture on the Jungfrau and Mont Blanc, and he had displayed his taste in the collection of a gallery of pictures at Cardington. But the object of his travels subsequent to 1775, was of a totally different character. Its nature we give in the glowing panegyric of Burke:—

"He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art; not to collect models, or to collate manuscripts,—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and alleviate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circummavigation of charity."

We must not however imagine, as on reading these words we might at first sight do, that Howard's main object was to relieve the distress of individual prisoners. This no doubt he did. His sympathy and his purse were always ready at the call of misery and sickness. There were few prisons that he visited, from which he did not depart loaded with the blessings of their wretched occupants. But his great purpose was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of prisons throughout Europe. He aimed at their permanent improvement, and at the adoption of proper regulations for the amelioration of prisoners. Far before his age, he wished to introduce such a system as would make prisons not merely places of punishment, but schools for reclaiming evil-doers. To accomplish this great end, it was absolutely necessary that he should make himself practically acquainted with the state of the prisons, not of England only, but of the rest of Europe.

When we remember the awful condition of the dungeons he visited, in which the jail fever was almost constantly raging, sometimes with such virulence that even the very medical men refused to visit their patients, we are almost led to believe that Howard bore a charmed life. From every danger he came out unscathed,—God was about his footsteps. To employ his own words, "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells, and while thus employed, I fear no evil."

"He ate no flesh—drank no wine nor spirits—bathed in cold water daily—ate little, and that at fixed intervals—retired to bed early—rose early. Such was the programme of his personal course. This regimen enabled him to penetrate fearlessly dungeons into which jailors, and physicians even, dared not follow him. Every morning—though it was then in the depth of a severe winter—he arose at two o'clock precisely, washed, performed his orisons, and then worked at his papers until seven, when he breakfasted and dressed for the day. Punctually at eight he repaired to the printing office to inspect the progress of his sheets through the press. There he remained until one, when the compositors went to dinner. While they were absent, he would walk to his lodgings, and, putting some bread and dried fruit into his pocket, sally out for his customary exercise—generally a stroll in the suburbs of the town—eating, as he trudged along, his hermit fare, and drinking therewith a glass of cold water begged at some cottager's door."

His ascetic habits were such as he believed suited to his constitution; they were not adopted as matter of parade:—

"On every occasion he carefully avoided making any display of his simple diet, and was particularly careful not to offer it as a pretext for parsimony. When he arrived at any town where he intended to rest for the night, he would go to the best hotel, order his dinner, with beer and wine, just like any other traveller, and stipulate that his own servant should wait upon him at table. When the cloth was laid, the viands spread out, and the host withdrawn, honest Prole would quietly remove the costly luxuries from the table to the sideboard, while his eccentric master would busy himself in preparing his homely repast of bread and milk, upon which he would then banquet with gusto,—equally to his own satisfaction and that of the landlord."

Within a very few years after Howard commenced his labours, his visits had come to be recognized in an extra-official manner,—not merely by the keepers of English prisons, but also by foreign monarchs and governments. Throughout Great Britain the heavy gates of every jail were flung open at his approach. Though he bore no official character,—though he did not carry with him the warrant of a Secretary of State, he had but to name himself, and every room, every cell was submitted to his inspection. The same was the case throughout the whole of Europe.

No sooner had he arrived at St. Petersburgh, for example, than a messenger appeared from the Empress Catherine, inviting him to appear at court. This invitation he at once refused, saying, that his task was to visit the dungeon of the wretched, not the palaces of kings. Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, was more fortunate, as, after much entreaty, Howard consented to grant him an interview, in order to discuss with him the state of the prisons of his dominions.

Of the fame of the philanthropist we may relate two pleasing anecdotes: When Howard waited, on one occasion, upon the Burgomaster of Ghent, to obtain the usual permission to visit the bridewell of that city, he was told that the emperor had given orders for no one to be admitted. "But you, sir," observed the magistrate, "are above all rules; you must not, however, impute to me the unhappy change which you will notice." The other story is still more interesting:—

"One of the most distinguished men of that day in Russia was General Bulgarkow, who, with a princely liberality, had endowed, or enlarged a great number of noble charities. His benevolence soon attracted the attention of his countrymen, who, desirous of honouring themselves by honouring him, about this period made him a present of a gold medal, as 'one who had deserved well of his country.' Perhaps the highest proof of his merit was his reply,—he said, '*his* services to mankind reached his own country only; but there *was* a man whose extraordinary philanthropy took in all the world,—who had already, with infinite toil and peril, extended his humanity to all nations, and who was therefore alone worthy of such a distinction; to him, his master in benevolence, he should send the medal.' And he did so."

In 1784, Howard published the last edition of his work on the State of Prisons, giving in a second appendix the final results of his labours. Full of years and honour, he retired to his favourite Cardington, there in quiet retirement to repose after his labours, and to fulfil his duties as a Christian landlord and parent. Now nearly sixty years of age, his time for active labour seemed brought to a natural termination, while in his last publication he had done all that was possible to enlighten his countrymen regarding the state of their prisons, and to rouse them to a sense of their duty in this respect.

But the formed habits of years were not so easily overcome. To Howard, rest was far more irksome than the most fatiguing labour. With his strict notions of duty, and with wealth, time, and experience at his disposal, he felt that there could be no repose for him in the idleness of ordinary life.

The subject which next began to occupy his thoughts, was that of the plague—the system of quarantine and of lazarettos, or quarantine establishments. It would seem that his attention was first directed to this topic in 1778, when he embarked from Civita Vecchia for Leghorn, in a

vessel which had previously sailed from a port where the plague was reported to have made its appearance. Caught by a squall, the boat, with great difficulty, and after being exposed to imminent danger, reached a small harbour on the Tuscan coast. So great, however, was the terror inspired by the very name of the plague, that permission to land was absolutely refused, and they were compelled again to put to sea. The storm continuing, they were driven upon the African coast, where even the piratical Algerines, governed more by their fears of infection than by their love of booty, refused them permission to enter the harbour. It was, probably, this event that first directed Howard's attention to the plague; and though, for the time, the subject of prisons occupied all his attention, yet no sooner had he settled down in the retirement of Cardington, than his thoughts reverted to this great enemy of mankind, and he resolved upon undertaking a new voyage of discovery, with the view of making himself acquainted with its causes, its mode of propagation, and its remedies. His plan was, first, to visit those European sea-ports, such as Marseilles, Leghorn, Venice, Malta, &c., where quarantine regulations were enforced, and lazarettos established, and then to proceed to Smyrna and Constantinople, where the plague was always raging, in order that he might, by personal inquiry and inspection, become acquainted with the nature of the disease. His medical friends drew up for him a set of inquiries regarding the plague, which he undertook to submit to the most experienced doctors of Europe and the east.

He set out on this new crusade in November 1785,—this time alone; for knowing how great was the peril, he would not permit any servant to share it with him. Passing through France, where, in consequence of a resentment cherished against him by those in power, he narrowly escaped arrest, he succeeded, with risk, in visiting the Lazaretto of Marseilles, and in obtaining plans and drawings of it, as well as a minute account of the practical details of its working. Thence by way of Genoa and Leghorn, at both of which towns there were Lazarettos, he proceeded to Malta, where he continued his inquiries. Having thus obtained all the information that Europe could afford, he set sail for the East, there personally to study and observe the working of the pestilence. He arrived at Smyrna in May 1786, where, for a considerable time he continued visiting those stricken with the plague. Thence he repaired to Constantinople, where it was at that time raging with considerable virulence. Declining the invitation of the British Ambassador, who asked him to reside at the Embassy, he took up his abode with a physician experienced in the treatment of the pestilence, and at once commenced his visits:—

"The scenes of horror which he witnessed, and the awful dangers into which he ran, compelled him to keep the more perilous of his visits secret. For himself, he seemed as if conscious that he bore a charmed life. He sometimes saw the smitten fall dead at his side. He penetrated into pest-houses and infected caravansaries, whither physician, guide, and dragoman alike refused to follow. From these fearful visits he always returned with that scorching pain across the temples which he had first experienced in the Lazaretto of Malta—though an hour's fresh air and exercise invariably carried it away."

After completing his labours at Constantinople, he resolved upon returning home. But while making preparation for crossing the Balkan, and ascending the Danube to Vienna, it occurred to him that all his information regarding lazarettos was only at second hand, and that he would be much better qualified to frame a report regarding them if he were himself to undergo quarantine in one. In accordance with this resolution, one of the boldest, probably, ever adopted by any one, he returned to Smyrna, whence he sailed for Venice in a vessel with a foul bill of health. On arriving at Venice, he was subjected to a quarantine of forty days. Of his experience of this he has left a minute account. Being in the worst class of the suspected, the miseries, privations, and perils he en-

dured, were far beyond his expectation. But he was not cast down, nor did he ever regret his resolution, but employed his time partly in religious exercises, and partly in translating the regulations of the lazaretto, and writing letters to England. Upon leaving the lazaretto, he was greatly weakened by his confinement; but various matters of a character deeply painful to his feelings and his affections, having occurred in England, he hurried home as fast as possible. One of these was the lunacy of his son, who, left too soon and too much his own master, had plunged into excesses and dissipation, under the effects of which his mind gave way; and Howard, on his return from the East, found him a raving maniac. The other matter was a subscription which had been set on foot to raise funds wherewith to erect in his honour some testimonial of his country's gratitude, and appreciation of his labours. To this project, Howard, with the modesty inseparable from true genius, expressed at once his decided aversion. From Venice he wrote as follows:—

"Why could not my friends, who know how much I detest such parade, have stopped such a hasty measure? As a private man, with some peculiarities, I wished to retire into obscurity and silence. Indeed, my friend, I cannot bear the thought of being thus dragged out. I wrote immediately—and hope something may be done to stop it. My best friends *must* disapprove of it. It deranges and confounds all my schemes. My exaltation is my misfortune—my fall."

Upon his return to London, however, finding that the committee still persisted in their design, he addressed the subscribers through the daily press, expressing his repugnance to the scheme, and forbidding the fund to be called by his name.

Shortly after his return to England, in 1787, Howard made a long, and as it proved, a final inspection, of the prisons and hospitals of Great Britain and Ireland. In these labours, and in preparing for the press his work on the "Lazarettos of Europe," he spent a great portion of the next two years, endeavouring thereby to assuage the sorrow and anxiety with which he was devoured regarding his son's condition. But at the end of that period, no symptoms of amendment appearing, he arranged the plan of another long tour both in Europe and the East. This resolution he stated to the public in the preface to his Work, and added:—

"Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncandidly imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious, deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of *duty*; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrower circle of a retired life."

It is easy to see from these words, that the Philanthropist felt that his race was nearly run. Grief for the loss of his wife, and for the affliction of his son, had preyed, and was preying most deeply on his mind, while the labours and sicknesses of his active life had at last begun to tell with fearful effect upon his delicate frame. Filled with a presentiment of his death, therefore, he settled all his wordly affairs before bidding farewell to England. At Cardington he took a last farewell of the scenes and friends so dearly honoured and loved:—

"He took a tender interest in going for the last time over the ground which he had trodden in happier years—in standing, in the silent eve, beside the grave of his lost wife—in thinking over all these schemes, so full of pride and hope, which young and happy lovers build up for themselves in the phantom future. Standing one evening with his old gardener in the grounds behind the house, and talking of the past with that affectionate familiarity which most men would imitate at such a moment, the wayfarer observed, in a tone tremulous with emotion, that after many years of planning and altering, he had at length got everything into the state which Harriet would have best liked—and now he was about to leave it for ever!"

In the same spirit he bade farewell to his private friends:—

"To one he said:—'My whole endeavour is to fulfil, according to the ability of so weak an instrument, the will of that gracious Providence who has condescended to raise in me a firm persuasion that I am employed in what is consonant to His Divine will.' In parting with another friend,

he observed:—'We shall soon meet again in heaven;' and as he thought it most likely that he would fall a victim to the heat or the plague in Egypt, added, after a pause, 'The way to heaven from Grand Cairo is as near as from London.'"

Leaving England on the 5th July, 1789, he travelled through Germany to Russia. At Moscow, in September, he reviewed his whole life, and read over and renewed that solemn covenant which he made at Naples twenty-three years before. From Moscow he proceeded to Cherson, on the Dnieper, principally for the purpose of examining the Russian military hospitals, in which there was at that time a fearful loss of life. While there, a virulent and infectious fever broke out, which Howard caught when visiting a young lady, to whom he had been requested to prescribe. No sooner did his illness become known, than the highest medical aid of the province was provided for him. But in vain: he gradually became worse. From the first he seems to have apprehended danger. What his state of mind was may be learned from the following reflections, written four days before his death:—

"May I not look on present difficulties, or think of future ones in this world,—as I am only a pilgrim and wayfaring man that tarries but a night . . . . Oh! my soul! remember and record how often God has sent an answer of peace, mercies in the most seasonable time; how often, better than thy fears, exceeded thy expectations! . . . . Lord, leave me not to my own wisdom, which is folly; nor to my own strength, which is weakness. Help me to glorify Thee on earth, and finish the work Thou gavest me to do; and to thy name alone be all the praise."

On the 19th of January, the day preceding his death, he was visited by his intimate friend, Admiral Priestman, who endeavoured to rouse and cheer him, but Howard felt conscious that his time was come, and that he was not to die in Egypt. The account of his last hours is full of interest:—

"'Priestman,' said Howard in his mild and serious voice, 'you style this a dull conversation, and endeavour to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other.' And then he went on to say—'I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food, and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment—and therefore I must die;' and then turning to his friend, added, smiling—'It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers.' This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor could bear; he turned away to conceal his emotion: his heart was full, and he remained silent, whilst Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death-pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral. 'There is a spot,' said he, 'near the village of Dauphiney: this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral, nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, like a good man, under the sod, and let me be forgotten.'"

The next morning, January 20, 1790, about eight o'clock, Howard died.

Cherson was long mourning for the illustrious stranger, and there was hardly a person in the province who was not greatly affected on learning that he had chosen to fix his final resting-place on the Russian soil. In defiance of his own wishes on the subject, the enthusiasm of the people imposed a public funeral. The Princess of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff, all the generals and staff officers of the garrison, the whole body of the magistrates and merchants, the priests, and a large body of cavalry, accompanied by an immense crowd of private persons, formed the funeral procession. Nor was the grief by any means confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners followed on foot a concourse of at least three thousand persons—slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants—men whose best and most devoted friend the hero of these

martial honours had ever been; and from this after, humbler train of followers, arose the truest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead. . . . Not a dry eye was seen amongst them; and looking sadly down into the hole where all that now remained of their physician lay, they marvelled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home, and friends, and country, to become the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away; and not knowing how, in their simple hearts, to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away—wondering at all that they had seen and known of him who was now dead, and thinking sadly of the long, long time ere they might find another friend like him!"

Throughout the length and breadth of Europe the news of his death created a profound sensation. But it was in England that his loss was most felt:—

"All at once the nation awoke to a full consciousness of his colossal fame and his transcendant virtues. Every possible mark of honour—public and private—was paid to the memory of Howard. All orders of men vied with each other in heaping honours upon his name. The court, the press, parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage—each in its different fashion, paid the well-earned tribute of respect. The intelligence of his demise was publicly announced in the official Gazette—a distinction never before accorded to a private individual. The muses sang his virtues with innumerable voices; the churches echoed with his praise; the senate and the judgment seat resounded with the tribute to his merits; and even at the theatres, his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his death was delivered from the footlights. Nor was a more enduring memorial wanting. The long dormant Committee of the Howardian Fund was resuscitated, and the sculptor Bacon was employed to make a full-length marble statue of the Philanthropist. At that time it was in contemplation to make St. Paul's serve the double purpose of a cathedral and a Walhalla; and this design was inaugurated by placing there, as the first great worthy of England, the statue of JOHN HOWARD!"

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear Friend! renounce this canting strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Place, titles—salary—a gilded chain—
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain?—
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;—
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

COLERIDGE.

WHY DO YOU OBJECT TO AID FOREIGN MISSIONS?

No. III.

We return to the consideration of some of those objections not unfrequently urged against Foreign Missions, one of which was noticed in our last article upon this subject, and part of which we then endeavoured to meet with a satisfactory reply. We now proceed, as briefly as possible, to examine the remaining parts of the same general objection which has already been stated at length.*

It is true that we have flaming accounts in Missionary reports and speeches of what Missionaries have accomplished; but these Missionaries deceive churches at home in order to keep up subscriptions, or they are themselves deceived. We have heard very different accounts from unprejudiced civilians, who have visited those countries where alleged conversions are said to have taken place."—Such words have often been uttered in our hearing. Let us see whether the supposed objector is justified in using them:—

1. It is quite conceivable, though we ourselves are not aware of any such case, that a missionary abroad may be tempted to "*deceive the churches at home, in order to keep up subscriptions.*" The history of Judas affords awful evidence of the possibility of a missionary—as he was—"casting out devils in Christ's name, and

* See p. 248.

doing many wonderful works," yet being a son of perdition after all. But had Judas, from vain or selfish motives, only *pretended* to do such things, it would have been hardly fair, on the part of a Jewish objector, to visit his sin upon the whole body of Christ's missionaries! The *folly* of missionaries who attempt to make false reports, is great; for it is sure in the end to be discovered, and to recoil upon their own heads. But the *wickedness* is still greater; for it is not only lying, but lying in the worst form. It is not too much to say, that it is "lying against the Holy Ghost," inasmuch as it is describing a work of His—that of converting souls—as a reality, *knowing* all the while that it is a pure fiction! We are thankful to say, that we never met with a well authenticated case of such impiety on the part of any missionary; yet, alas! such *may* have occurred. And let us, in passing, earnestly warn congregations at home, to beware how they foster a craving appetite for exciting and interesting intelligence, monthly too perhaps, from missionaries abroad,—an appetite which missionaries must feed at home, or they will be permitted to starve abroad! How silly! how sinful! as if missionaries *must* convert souls periodically, or be pronounced useless if they do not. What is this but saying to God, "Let him *make speed* and *hasten* his work, *that we may see it*; and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that *we may know it!*" And is not this false feeling, which in too many cases has usurped the place of true principle, itself a strong temptation to lead a missionary unconsciously to colour facts, or to be for ever on the watch for "something interesting" to communicate, rather than to labour on in his work, whatever the results may be? Let us beware lest we ourselves are solely to blame for those very evils which we condemn in missionaries. We have a right to know that the work we give them to do is well done; but, knowing this, we have no right to demand from a missionary or teacher a constant succession of exciting narratives before we assist them liberally with our purse, or earnestly with our prayers. We have everything to do with sowing the seed; but God alone can give the increase.

2. "*Missionaries are themselves deceived.*"—This is a supposition still more possible than the former. It is only to assert, that "the best men are but men at the best!" We shall even admit, that missionaries are more liable to be deceived than, perhaps, pious and intelligent civilians. Many of them have had more limited means of becoming acquainted from experience with the ways of men;—all of them are necessarily more or less swayed by their eager desire (and who will not sympathize with them?) to gather fruit from their labour, and to see "the pleasure of the Lord prospering in their hands". "The wish," in such a case, becomes very naturally "the father of the thought." But making due allowance for such infirmities, common to all men at home and abroad, and to all professional labours which engage our affections and the deeper portion of our being, it is utterly in vain thus to account to us for a fraction of the alleged results of missionary labour in every, or in any, part of the world—no more than the failure of enthusiasts in attempting aerial navigation in balloons, will account to Hindus for the facts of railway travelling among ourselves. We believe, moreover, that every day missionaries are becoming more cautious—in some cases, manifesting almost what might be termed a morbid conscientiousness—as to whom they shall admit into the membership of the Christian Church. This is erring upon the safe side. But the best missionaries must expect sometimes to baptize a Simon Magus, who is never the less in "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity," and to be joined by a Demas who will "forsake them," and "love this present world."

3. "*We have heard different accounts from unprejudiced persons who have been on the spot.*"—It is necessary to give more than one reply to this assertion, so frequently made.

(1.) We also have heard many civilians "from the spot"—which, by the way, turns out often not to have been within

some hundred miles of "*the* spot"—speak very confidently regarding missionary labours abroad, who, upon being a little closely pressed as to *facts*, manifested profound ignorance regarding them. It is absurdly assumed by many, that those visiting a country, or living in it for a time, are necessarily acquainted with the details of what was taking place around them; whereas they may be much less accurately informed regarding these, than many persons are who have never been within ten thousand miles of the territory in which they occurred.

(2.) It is always taken for granted that civilians are "unprejudiced." But surely it is quite possible that they may deceive themselves by shutting their eyes against the light, as much as those missionaries are supposed to do who fondly mistake a meteor flash for the rising sun?

(3.) Many civilians, however, who are too upright consciously to receive or give false impressions regarding missionaries, have, perhaps, been brought into contact, when abroad, with an individual missionary of an inferior stamp, vulgar in mind and manner, with little real zeal, wisdom, or earnestness; and this may have given them a very false impression of the whole missionary body, which embraces, and is embracing every day more and more, as highly educated, talented, and pious men, as can be found in any church at home. Or it is possible also that those civilians may have left India, for instance, at a period when the mission staff was very different in strength and efficiency from what it is now; and are consequently arguing, not so much from present as from past facts. To all this must be added, that any civilian may see the glaring evils which Christian missions have not yet eradicated; while those only who take the trouble of making minute and patient inquiries, can discover the evils which missions have prevented or checked, or the positive, yet often less seen, good which they have directly and indirectly accomplished.

(4.) But we must not be supposed to argue as if opposition to missions was characteristic of civilians. It is too true that many of them who have gone forth from Christian Britain, who should have been witnesses among the heathen, by word and life, for the true God and Jesus Christ His Son, but who, instead of this, have proved the most serious obstacles in the way of advancing the Gospel. They have made the Christian name and profession vile! Of such it may be said, with more emphasis than of the Jews of old,—"When they entered into the heathen, whether they went, *they profaned my holy name* when they said to them, these *are the people of the Lord, and have gone forth out of His land!*" Many such persons, after betraying with their godless sins the cause of Christ abroad, have used their influence to injure it by their thoughtless or bitter words at home; thus weakening the support given to those missionaries who are labouring day and night in making known the Redeemer of mankind whom *they* denied, and in counteracting the evil effects of that example which they left to India as the only return for the wealth or the honour which they carried from her shores! But we rejoice to know, that the number of Christian civilians is already great, and is daily increasing in India, who are not ashamed to confess Christ in the court or camp, or as magistrates or merchants—who take an active share in the business of missions abroad,—and who, when they return home, are glad to give, both in speeches and in reports, heart-cheering accounts of how "the Lord is sanctifying His great name" which others "have profaned among the heathen!"

(5.) Lastly, while pious civilians of all ranks, and in all professions, both at home and abroad, are now the best friends and most generous supporters of missions, we must give due weight to the unanimous testimony borne to the immense success which has attended missionary labour, by the missionaries and ministers of every church, from the admirable bishops of the Church of England in India, down to the humble native catechist, who imparts to his fellow-countrymen that knowledge which, he rejoices to confess, has made himself wise unto salvation. Let those who *can* disprove the assertions of Dr. Hoffman of Basle,—that

more converts have been made to Christianity by Protestant missions, than by the Church of Christ during the first century of the Christian era:—or the truth of the tabular results of missions published in page 120 of this Magazine, before they sneer at the "coloured statements" of missionaries!

Our space does not permit of our dwelling longer upon this subject in this volume; nor can we notice the last part of the objection stated in our previous number,—viz., that "if the heathen are to be converted it must be by very different means than those now employed; for if it was God's will that missionaries should convert the heathen, why have they hitherto failed in doing so?" We shall only at present refer our readers to Romans, x. 11-18, as a reply to the one assertion, and to the whole Word of God as a reply to the other insinuation. God's will is not to be interpreted by man's compliance with it. *Whatever else is true, this is true*,—that it is God's will that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached to all nations," and that all men should "believe in God," and "in Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." Amen!

"Speed it, O Father! May thy kingdom come!"

Missionary Intelligence.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MISSIONS IN INDIA.

LETTER FROM GOPAUL CHUNDER LAHA.

We publish the following letter with much satisfaction. It is addressed to the Secretary of the Edinburgh University Missionary Association by a Hindu convert, whom the Association wish to engage as a catechist in India. We print the letter from the writer's MS. without altering an expression.

We watch with deepest anxiety the spirit manifested by our students of divinity attending our several universities in reference to missions, and to all those labours of the Christian Church, whether at home or abroad, which demand a hearty devotedness, and a self-denying love to Christ. They are about to become office-bearers of our Church during a great crisis in her history, when nothing *can* save, or *ought* to save her as a Church of Christ, except a thorough earnestness of character on the part of her ministers; and a determination in the sight of God, that *His* work, wherever it is to be done, shall be *their* work whenever it is given them to do. What prayers should be offered, in public and private, for the outpouring of the Spirit of God upon our divinity halls! In the meantime, such a letter as this should encourage the students of our Edinburgh University to *persevere*. We hope that this young man may prove more than worthy of his hire, and that by a consistent, godly walk, and faithful labours of love among his countrymen, he may cheer the heart of those at home, who pray for God's blessing upon his mission. We will now lay the letter before our readers.

"Having lately heard from my worthy father in the Lord, Rev. John Anderson, about the wish of the Association to support a catechist, I embrace this opportunity to make known to you my willingness to enter into the Lord's vineyard as their catechist. I feel great happiness in marking the benign influence of Christianity in the members of your society; may God bless them, and make them instruments for promoting the welfare of Zion. Of all professions under the sun however important they may be in themselves, such as making codes of laws for the prosperity and aggrandizement of a kingdom, laborious pursuit after literature and science, and others of the like nature,—the most important and dignified is that of the missionary, the end of which is no less than the conversion of the whole world from horrid darkness to celestial light, from the power of sin to holiness, from the degradation of slavery to the exaltation of freedom, and from death to life, as says the Apostle Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, 'And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins.' It has been God for its

Author and Guardian, as is evident from the command of our Lord to His disciples, 'Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' And, moreover, the missionaries are fellow-labourers with God. All other employments, which are secular, are only concerned with this world; but this breathes a pure air, even that of heaven; it is concerned with eternity, immortality, light, and life; even with the preaching of the everlasting Gospel of peace—of reconciliation—of the great love wherewith 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but have everlasting life.' What will be found sufficient to demolish all the strongholds which Satan has erected in the world, and to put a stop to all the horrid superstition an' abominable idolatry and impiety which exist among nations? Is it philosophy, or is it good government? No; it is the power of God accompanying the preaching of His holy Word. You may have heard, on several occasions, of the prosperity of the India Mission, and experienced that joy which such happy news are calculated to give rise to in the heart of a believer. Nevertheless, I cannot but insert here a few lines on this subject; if not in the form of information, at least in that of an expression of joy which I feel in the 'doing of the Lord, which is marvellous in our eyes.' 'Blessed be the God of Israel, and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' because He has given such strength to the missionaries, that they, disregarding all the barriers and hazards which Satan is continually placing before them, and all the attempts of the natives to oppose them in their way, are labouring indefatigably to sow the seed, and, to some extent, are reaping their fruits.

"If you were here, how very happy would you be to see the missionaries earnestly seeking the welfare of the native converts, even sacrificing their own interests for them. With what delight would you hear their prayers and supplications for the dissemination of truth in the plains of Hindostan in particular, and for the welfare, prosperity, and salvation of the whole world. Indeed, it is very pleasant to see, every Lord's day evening in our Institution, and in a similar one, Hindus from the different parts of Calcutta, collecting in a body, and listening to the preaching of the missionaries. Another circumstance of importance which I like to mention here, is, that many Hindus in this large city, and also in some of the villages round about it, are greatly changed with regard to their moral sentiments, and freed from many curious and superstitious notions. I believe this is effected, in a great measure, by the missionary institutions. Notwithstanding all these good symptoms, there still remains much to be done. What can puny mortals do? 'Paul may plant, and Apollos may water, but it is God who giveth the increase.'

"Now, Sir, the reasons that influence me to engage in the missionary work, are as follow:—*1st*, When I take a view of my countrymen, and see how many thousands of them are still living 'in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity,' their superstitious notions and idolatry; and when I take into consideration their wretched slavery to Satan, I cannot but determine to preach the Gospel of Christ to them. *2d*, As by the mercy of God I have found peace and rest to my weary soul in the Gospel of Christ, so I shall preach the same Gospel 'of the glad tidings of great joy' to others, that they may also know that 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'—that 'a fountain has been opened for all uncleanness and sin'—that still the anxious question of a sinner, 'What shall I do to be saved?' is not without the answer, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved,'—that the invitation is sent to all, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and buy wine and milk without money and without price. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live.' 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' *3d*, To be serviceable to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in bringing poor perishing sinners to the foot of the Cross, from which flows the stream of salvation, refreshing and enlivening the dry and parched plains of the human soul. Shall not the great love of God influence us to proclaim the 'glad tidings of great joy,' from the one end of the earth to the other? How expressive is the language of Bishop Heber touching this point!—

'Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high;
Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.'

"As it is a matter of great importance that the ministers of the Gospel should possess both moral and intellectual qualifications, so I should like to be possessed of these which would make me fit for this work. Of the two, moral culture on the one hand, and intellectual on the other, the former demands our highest regards. We shall not only learn many things which enter into the composition of a clerical education, but still more endeavour, with earnest application, to regulate our thoughts, words, and actions, by the great directory, which is the Word of God. 'Let your light,' says our Lord, 'so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' Holy zeal and self-denial would be distinguishing marks of a missionary character; 'The zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up,' and 'I account all things as loss for Christ's sake,' would be realized in him who is an ambassador of God. Neither persecution, sword, tribulation and suffering, nor riches, honour, pomp, and glory of the world, would I fear any influence upon him. The chief end of his life which is to glorify God, will carry him forward from one country to another, even before the face of every danger and calamity, to preach the blessed name of Jesus.

"I am indebted for much of my knowledge, and many other advantages, to my benefactor, Rev. John Anderson, who, as a father, has been taking great care of me since I have been introduced to him; and I have every reason to hope, that I shall be benefited in several ways by his instrumentality. Yet, after all my study and fervent endeavours, I am as nothing, unless He, who is the 'Lord of heaven and earth,' uphold me, and 'perfect His strength in my weakness.'

"Sir, remember me in your prayers, and oblige

"Gopaul Chunder Laha."

Notices of Books.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Sunday Library for the Young. Translated from the German of Dr. Barth. By the Rev. Robert Menzies, Hoddam. In 18mo., price 1s., with illustrations. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

1. *Cuff, the Negro Boy*; A Story for Christian Children.
2. *Mick and Nick; or, the power of Conscience.*
3. *Gregory Kraw; or, the Window Shutter.*

Precept and Example; or, Religion recommended to the Young. By the Author of Patrick Wellwood. Glasgow, D. Bryce.

Moral Songs. By the Author of "Hymns for Children." London: Joseph Masters.

There are many books daily printed for children, but there are comparatively few good ones. In too many cases the piety exemplified in such volumes is connected with disease and death, and is expressed in unnatural, exaggerated, and most unchildlike language. By such books well-disposed children, especially in sickness, are tempted to work themselves up to a fictitious state, in order to speak and act like these good children of whom they read, instead of seeking simply to be good themselves: or they are repelled from religion altogether, as if they were sure to become invalids and die; or at least to be obliged in conscience to give up all their fun and amusements the moment they become pious! We implore all writers of stories for children to give us pictures of real flesh and blood children, whose acts, and words and daily life, may be such as one may meet with sometimes in the world. We beg of them to shew how a child may be truly pious, and yet dearly love his play, and heartily enjoy it, — how he may grow in grace, and also grow in health; and how he may "speak as a child, understand as a child, and think as a child;" and yet be nevertheless a child taught by the Spirit of God. Let us have such pictures in print, as we may hope to see realized at the fireside

of ordinary mortals, who soberly and conscientiously seek to please God.

The first volumes in the list given above are nearer our idea of child's books than any we have met with for some time. There is nothing feverish and mawkish about them. The able author has got an able translator in Mr. Menzies, to whom we are almost as grateful for those volumes as for his translations of the learned commentaries of Tholuck.

The Author of *Precept and Example* is already favourably known as the author of *Patrick Wallwood*; and his present little volume is, on the whole, a pleasing contribution to our juvenile libraries. It is divided into two parts,—the first is occupied with "Motives for the Cultivation of Early Piety;" the latter contains a number of well selected examples enforcing and illustrating these. Should it reach a second edition, to which we think its merits entitle it, we would recommend the author to remodel—in the way of simplification—the structure of some of his sentences and words. It is the rarest of gifts, which we see happily exemplified in *Peep of Day*, *Line upon Line*, and in the *Ayathos* of the Bishop of Oxford, to adapt our thoughts and language to the capacities of children. We mention this, not as a blemish, but what we conceive would enhance the value of a little volume which we can recommend to our young readers.

The *Moral Songs*—the title of another volume which has fallen accidentally in our way—are exquisitely simple. We cordially recommend them to those interested in the young. We do not know any little work intended for children, with which we have been so delighted. Each song is designed to teach some useful and important lesson, and has prefixed to it a neat and simple woodcut, descriptive of some scene that the song suggests. We have, for example, at page 4, a woodcut representing a quiet room, the clock ticking away in the corner, on the floor a cradle with an infant in it, and sitting by it watching her charge, a little girl of four or five years old; and thus she sings the song of

THE LITTLE SISTER LEFT IN CHARGE.

Sleep, little brother, you must not awaken
Till mother comes back to her baby again,
Weary and long is the way she has taken,
Over the common, and through the green lane,
Up the steep hill, by the path that is nearest,
Thinking of you, as she hurries along;
Sleep then, and dream that she's watching you, dearest,
Rocking your cradle, and singing her song.

In the still room there's no sound to disquiet,
Only the clock ticking even and low,
Only the bird in his cage hanging by it,
Chirping a note as he hops to and fro.
Out in the sunlight the woodbine is stirring,
Filling the air with its fragrance so sweet,
On the low window seat, pussy sits purring,
Washing her face with her little white feet.

Far down the lane merry voices are singing,
Comrades have beckoned me out to their play
Why did you start?—It is I that am singing,
Why did you frown?—I'm not going away.
Could I forsake you for play, or for pleasure,
Lying alone in your helplessness here?
How could I leave you, my own little treasure,
No one to rock you, and no one to cheer?

In the room corners I watch the dark shadows,
Deepening and lengthening as evening comes on,
Soon will the mowers return from the meadows,
Far to the westward the red sun is gone.
By the green hedge-row I see her now coming,
Where the last sunbeam is just on her track,
Still I sit by you, love drowsily humming,
Sleep, little baby, till mother comes back.

Critical History and Defence of the Old Testament Canon. By MOSES STUART, Professor of Sacred Literature at Andover. With an Introduction and Notes, by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, D.D. Pp. 422. Routledge, London, 1849.

This able and satisfactory contribution to the history of the Old Testament canon, was called forth by Mr. Norton's work on the *Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*. In this work Mr. N. holds, that the great proportion of the Old Testament is not authentic, and that we are not to look upon it as inspired. As Mr. Norton's work evinced great learning, and was evidently the production of an able and earnest man, it was not too much to expect that it should call forth from

among the ranks of the orthodox some one to do battle for the truth, and to show, that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God." We are glad that the [illegible] fell into such able hands as those of Professor Stuart, who, in the work before us, has added another to his many valuable contributions to sacred literature. His great learning, and his thorough acquaintance with the labours of the German theologians in this department, combine to render his work one of the most valuable we possess on the important subject therein discussed; indeed, on the whole, we do not know any book on the Old Testament canon, that we would more cordially recommend to the notice of the student. As Mr. Norton's work is reprinted in this country, there can be no question as to the propriety of republishing the antidote also. For this we are indebted to Dr. Davidson, whose name is so well and favourably known in the field of Biblical criticism, as well as for a considerable number of notes with which he has enriched the edition before us.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR TO HIS READERS.

The Editor cannot conclude the first volume of this Magazine, without addressing a few words to his readers.

It was not without considerable hesitation that, to the duties of a large parish, he undertook the additional labour of editing even a small publication like the present, and of writing a few pages monthly for the press. Knowing, however, that there was a general desire expressed by many members of the Church of Scotland, to have a cheap religious periodical, so far in connection with their Church that its pages would contain at least nothing offensive to the feelings, or opposed to the principles of its adherents, he was willing to make the attempt to supply this acknowledged want. In spite of many imperfections, both of thought and expression, which mark his own hurried compositions,—of which no reader can be more sensible than himself;—in spite of many defects as to plan and execution: the Editor is still sincerely thankful that he undertook this work. He has no complaints to make of any one but himself. He has met with kindness and able assistance from known and unknown contributors, without which the Magazine, small as it is, could not have been carried on, and which has given to it most of the value which it may possess. He heartily acknowledges their kindness. The notices of the public press have been more than lenient—they have been generous and encouraging. A circulation of 5000, which the Magazine has obtained, is owing, he doubts not, chiefly to the interest taken in it by his brethren in the Church, and their efforts to circulate it among their parishioners. The results of the past year is an additional motive to begin a new volume; which he confidently hopes, from the experience he has gained, and the arrangements he has made, will be more useful and interesting than its predecessor.

The Editor has received many advices from those sincerely anxious for the improvement of the magazine, as to the best mode of attaining this end. These advices, if classified and read by the adviser, would, the Editor is persuaded, amuse the man much as they have amused himself. "You should give sermons for Sabbath evening reading." "Pray, give us no sermons, whatever you do. Believe me, no one ever reads such dry productions." "Let your articles be various, short, and pithy." "Unless your articles are somewhat long, one has a mere mouthful, but no satisfaction." "Why are you so desperately plain and simple? why not aim at something higher?" "Never forget you are writing for working men; the rich can get books without you." "Why do you not defend our Church doctrines from popular heresies; or our Church itself from the unfounded and abominable attacks made upon her constitution, her schools, her

everything?" "Pray, whatever you do, avoid controversy. We are sick of it. We want rest and peace. Let even the Papists alone."—"Let us have Sabbath evening reading only." "Pray give us less heavy, and more entertaining articles."—"Why have you nothing about ragged schools? houses, and baths, and amusements for the poor? Sabbath schools? natural history? readings for the young?" &c., &c. Such are specimens of the advices received by an Editor of 24 pages monthly! He is glad that any take the trouble to advise him at all; but he begs to say, that he must jog on taking his own way to success or failure, leaving those to support him who think it right to do so.

The Editor regrets that he has not been able to avail himself of many excellent contributions, both in prose and verse, which have been sent to him by kind correspondents, known and unknown,—but which he has been unable to print from want of space, or from their not being suited to the pages of his Magazine.

The Editor begs to offer the following short prospectus of his second volume:—

1. The *Magazine* will be increased in size *eight pages* monthly, and in price *one penny*. It will thus be *thirty-two pages*, price unstamped *threepence*. It is believed that the increased size will enable the Editor to give it an increased interest, which will more than make up for the increased price.

2. In addition to the ordinary matter which has hitherto appeared in its pages, each number will in future contain a sermon (with the name of the writer) upon some important doctrine or duty.

3. It is intended also to have occasionally articles on popular science,—a series of biographical sketches of eminent Christians,—true stories from real life,—a column for the young, &c.

The Editor looks with confidence for the support of his brethren of the Church of Scotland. If he succeeds in obtaining an *average* circulation of *ten copies* in each parish, this (but nothing less than this) will *pay the publishers*, and enable them to *remunerate contributors* for their literary labour, without which no periodical, small or great, can long exist. If those brethren who approve of the general design and spirit of this small publication would only have the goodness to recommend it in public or in private, this little trouble upon their part would obtain for it a circulation equal to that of similar periodicals connected with the other churches in Scotland, which somehow always receive the cordial support of *their* ministers and people.

The Editor takes this opportunity of expressing his lively feelings of gratitude for the hearty reception given to his periodical by the friends of the Church in India and the Colonies. Few things rejoice him more than the idea of his pages being perused by his distant friends and countrymen.

Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed:
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain:
For all our acts to many issues lead,
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,
The Lord will fashion, in His own good time,
(Be this the labourer's proudly-humble creed,)
Such ends as, to His wisdom, fitliest chime
With His vast Love's eternal harmonies.
There is no failure for the good and wise:
What though thy seed should fall by the way-side
And the birds snatch it;—yet the birds are fed;
Or they may bear it far across the tide,
To give rich harvests after thou art dead.

ANON.

Doxology.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song will rise to thee.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!
Holy, holy, holy! all saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee!
Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All the works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!—HEBER.

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